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COVENT GARDEN



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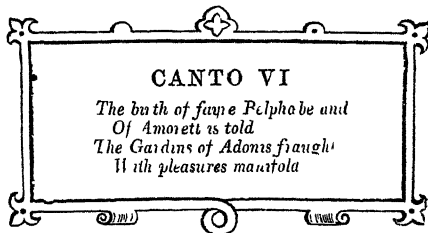
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THE THIRDE BOOKE OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE
CONTAYNING THE ITCEND OF BRITOMARTIS,
OR OF CHASTITY



CANTO VI

*The birth of faire Belphæbe and
Of Amoretti is told
The Gardens of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold*

WELL may I weene, mine Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder how this noble Dumorell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,
So faine from court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolmasteesse of all courtesy
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should in capell
All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity

But to this faire Belphæbe in her birth
The heavens so favorable were and free,
Looking with myld respect upon the earth
In th' Horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne
Jove laught on Venus from his soverayne seer,
And Phœbus with faine beames did her adorne
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne

Her beith was of the wombe of Moorning dew, 3
 And her conception of the joyous Prime,
 And all her whole creation did her shew
 Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
 That is ingenerate in fleshly slime
 So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,
 So was she trayned up from time to time
 In all chaste vertue and true bounty-hed,
 Till to her dew perfection she were ripened

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee, 4
 The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
 A Faine was, yborne of high degree
 She bore Belphæbe, she bore in like cee
 Faire Amoretta in the second place [share
 These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did
 The heritage of all celestiall grace,
 That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
 Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare

It were a goodly storie to declare 5
 By what strange accident faire Chrysogon
 Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare
 In this wilde forrest wandring all alone,
 After she had nine moneths fulfilled and gone
 For not as other womens commune brood
 They were enwombed in the sacred throne
 Of her chaste bodie, nor with commune food,
 As other womens babes, they sucked vitall blood

But wondrously they were begot and bried 6
 Through influence of th' hevens fruitfull ray,
 As it in antique bookes is mentioned
 It was upon a Sommers shine day,
 When Titan faire his beames did display,
 In a fiesh fountaine, far from all mens vew,
 She bath'd her brest the boyling heat t'allay,
 She bath'd with roses red and violets blew,
 And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest grew

Till fust through yikesome weuines, adowne
 Upon the grassy ground her selfe she layd
 To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombing sworne
 Upon her fell, all naked bare displayd
 The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,
 Being through former bathing mollified,
 And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd
 With so sweet sence and secret powre unspide,
 That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructified

Minaculous may seme to him that reides 8
 So strange ensample of conception,
 But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seedes
 Of all things living, through impression
 Of the sunbeames in moist complexion,
 Doe life conceiue and quickned are by kynd
 So, after Nilus inundation,
 Infinite shapcs of creatures men doe fynd
 Intormed in the mud on which the Sunne hath shynd

Great father he of generation 9
 Is mightly cald, th' authour of life and light,
 And his fine sister for creation
 Ministreth matter fit, which, tempered right
 With heate and humour, breeds the living wight
 So sprong these twynnes in womb of Chrysogone,
 Yet wist she nought thereof, but soie affright,
 Wondred to see her belly so upblowne,
 Which still increast till she her terme had full outgone

Whereof conceiuing shame and foule disgrace, 10
 Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
 She fled into the wilderness a spave,
 Till that unweeldy burden she had reud,
 And shund dishonor which is death she feard
 Where, wearie of long traueill, downe to rest
 Her selfe she set, and comfortably cherid
 There a sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,
 And seized every sence with sorrow soie opprest

It fortun'd, faire Venus having lost 11
 Her little sonne, the winged god of love,
 Who, for some light displeasure which him cost,
 Was from her fled as flit is yery Dove,
 And left her blisfull bowie of joy above
 (So from her often he had fled away,
 When she for ought him sharply did reprove
 And wandred in the world in straunge aray,
 Disguis'd in thousand shapes, that none might him
 bewary)

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous, 12
 The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
 Whence all the world derives the glorious
 Features of beautie, and all shapes select,
 With which high God his workmanship hath deckt,
 And searched everie way through which his wing-
 Had boine him, or his tract she mote detect
 She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
 Unto the man that of him tydings to her brings

First she him sought in Court, where most he us'd 13
 Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not,
 But many there she found which sore accus'd
 His falshood, and with fowle infamous blot
 His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot
 Ladies and Loides she every where mote heare
 Complayning, how with his empoysned shot
 Then wofull harts he wounded had whyleane,
 And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare

She then the Cities sought from gate to gate, 14
 And everie one did aske, did he him see?
 And everie one her answerd, that too late
 He had him seene, and felt the crueltee
 Of his shapè darts and whot attilleree
 And every one threw forth reproches rife
 Of his mischievous deedes, and cryd, That hee
 Was the disturber of all civill life,
 The enemy of perce, and authour of all strife,

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought, 15
And in the rurill cottages inqun'd,
Where also many plantes to her were brought,
How he then heedlesse harts with love indur'd,
And his false venom through their veins inspur'd
And eke the gentle Shepheard swaynes, which sat
Keeping their fleecy flockes as they were hyrd,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen, yet she did smile thereat

But when in none of all these she him got, 16
She grew avize where els he mote him hyde
At last she her bethought that she had not
Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wyde,
In which full many lovely Nymphes abyde,
Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,
On that the love of some of them him tyde
For thy she thither cast her course to apply,
To search the secret haunts of Dianas company

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came, 17
Whereas she found the Goddesses with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a row,
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From of their drunty limbs the dusty sweat
And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew,
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat,
The rest upon her person gave attendance great

She, having hong upon a bough on high 18
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lank loynes uncut, and breasts unbiaste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were for binding of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hong undight
And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinkled light

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe, 19
 She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd,
 And wove halfe wroth against her damzell slauke,
 That had not her thereof before aviz'd,
 But suffred her so carelesly disguiz'd
 Be overtaken Soone her garments loose
 Upgith'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd
 Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose,
 Whiles all her Nymphes did like a gulond her enclose

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet, 20
 And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
 Into that wildernesse for her unmeet, [thought
 From her sweete bowies, and beds with pleasures
 That sudden chaung she strung adventur'd thought
 To whom halfe weeping she thus answered,
 That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
 Who in his fiowardnes from her was fled,
 That she repented sore to have him angered

Thereat Dymagun to smile, in scoine 21
 Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd
 ' Great pitty sure that ye be so foilaine
 Of your gay sonne, that gives ye so good ayd
 To your disports ill mote ye bene apy'd"
 But she was more enrieved, and replide,
 " Faire sister, ill beseemes it to upbryd
 A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride
 The like that mine may be your paine another tide

" As you in woods and wanton wildernesse 22
 Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts,
 So my delight is all in joyfulness,
 In beds, in bowies, in banckets, and in feasts,
 And ill becomes you, with your lofty crests,
 To scoine the joy that Jove is glad to seek
 We both are bownd to follow heavens behests,
 And tend our charges with obeisunce meeke
 Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to eeke,

“ And tell me, if that ye my sonne have heard 23
 To lurke amongst you Nymphes in secret wize,
 Or keepe their cabins? much I am affeard
 Least he like one of them him selfe disguise,
 And turne his arrowes to then exercise
 So may he long him selfe full easie hide,
 For he is faine and fresh in life and guize
 As any Nymphic, (let not it be envide”)
 So saying, every Nymph full narrowly she cide

But Phœbe therewith sore was angered, 24
 And sharply saide “ Goe, Dame, goe, seeke you
 Where you him lately left, in Mars his bed [boy,
 He comes not here, we scorne his foolish joy,
 Ne lend we leasure to his idle toy
 But if I catch him in this company,
 By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy
 The Gods doe dread, he deadly shall abyce
 He clip his wonton wings, that he no more shall flye”

Whom when as Venus saw so sore displeas'd, 25
 Shee mly sooy was, and gun relent
 What shee had said so her shee soone appeas'd
 With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
 From which a fountaine from her sweete lips went
 And welled goodly forth, that in short space
 She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzells sent
 Through all the woods, to search from place to place
 If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace

To search the God of love her Nymphes she sent 26
 Throughout the wandring forest every where
 And after them her selfe eke with her went
 To seeke the fugitive both faerie and nere
 So long they sought, till they arrived were
 In that same shady covert where is lay
 Faire Crysogone in slombry trunche whilom,
 Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to see)
 Unwares had borne two babes, as faine as springing day

Unwares she them conceivd, unwares she bore 27
 She bore withouten paine, that she conceiv'd
 Withouten pleasure, ne her need implore
 Lucinaes aide which when they both perceiv'd,
 They were through wonder nigh of sence berev'd,
 And gazing each on other nought bespake
 At last they both agreed her, seeming griev'd,
 Out of her heavie swowne not to awake
 But from her loving side the tender babes to take

Up they them tooke, each one a babe uptooke, 28
 And with them carried to be fostered
 Dame Phoebe to a Nymphe her babe betooke
 To be upbrought in perfect Maydenhed,
 And, of her selfe, her name Belphoebe red
 But Venus hers thence far away convayd,
 To be upbrought in goodly womanhed,
 And, in her litle loves stead, which was strayd,
 Her Amorette cald, to comfort her dismayd

Shee brought her to her joyous Paradize, 29
 When most she wonnes when she on earth does dwell,
 So faire a place as Nature can devise
 Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
 Or it in Gnidos bee, I wote not well,
 But well I wote by trill, that this same
 All other pleasant places doth excell,
 And called is by her lost lovers name,
 The Gardin of Adonis, far renownd by fame

In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres, 30
 Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify,
 And decks the gulonds of her Paramours,
 Are fetcht there is the first seminary
 Of all things that are borne to live and dye,
 According to their kynds Long worke it were
 Here to account the endlesse progeny
 Of all the weeds that bud and blossome there,
 But so much as doth need must needs be counted here

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old, 31
And girt in with two walls on either side,
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor oversteide
And double gates it had which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten passe,
Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and drie
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend 32
All that to come into the world desire
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe requene
That he with fleshly weeds would them attune
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mune,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they agayn retorne backe by the hinder gate

After that they againe retourned beene, 33
They in that Gardin planted bee agayne,
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne
Some thousand yeres so doen they there remayne,
And then of him are clid with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,
Till thether they retourne where first they grew
So, like a wheele, arownd they runne from old to new

Ne needs there Gardiner to sett or sow, 34
To plant or prune, for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
That bad them to increase and multiply
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry,
For in themselves eternall moisture they impl

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred, 35
 And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew
 And every sort is in a sondry bed
 Sett by it selfe, and sanctified in comely rewe,
 Some fitt for reasonable sowles t' indewe,
 Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weue,
 And all the fruitfull spawn of fishes hew
 In endless ranks along enchaunged weue,
 That seemd the Ocean could not containe them there

Duly they grow, and duly forth are sent 36
 Into the world, it to replenish more,
 Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,
 But still remaines in everlasting store,
 As it at first created was of yore
 For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
 In hatefull drinke and in deepe horrore,
 An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies
 The substances of natures fruitfull progenies

All things from thence doe then first being ketch, 37
 And borrow matter whereof they are made,
 Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
 Becomes a body, and doth then invade
 The state of life out of the griesly shade
 That substance is eterne, and bideth so,
 Ne when the life decayes and forme does fade
 Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
 But chaunged is, and often altered to and froe

The substance is not chaungd nor altered, 38
 But th' only forme and outward fashion,
 For every substance is conditioned
 To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don,
 Meet for her temper and complexion
 For formes are variable, and decay
 By course of kinde and by occasion,
 And that fine flowre of beauteie fides away,
 As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny day

Great enemy to it, and all the rest 39
 That in the Garden of Adonis springs,
 Is wicked Tyne, who with his scyth addie
 Does mow the flowing herbes and goodly things,
 And all then glory to the ground downe things,
 Where they do wither, and use fowly mud
 He flies about, and with his fliggy wings
 Beates downe both leues and buds without regard,
 Ne ever pitty may relent his milde hand

Yet pitty often did the gods relent, 40
 To see so faire thinges maid and spoiled quight,
 And then greut mother Venus did lament
 The losse of her deere brood, her deare delight
 Her hart was pierst with pitty at the sight,
 When walking through the Garden them she saw,
 Yet no'te she find recuesse for such despyght
 For all that lives is subject to that law,
 All things decay in tyme, and to then end doe draw

But were it not that Time then troubleth us, 41
 All that in this delightfull Garden growes
 Should happy bee, and have immortall blis
 For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes,
 And sweete love gentle fits amongst them throwes,
 Without fell rancor or fond gealosy
 Franckly each Paramour his leman knowes,
 Each bud his mate, ne any does envy
 Then goodly mentiment and gay felicity

There is continuall Spring, and hairest there 42
 Continuall, both meeting at one tyme,
 For both the boughes doe loughing blossoms beare,
 And with fresh colours decke the winton Prime,
 And eke attonce the heavenly trees they clime,
 Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode
 The whiles the joyous budes make then partyme
 Emongst the shady leues, then sweet abode,
 And then tiew loves without suspition tell abroad

Right in the midst of that Paradise +3
 There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
 A oomy grove of mutle trees did rise,
 Whose shady boughes sharpe steele did never lop,
 Nor wicked beastes then tender buds did crop,
 But like a gulond compassed the hight,
 And from then fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
 That all the ground, with pretious dew bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight

And in the thickest covert of that shade 14
 There was a pleasant Arber, not by art
 But of the trees owne inclination made,
 Which knitting then rancke brunches, part to part,
 With wanton yvie twine entrayld athwart,
 And Eglantine and Caprifole emong,
 Fashioned above within then inmost part, [throng,
 That nether Phœbus beams could through them
 Nor Aeolus sharpe blast could worke them any wrong

And all about grew every sort of flowie, 45
 To which sad lovers were transformde of yore,
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure
 And dearest love,
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore,
 Sad Amaranthus, made a flowie but late,
 Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
 Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
 To whom sweet Poets verse hath given endlesse date

There went fayre Venus often to enjoy 46
 Her deare Adonis joyous company,
 And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy
 There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
 Lapped in flowies and pretious spycery
 By her hid from the world, and from the skill
 Of Stygian Gods, which doe her love envy,
 But she her selfe, when ever that she will,
 Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill

And sooth, it seemes, they say, for he may not 47
For ever dye, and ever buried bee
In balefull night where all thinges are forgot
All be he subject to mortalitye,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and chaunged diuerslie,
For him the Father of all formes they call
Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all

There now he liveth in eternall bliss, 48
Joying his goddesses, and of her enjoyd,
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd
For that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmly hath emprisoned for ay,
That her sweet love his malice mote enjoyd,
In a strong rocky Cave, which is, they say [mar
Hewen underneath that Mount, that none him losen

There now he lives in everlasting joy, 49
With many of the Gods in company
Which thether hunt, and with the winged boy,
Sporting him selfe in safe felicity
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
Runneth the world, and in the wofull haits
Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
Thether resotes, and, laying his sad dertes
Asyde, with fine Adonis plays his wanton prates

And his true love faire Psyche with him plays, 50
Faire Psyche to him lately reconcyld,
After long troubles and unmeet upbriyes,
With which his mother Venus her revyld,
And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld
But now in stedfast love and happy state
She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late

Hether great Venus brought this infant fayre, 51
 The yonger daughter of Chrysogonee,
 And unto Psyche with great trust and care
 Committed her, yfostered to bee
 And trained up in trew feminitee
 Who no lesse carefully her tendered
 Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee
 Made her companion, and her lessoned
 In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhead

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew, 52
 Of grace and beutie noble Piragone,
 She brought her forth into the worldes view,
 To be th' ensample of true love alone,
 And Lodestare of all chaste affection
 To all fayre Ladies that doe live on ground
 To Faery court she came, where many one
 Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fownd
 His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruel wound

But she to none of them her love did cast, 53
 Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
 To whom her loving hart she linked fast
 In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore,
 And for his dearest sake endured sore
 Sore trouble of an hainous enemy,
 Who her would forced have to have foilore
 Her former love and stedfast loyalty,
 As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history

But well I weene, ye first desue to learne 54
 What end unto that fearefull Damozell,
 Which fledd so fast from that same foster stearne
 Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell
 That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell,
 Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,
 Her lover deare, her dearest Maimeell,
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
 And from Prince Arthur fled with wings of idle feare

CANTO VII

*The uirtue sonne looses Florimell
She rydes, he iurnes to du
Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames
From Gyants tyranny*

LIKE as an Hynd forth singled from the
herd,

That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,

Yet flies away of her owne teete friend,

And every lense, that shaketh with the least

Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast,

So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine terie,

Long after she from perill was releast

Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heere

Did seeme to be the same watch she escapt whileare

All that same evening she in flying spent,

And all that night her course continued,

Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,

Nor weennesse to slack her hast, but fled

Ever alike, as if her former died

Were hard behind, her ready to arrest,

And her white Palmy, having conquered

The mustang runes out of her weary wiest,

Perforce he carried where ever he thought best

So long as breath and hable pursuance

Did native courage unto him supply,

His pace he mershly forward did advance,

And carried her beyond all jeopardy,

But nought that winteth rest can long aby

He, having through incessant travell spent

His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,

Ne foot could further move The Lady gent

Thereat was sudden strook with great astonishment,

And, foist t' alight, on foot mote algaies faire 4

A traveler unwonted to such way •

Ned teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,

That fortune ill in equall launce doth sway,

And mortall miseries doth make her play

So long she traveld, till at length she came

To an hilles side, which did to her bewray

A litle valley subject to the same,

All coverd with thicke woodes that quite it overcame

Through the tops of the high trees she did descry 5

A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light

Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky

Which cheerefull signe did send unto her sight

That in the same did wonne some living wight

Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,

And came at last in weary wretched plight

Unto the place, to which her hope did guyde,

To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found 6

A litle cottage, built of stickes and reedes

In homely wize, and wald with sods around,

In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes

And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes,

So choosing solitarie to abide

Far from all neighbours, that her divelish dedes

And hellish arts from people she might hide,

And hunt far off unknowne whom ever she envide

The Damzell there arriving entred in, 7

Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found

Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin

Who, soone as she beheld that sudden stound,

Lightly upstart from the dustie ground,

And with fell looke and hollow deadly grace

Stared on her awhile, as one astound,

Ne had one word to speake for grent amaze,

But shewd by outward signes that dread her sence did
dare

At last, turning her feare to foolish wiath, 8
 She askt what devill had her thither brought,
 And who she was, and what unwonted path
 Had guided her, unwelcomed, un-ought?
 To which the Damsell, full of doubtfull thought,
 Her mildly answer'd "Beldame, be not wroth
 With silly Virgin, by adventure brought
 Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
 That can avouch me to rest while tempest or calb'oth"

With that adowne out of her christall eyne 9
 Few tickling teares she softly forth let fall,
 That like to orient peales did purely shyne
 Upon her snowy cheeke, and therewithall
 She sighed soft, that none so bestiall
 Nor salvage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
 Would make to melt, or pitteously appall,
 And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
 In mischief, was much moved at so pitteous sight,

And gin recomfort her in her rude wyse, 10
 With womanish compassion of her plaint,
 Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
 And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint
 And weenie limbs while She, nothing quunt
 Nor 'sdignfull of so homely fision,
 Sith brought she was now to so hard constiunt
 Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon,
 As glnd of that small rest as Bird of tempest gon

Tho gan she gather up her guments rent, 11
 And her loose lockes to dight in order dew
 With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament,
 Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did view,
 She was astonisht at her heavenly hew
 And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
 But on some Goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
 And thought her to adore with humble spight
 Tho' adore thing so divine as beauty were but nigh

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne, 12
 The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
 A laesye loord, for nothing good to donne,
 But stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes,
 Ne ever cast his mind to covet pryse,
 Or ply himselfe to any honest trade,
 But all the day before the sunny eyes
 He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade
 Such lawlesnesse both lewd and poore attonce him made

He, comming home at undertime, there found 13
 The fayrest creature that he ever saw
 Sitting beside his mother on the ground,
 The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
 And his base thought with terror and with aw
 So only smot, that as one, which hath gaz'd
 On the bright Sunne unwaies, doth soone withdraw
 His feeble eyne, with too much brightnes daz'd,
 So stared he on her and stood long while amaz'd

Softly at last he gan his mother aske, 14
 What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
 That in so strange disguizement there did maske,
 And by what accident she there arriv'd?
 But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
 With nought but ghostly lookes him answered,
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
 From Stygian shores where late it wander'd
 So both at her, and each at other wonder'd

But the fayre Virgin was so meeke and myld, 15
 That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
 Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld
 Her gentle speach applyde, that in short space
 She grew familiare in that desert place
 During which time the Choile, through her so kind
 And countesse use, conceiv'd affection brce,
 And cast to love her in his brutish mind
 No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent, 16
And shortly grew into outrageous fire,
Yet hid he not the hart, nor hidiment,
As unto her to utter his desire,
His captive thought durst not so high aspire
But with soft sighes and lovely resemblances
He wene'd that his affection entire
She should read, many resemblances
To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces

Oft from the forest wildings he did bring, 17
Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing,
His maistresse praises sweetly croled
Garlands of flowres sometimes for her face hed
He fine would dight, sometimes the squirrel wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant wild [mild
All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke and

But, past a while, when she fit season saw 18
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her sonne compass
Her wearie Palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she fleshly dight,
His late miswinded wayes now to remeasure right

And earely, ere the dawning day appea'd, 19
She forth issewed, and on her journey went
She went in penill, of each noyse affraid,
And of each shade that did it selfe present,
For still she feared to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne,
Who when, too late waking, well they kent
That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had beene undonne

But that lewd lover did the most lament 20
 For her deput, that ever man did heue
 He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
 And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
 His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare,
 That his sad mother, seeing his sore plight,
 Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare
 Least his fragile senses were emperisht quight,
 And love to frenzy turnd, with love is franticke hight
 All wayes shee sought him to restore to plight, 21
 With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and with
 teares,
 But teares, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell, might
 Assuage the fury which his entrails teares
 So strong is passion that no reason heales
 Tho, when all other helpes she saw to faile,
 She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leales,
 And by her diuelish arts thought to preuaile
 To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale
 Eftesoones out of her hidden cave she cald 22
 An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
 That could the stoutest courage have appald,
 Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was spect
 With thousand spots of colours queint elect,
 Thereto so swifte that it all beasts did pas
 Like never yet did living eye detect,
 But likest it to an Hyena was,
 That feeds on womens flesh, as others feede on gras
 It forth she cald, and gave it straight in charge 23
 Through thicke and thin her to pursue apace,
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
 Till her hee had attained and brought in place,
 Or quite devoured her beauties scornfull grace
 The Monster, swifte as word that from her went,
 Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
 So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent
 And passing speede, that shortly he her overhent

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide, 24
No need to bid her first way to flee
That ugly shape so sore her terrifie,
That it she shund no lesse then death to die,
And her flitt palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
That whilest his breath did strength to him supply,
From perill free he her away did beare,
But when his force gan fule his pace gan weare

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd 25
At that same last extremity full sore,
And of her safety greatly grew afraid
And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could flee no more,
But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forloie,
From her dull house, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickennesse

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled 26
From dread of her revenging fathers hond,
Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed
Fled fearefull Daphne on th' Ægean stond,
As Floumell fled from that Monster yond,
To reach the sea ere she of him were caught
For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught
Thereto she gave her wings, and need her courage taught

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine) 27
As shee arriv'd on the rising shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little bote lay hovering her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand
Into the same shee leapt, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floating strand
So safety found it sea which she found not at land

The Monster, ready on the pry to sease, 28
 Was of his forward hope deceived quight,
 N^e durst assay to wade the perlcus seas,
 But greedily long gaping at the sight,
 At last in vaine was forst to iurne his flight,
 And tell the idle tidings to his Dame
 Yet, to avenge his diuelish despight,
 He sett upon her Palfrey tired lame,
 And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came

And, after having him embowelled 29
 To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
 To passe that way, as forth he traueled
 Yt was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
 As euer man that bloody field did fight,
 But in vain sheows, that wont yong knights bewitch,
 And courtly serices, tooke no delight,
 But rather joyd to bee then seemen sich,
 For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich

It was to weete the good Su Satyrane, 30
 That raungd abrode to seeke adventures wilde,
 As was his wont, in forest and in plaine
 He was all armd in rugged steele unfiled,
 As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
 And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres hedd
 He comming present, where the Monster wilde
 Upon that milke-white Palfreyes carcass fedd,
 Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd

There well perceiud he that it was the horse 31
 Whereon fane Florimell was wont to ride,
 That of that feend was rent without remorse
 Much feared he least ought did ill betide
 To that fure Maide, the flowie of womens pride,
 For her he deuely loved, and in all
 His famous conquests highly magnifide
 Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
 From her in flight, he fownd, that did him sore apall

Full of sad fene and doubtfull agony 32
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend,
And with huge strokes and cruell batterey
Him forst to leaue his pray, for to attend
Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not doe him die, but are more fresh
And fience he still append, the more he did him thresh

He wist not how him to despoile of life, 33
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronge grow through strife,
And him selfe weaker through infirmity
Greatly he grew enu'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword w ay he lightly leapt
Upon the beast, that with gient cruelty
Roied and raged to be underkept,
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him hept

As he that strives to stop a sudden flood, 34
And in strong brackes his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And hugely overflow the fruitfull plume,
That all the countrey seemes to be a Mine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne
The wotull husbandman doth lowd complaine
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many idle boone

So him he held, and did through might amate 35
So long he held him, and him bett so long,
That at the last his fierceres grā abate,
And meekely stoup unto the victor strong
Who, to revenge the implacible wrong
Which he supposed donne to Florimell,
Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,
Sith dint of steell his carers could not quell,
His maker with her chaimes had firmed him so well

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore 36
 About her slender waste, he tooke in hand,
 And with it bownd the beast, that lowd did roie
 For great despight of that unwonted band,
 Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
 But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray
 And all the way him followd on the strand,
 As he had long bene learned to obey,
 Yet never learned he such service till that day

Thus as he led the Beast along the way, 37
 He spide far off a mighty Giauntesse
 Fast flying, on a Couiser dapled gray,
 From a bold knight that with great hardnesse
 Her hand purswd, and sought for to suppressse
 She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
 Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
 Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wne,
 Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her deeme

Which whenas Sityrane beheld, in haste 38
 He lefte his captive Beast at liberty,
 And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
 Her to encounter ere she passed by,
 But she the way shund nithemore for thy,
 But forward gallopt fast, which when he spyde,
 His mighty speare he couched warily,
 And at her ran she, hving him descryde,
 Her selfe to fight addiest, and threw her lode aside

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare 39
 A trembling Culver, having spide on hight
 An Eagle that with plumy wings doth sheare
 The subtile ayre stouping with all his might,
 The quarry throwes to ground with fell despight,
 And to the batteill doth her selfe prepare
 So ran the Geauntesse unto the fight,
 Her fyrie eyes with furious sprukes did stare,
 And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare

She caught in hand an huge greit yon mace, 40
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd,
But, ere the stroke could seize his rymed place,
His speere amids her sun-bi'de shield arriv'd
Yet nathemoie the steele asonder riv'd,
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driv'd,
But, glauncing on the tempied metall, brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past

Her Steed did stagger with that puissaunt stroke,
But she no more was moved with that might
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke,
On the marble Pillour that is pight
Upon the top of Mount Olympus light,
For the brave youthly Champions to assay
With burning chariet wheelles it nigh to smite,
But who that smites it maies his joyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay

Yet, therewith sore enam'd, with steene regard 42
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bowd his battled visour to his breast
Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from east to west
Which when his cruell enemy espyde,
She lightly unto him adjoynd syde to syde,

And, on his collar lying puissaunt hand, 43
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt per foise,
Per foise him pluckt, unable to withstand
O, helpe him selfe, and living thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a cunion coise,
She bore him fast away Which when the knight
That her pursued saw, with greit remorse
He nere was touched in his noble spright,
And g in encrease his speed as she encast her flight

Whom when as nigh approaching she espyde, 44
 She threw away her burden angrily,
 For she list not the batteill to abide,
 But made her selfe more light away to fly
 Yet her the hardy knight pursed so nye
 That almost in the backe he oft her strike,
 But still, when him at hand she did espy,
 She turned, and semblaunce of true fight did make,
 But, when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan wake 45
 Out of his dreame that did him long entaunce,
 And, seeing none in place, he gan to make
 Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce
 Which reft from him so faire a chevisaunce
 At length he spyde whereas that wofull Squyre,
 Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
 Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,
 Unable to arise, on foot on hand to styre

To whom approaching, well he mote perceive 46
 In that fowle plight a comely personage
 And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
 Fraile Ladies hart with loves consuming rage,
 Now in the blossome of his freshest age
 He reard him up and loosd his yron bands,
 And after gan inquire his puentage,
 And how he fell into the Gyaunts hands,
 And who that was which chaced her along the lands

Then trembling yet through feare the Squyre bespake,
 "That Gerantesse Argante is behight,
 A daughter of the Titans which did make
 Warre against heven and heaped hills on high
 To scale the skyes and put Jove from his right
 Her syle Typhoeus was, who, mad through meith,
 And dronke with blood of men slune by his might,
 Through incest her of his owne mother Earth
 Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that birth

“ For at that birth another Babe she bore, 48
To weet, the nightie Ollyphant, that wrought
Great weake to many ciant knights of yore,
Till him Chylde Thopas to confusion brought
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in then mothers wombe enclosed they were,
Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstious wise did to the world appere

“ So liv’d they ever after in like sin, 49
Gainst natures law and good behaveour,
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who, not content so fowly to devoure
Her native flesh and staine her brothers bowie,
Did willow in all other fleshly m re,
And suffied beastes her body to deflowie,
So whot she burned in that lustfull fyie,
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre

“ But over all the countrie she did range 50
To seeke young men to quench her flaming trust,
And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge
Whom so she fittest findes to serve her lust,
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth
She with her binges into a secret Ile, [trust,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
On be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile

“ Me, seely wretch, she so at vantage caught, 51
After she long in wite for me did lye,
And meant unto her prison to have brought,
Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfie,
That thousand deaths me lever were to dye
Then brieke the vow that to fane Columbelle
I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly
As for my name, it mistaketh not to tell [well
Call me the Squyre of Dumes, that me besee meth

"But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw, 52
 That Geauntesse, is not such as she seemd,
 But a faire vngin that in ma:ill low
 And deedes of aimes above all Dames is deemd,
 And above many knightes is eke esteemd
 For hei great worth She Palladine is hight
 She you from death, you me from dierd, redeemd,
 Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
 But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight "

"Her well beseemes that Quest," (quoth Satyrane) 53
 "But read, thou Squyre of Dames, what vow is this,
 Which thou upon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne?"
 "That shall I you recount," (quoth he) "ywis,
 So be ye pleasd to pardon all amis
 That gentle Lady whom I love and serue,
 After long suit and wearie seruicis,
 Did aske me, how I could hei love deserve,
 And how she might be sure that I would never swerue?"

"I, gl'd by any meanes hei grace to gaine, 54
 Badd hei commaund my life to save or spill
 Eftsoones she badd me, with incessaunt pame
 To wander through the world abroad at will,
 And every where, where with my power or skill
 I might doe service unto gentle Dames,
 That I the same should faithfully fulfill, [names
 And at the twelve monethes end should bring then
 And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious games

"So well I to faue Ladies service did, 55
 And found such favou in then loving hartes,
 That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
 Thre hundied pledges for my good desartes,
 And thrice thre hundied thanks for my good pates,
 I with me brought, and did to hei present
 Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes
 Then to reward my trusty true intent,
 She gan for me devise a grievous punishment

"To weete, that I my triuelli should resume, 56
And with like labour walke the world arownd,
Ne euer to her p^resence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames h^{ad} fownd,
The which, for all the suit I could propownd,
Would me refuse then pledges to afford,
But did abide for euer chaste and sownd"
"Ah! gentle Squire," (quoth he) "tell at one word,
How many fownd'st thou such to put in thy record?"

"In deed, Sir knight," (said he) "one word may tell 57
All that I euer fownd so wisely stayd,
For onely three they were disposd so well,
And yet three yeares I now abroad have stayd,
To fynd them out" "Mote I," (then laughing sayd
The knight) "inquire of thee what were those three,
The which thy proffied curtesie denyd?"
On ill they seemed sure auid to bee,
Or brutishly brought up, that nevr did fashions see"

"The fist which then refused me," (said hee) 58
"Ceites was but a common Courtisane,
Yet flat refusd to haue adoe with mee,
Because I could not give her many a J^rne"
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane)
"The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her Chappellane,
Because she knew, she sayd, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose

"The thrd a Damzell was of low degree, 59
Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce
Full litle weened I that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce,
Yet was she fayre, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion
Long thus I woo'd her with due obseruaunce,
In hope unto my pleasure to haue won,
But was as far at last, as when I first begon

" Safe hee, I neuer any woman found 60
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound,
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace
Thus am I hopelesse euer to attune
My Ladies love in such a desperate case,
But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,
Seeking to match the chaste with th'unchaste Ladies
traine "

"Perdy," (sayd Satyrane) "thou Squyre of Dumes, 61
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,
That may amongst Alcides labours stand "
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beast he overcame,
He found him not, for he had broke his band,
And was returnd againe unto his Dame,
To tell what tydings of fyre Floimell became



CANTO VIII

*The Witch creates a snouy Lady
like to Iornell,
Who wrong'd by Carle, by Pious sav'd,
is sought by Pandell*

SO oft as I this lustory record,
My heart doth melt with meeke compassion,
To thinke how causele-se, of hei owne
This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon, [accord,
Should plunged be in such affliction
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure, I weene, the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate hei grieve,
For mercy craves rather mercy then reprieve

But that accused Hag, hei hostesse late
Had so enrankled hei multivous hart,
That she desyrd th' abridgement of hei fate,
Or long enlargement of hei pinesfull smart
Now when the Berst, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she backe returning spyde
Tyde with her golden gudge, it put
Of hei rich spoyles whom he had erst destroyd
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde

•And, with it running hastly to hei sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd,
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing is donne,
His former grieve with faine flesh reliv'd
Much more then eurst, and would have alghtes liv'd
The hart out of his brest for sith her dedd
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope wherewith he long had tedd
His foolish malady, and long time had misledd

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew, 4
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine,
The maisters of her art there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure, upon eternall paine,
To counsell her, so carefully dismayd, [cayd
How she might heale her sonne whose senses were de-

By their device, and her owne wicked wit, 5
She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framed yit,
That even Nature selfe envide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
The thing it selfe In hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dame,
Another Floimell, in shape and looke
So lively and so like, that many it mustooke

The substance, whereof she the body made, 6
Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Rhiphaem hils, to her reveald
By evant Sprights, but from all men conceald
The same she tempied with fine Mercury
And virgin wax that never yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect veruily,
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye

In stead of eyes two burning lampes she set 7
In silver sockets, shyning like the skyes,
And a quicke moving Spirit did ariet
To stire and roll them like to womens eyes
In stead of yellow lockes she did devyse
With golden wyie to weave her curled head,
Yet golden wyie was not so yellow thysse
As Floimells fyie heare and, in the stead
Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcas dead,

A wicked Spright, yfought with fawning guyle 8
 And fayre resemblance above all the rest,
 Which with the Prince of Darkenes tell somewhat
 From heavens bliss and everlasting rest
 Him needed not instruct which way were best
 Him selfe to fashion likest Florimell,
 Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest,
 For he in counterfeynce did excell,
 And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay, 9
 Which Florimell had left behind her late,
 That who so then her saw would surely say
 It was her selfe whom it did imitate,
 Or fayrer then her selfe, if ought algate
 Might fayrer be And then she forth her brought
 Unto her sonne that lay in feeble state,
 Who seeing her g in straight upstart, and thought
 She was the Lady selfe whom he so long had sought

Tho fast her clipping twixt his armes twyne, 10
 Extremely joyed in so happy sight,
 And soone forgot his former sickely payne
 But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
 Coily rebutted his embracement light,
 Yet still, with gentle countenance, retain'd
 Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight
 Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,
 As her Cicatresse had in charge to her ordain'd

Till on a day, as he disposed was 11
 To walke the woodes with that his Idole faire,
 Her to disport and idle time to pass
 In th' open freshnes of the gentle aire,
 A knight that way there chaunced to repaire,
 Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine
 That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,
 Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vaine
 His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine

He, seeing with that Choile so fine a wight, 12
 & Decked with many a costly ornament,
 Much marvelled thereat, as well he might,
 And thought that mitch a fowle disparagement
 His bloody speare eftesoones he boldly bent
 Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare
 Fell streight to ground in great astonishment
 "Villain," (sayd he) "this Lady is my deare,
 Dy, if thou it ganesy I will away her beare"

The feuefull Choile durst not ganesy nor dooe, 13
 But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray,
 Who, finding litle leasure her to wooe,
 On Trompats steed her mounted without stay,
 And without reskew led her quite away
 Proud man himselfe then Biaggadochio deem'd,
 And next to none after that happy day,
 Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd
 The fanest wight on ground, and most of men esteem'd

But, when hee saw him selfe free from powerte, 14
 He gan make gentle purpose to his Dume
 With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute,
 For he could well his glozing speeches frame
 To such vaine uses that him best became
 But she thereto would lend but light regard,
 As seeming soiry that she ever came
 Into his powie, that used her so hard
 To reave her honor, which she more then life prefard.

Thus as they two of kindnes tierced long, 15
 There them by chunce encountred on the way
 An armed knight upon a courser strong,
 Whose trampling fecte upon the hollow lay
 Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
 That Capons corage yet he looked grim,
 And faynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
 Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,
 And her to save from outrage meekely prayed him

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and, nigh 16
 Approching, with bold words and bitter threat
 Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high,
 To leave to him that ldy for carcher,
 Or bide him batteill without further tress
 That challenge did too pcreptory seeme,
 And fild his senses with abashment great,
 Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,
 He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme,

Sying, ' Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
 To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,
 And brought through points of many perilous swords
 But if thee list to see thy Counsaier ionne,
 Or prove thy selfe, this val encounter shonne,
 And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd '
 At those proud words that other knight begonne
 To wax exceeding woth, and him redd
 To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd

"Sith then," (said Braggadochio) ' needes thou wilt
 Thy daies abide through prooffe of puiunce,
 Turne we our steeds, that both in equall tilt
 May meete againe, and each take happy chaunce "
 This said, they both a furlongs mountenaunce
 Retind their steeds, to ionne in even pace,
 But Braggadochio, with his bloody lunce,
 Once having turnd, no more retind his face,
 But left his love to losse, and fled him selfe apace

The knight, him seeing flie, had no regard 19
 Him to pursue, but to the ldy rode,
 And having her from Trompuit lightly reall,
 Upon his Counsaier sett the lovely lode,
 And with her fled away without abode
 Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
 It was with whom in company he yode,
 And so her selfe did alwayes to him tell,
 So made him thinke himselfe in heven, as it was in hell

But Florimell her selfe was fu away, 20
 Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,
 And taught the carefull Manner to play,
 Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
 The land for sea, at randon there to raunge
 Yett there that cruell Queene vengeresse,
 Not satisfyde so fu her to estrunge
 From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
 Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchednesse

For being fled into the fishers bote 21
 For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
 Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,
 And with the tide drowe forwarde carelesly,
 For th' ayre was milde and cleared was the skie,
 And all his windes dan Aeolus did keepe
 From stirring up their stormy enmity,
 As pittying to see her wale and weepe
 But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe

At last when, drowne with drowsinesse, he woke, 22
 And saw his drower drow along the streame,
 He was dismayd, and thise his brest he stoke,
 For marveill of that accident extream
 But when he saw that blazing beauties berme,
 Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,
 He marveld more, and thought he yet did dreame
 Not well awakte, or that some extryse
 Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye

But when her well avizing hee perceiv'd 23
 To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,
 Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
 And felt in his old corage new delight
 To gin awake, and stir his frosen spright
 Tho rudely askte her, how she thether came
 "Ah!" (sayd she) "father, I note read might
 What hard misfortune brought me to this same,
 Yet am I gladd that here I now in safety ame

"But thou, good man, sith fai in ser we bee, 24
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the gryn-land see,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,
Least worse on sea then us on land befell"
Ther eat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,
And saide his boat the way could wisely tell,
But his deceitfull eyes did never lin
To looke on her faire face and marke her snowy skin

The sight whercof in his congealed flesh 25
Infixt such secreete sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
And kindled he it that soone in flame forth burst
The driest wood is soonest bunt to dust
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hond
Where ill became him rashly would have thrust,
But she with angry scoone did him withstond,
And shamefully reproved for his rudenes fond

But he, that never good nor maners knew, 26
Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme,
Hard is to teach an old horse amble tiew
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme,
And now he strength gan adde unto his will,
Forcyng to doe that did him fowle misseeme
Beastly he threwe her downe, ne car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish that all did fill

The silly vrgin strove him to withstand 27
All that she might, and him in vaine revild
Shée struggled strongly both with foote and hand
To save her honor from that villaine vilde,
And cride to heven, from humane help exild
O' ye brave knights, thit boast this Ladies love,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
Of filthy wretch? well may she you reprove
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may behove

But if that thou, Sn Sityian, didst weete, 28
 O thou, Sn Pendine, her soyr' state,
 How soone would yee assemble many a fleet,
 To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late!
 Towies, citties, kingdomes, ye would rinate
 In your avengement and despiteous rage,
 Ne ought your burning fury mote abate,
 But if Sn Calidore could it presage,
 No living creature could his cruelty asswage

But sith that none of all her knights is nye, 29
 See how the heavens, of voluntary grace
 And soveraine favor towards chastity,
 Doe succor send to her distressed crie
 So much high God doth innocence embrace.
 It fortun'd, whilst thus she stifly strove,
 And the wide sea importuned long space
 With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abode did rove,
 Along the fomy waves driving his finny dove

Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of joye, 30
 And hath the charge of Neptunes mighty heud,
 An aged sire with head all flowy hore,
 And sprinkled frost upon his dewy beard
 Who when those pittifull outcries he heard
 Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
 His chauctt swifte in hast he thether steund,
 Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas bownd
 Was drawne upon the waves that fomed him arownd

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote, 31
 That went at will withouten card or sayle,
 He therein saw that yikesome sight, which smote
 Deepe indignation and compassion fyre
 Into his hart attonce streight did he hyle
 The greedy vilain from his hoped pray,
 Of which he now did very little fayle,
 And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,
 Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much dismay

The whiles the pittious Lady up did ryse, 32
Ruffled and fowly mud with filthy soyle,
And blubbrid face with teares of her faire eye,
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To save her selfe from that outrageous spoyle,
But when she looked up, to weet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assoyl'd,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowly bright

Her selfe not saved yet from daunger dadd 33
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
From the shripe hauke which her attached neare,
And fies to ground to seeke for succor there,
Whereas the hungry Sparrowes she does spy
With greedy jawes her ready for to teare
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by

But he endeavored with speeches milde 34
Her to recomfort, and courage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman wilde,
Nor doubt himselfe, and who he was her told
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevaild,
For her taint hurt was with the frozen cold
Benumbd so only, that her wits nigh fild,
And all her senses with abasement quite were quaild

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard, 35
And with his fiery lips full softly kist,
While the cold yseckles from his rough beard
Dropp'd adowne upon her yvory brest
Yet he him selfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought,
And out of that same fishes filthy nest
Removing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle teares her time besought

But that old leachour, which with bold assault 36

That beautie durst presume to violate,
 He cast to punish for his hainous fault
 Then tooke he him, yet trembling sith of late,
 And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
 The virgin whom he had abusde so sore,
 So drag'd him through the waves in scornfull state,
 And after cast him up upon the shore,

But Florimell with him unto his bowie he bore

His bowie is in the bottom of the maine, 37

Under a mightie rocke, gainst which doe rave
 The roling billowes in their proud disdaine,
 That with the angry working of the wave
 Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
 That seemes rough Masons hand with engines keene
 Had long while laboured it to engrave
 There was his wonne, no living wight was seene
 Save one old Nymph, hight Panope, to keepe it cleane

Thether he brought the sovy Florimell, 38

And entertained her the best he might,
 And Panope her entertand eke well,
 As an immortall mote a mortall wight
 To winne her liking unto his delight
 With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
 And offered faire giftes t' allure her sight,
 But she both offers and the offerer
 Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer

Dayly he tempted her with this or that, 39

And never suffred her to be at rest,
 But evermore she him refused flat,
 And all his fained kindnes did detest,
 So firmly she had sealed up her brest
 Sometimes he boasted that a God he hight,
 But she a mortall creature loved best
 Then he would make him selfe a mortall wight,
 But then she said she lov'd none, but a Faery knight

Then like a Faerie knight him selfe he diest, 40
 For every shape on him he could endew,
 Ther like a king he was to her exiest,
 And offred kingdoms unto her in view,
 To be his Lem in and his Lady tiw
 But when all this he nothing saw prevail
 With huder meemes he cast her to subdew,
 And with sharpe theates her often did assyle,
 So thinking for to make her stubboine corage quayle

To dreadfull shapes he did him selfe transfoime, 41
 Now like a Gyaunt, now like to a feend,
 Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme
 Raging within the waves thereby he wend
 Her will to win unto his wished end,
 But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all
 He els could doe, he saw him selte esteemd,
 Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fill,
 And threatned there to make her his etein ill thall

Eternall thaldome was to her more lief 42
 Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of love
 Dye had she rather in tormenting griefe
 Then any should of filsenesse her reprove,
 Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove
 Most vertuous virgin! glory be thy meed,
 And crowne of heavenly pryse with Santes above,
 Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
 Are still emongst them song, that far my tymes exceed

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee! 43
 But yet whatso my feeble Muse can flame
 Shalbe t' advance thy goodly chastitee,
 And to enoll thy memorable name
 In th' heart of every honorable Dame,
 That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
 And be partakers of thy endlesse fame
 Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,
 To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late

Who having ended with that Squyre of Dames 41

A long discourse of his adventures vyne,
 The which himselfe then Ladics more defames,
 And finding not th' Hyena to be slayne,
 With that same Squyre returned back againe
 To his first way And, as they forward went,
 They spyde a knight fayre picking on the playne,
 As if he were on some adventure bent,
 And in his port appeared manly hardiment

Sir Satyrane him towardes did addresse, 45

To weet what wight he was, and what his quest,
 And, comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesee,
 Both by the burning hart which on his brest
 He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
 That Pandell it was Tho to him yode,
 And him saluting as beseeemed best,
 Gan first inquire of tydings faire and gode,
 And afterwarde on what adventure now he rode

Who thereto answering said "The tydings bad, 46

Which now in Frier, court all men doe tell,
 Which turned hath great mirth to mourning sad,
 Is the late ruine of proud Marnell,
 And sudden pasture of faire Florimell
 To find him forth and after her are gone
 All the brave knightes that doen in armes excell
 To savegard her ywandred all alone
 Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy) is to be one "

"Ah! gentle knight," (said then Sir Satyrane) 47

"Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
 That hast a thanklesse service on thee t'ne,
 And offest sacrifice unto the dead
 For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist alead
 Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee,
 That all the noble knightes of Mydenhead,
 Which her ador'd, may sore repent with mee,
 And all faire Ladies may for ever soory bee "

Which wordes when Pandell had heard, his hew
 Gan greatly chunge, and seemd dismaid to bee,
 Then sayd "Fayre Su, how may I weene it tiew,
 That ye doe tell in such uncertintee?
 Or speake ye of report, or did ye see
 Just cause of deid, that makes ye doubt so sore?
 For, perdie, elles how mote it ever bee,
 That ever hand should due for to engore
 Her noble blood? The heavens such crueltie abhor"

"These eyes did see that they will ever rewe 49
 To have seene," (quoth he) "when as a monstrous
 The Palfrey whereon she did trawell slew, [beast
 And of his bowels made his bloody feast
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least
 Her certeine losse, if not her sure decay
 Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
 I found her golden girdle cast away,
 Distroynd with dirt and blood, as relique of the pray"

"Ah me!" (said Pandell) "the signes be sad, 50
 And, but God turne the same to good sooth say,
 That Ladies safetie is sore to be diad
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
 Till trall doe more certeine truth bewray"
 "Fare Su," (qd he) "well may it you succeed,
 Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay,
 But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed,
 My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed"

"Ye noble knights," (sud then the Squyre of Dames)
 "Well may yee speede in so praiseworthy prynt
 But sith the Sunne now ginneth to slake his beemes
 In dewy vapours of the westerne mayne,
 And lose the tyme out of his weery wayne,
 Mote not mislike you also to abate
 Your zealous hyst, till morrow next agune
 Both light of heaven and strength of men relate
 Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate"

That counsell pleased well so all yfere 52
North marched to a Castle them before,
Where soone mynyng they restfained were
Of ready entiaunce, which ought evermore
To errant knights be commune wondrous soie
Thereat displeasd they were, till that young Squyre
Gan them informe the cause, why that same doie
Was shut to all which lodging did desyre
The which to let you weet will further time requyre



CANTO IX

*Malbecco will no straunge knights host,
For peevish gealovv
Paridell grists with Britomart
both shew thei auncestrie*

REDOUBTED knights, and honorable Dames,
To whom I levell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare, least with unworthy
blames

This odious argument my tymes should shend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shyning glory of your soveraine light,
And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight

But never let th' ensample of the bad 2
Offend the good, for good, by paragone
Of evill, may more notably be rad,
As white seemes fayrer matcht with blacke vtone,
Ne all are shamed by the fault of one
For lo' in heaven, whereas all goodnes is,
Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy blis,
What wonder then if one, of women all, did mis^e

Then listen, Lordings, if ye list to weete 3
The cause why Satyrane and Paridell
Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,
nto that Castle, (as that Squire does tell)
"Therein a cancried crabbed Carle does dwell,
That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
Ne cares what men say of him, ill or well,
For all his dayes he downes in privitie,
Yet has full large to live and spend at libertie

"But ill his mir'd is set on mucky pelfe, 4
 So hoord up herpes of evill gotten masse,
 For which he others wrongs, and wickekes himselfe
 Yet is he linked to a lovely lisse,
 Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpass,
 The which to him both full unquall yeares,
 And also for unlike conditions has,
 For she does joy to play amongst her peares,
 And to be free from hard restraint and gealous feares

"But he is old, and withered like hay, 5
 Unfit faine Ladies service to supply,
 The privie guilt whereof makes him alway
 Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
 Upon her with his other blink'd eye,
 Ne sufficeth he resort of living wight
 Approach to her, ne keepe her company,
 But in close bowle he mewes from all mens sight,
 Depriv'd of kindly joy and naturall delight

"Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight, 6
 Unfitly yokt together in one teeme
 That is the cruse why never any knight
 Is suffic'd here to enter, but he seeme
 Such as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme"
 Therent Sir Satyrne gan smile, and say,
 "Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
 That weenes with watch and hard restraint to stay
 A womans will, which is dispos'd to go astray

"In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne, 7
 For who votes not, that womans subtilties
 Can guylen Aigus, when she list misdonne?
 It is not yon bandes, nor hundred eyes,
 Nor biasen walls, nor many wakefull spies,
 That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet,
 But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesyes,
 And timely service to her pleasures meet,
 May her perils contune, that else would algates fleet"

"Then is he not more mad," (sayd Pandell) 8
 "That hath himselfe unto such service sold,
 In doletull thrildome all his dayes to dwell"
 For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,
 That loves his fetters, though they were of gold
 But why doe wec devise of others ill,
 Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old
 To keepe us out, in scoone of his owne will,
 And rather do not unsack all, and him selfe kill?"

"Nay, let us first" (sayd Satyrane) "entreat 9
 The man by gentle meanes to let us in,
 And afterwides affray with cruell threat,
 Ere that we to efforce it doe begin
 Then, if all fayle, we will by force it win,
 And eke reward the wretch for his mespryse,
 As may be worthy of his haynous sin"
 That counsell pleasd then Pandell did rise,
 And to the Castle gate approcht in quiet wise

Whereat soft knocking entrance he desyrd 10
 The good man selfe, which then the Porter prydd,
 Him answered, that all were now retyrd
 Unto then rest, and all the keyes conveyd
 Unto then muster, who in bed was layd,
 That none him durst wake out of his dieme,
 And therefore them of patience gently prydd
 Then Pandell began to chynge his theme,
 And threatned him with force and punishment exticme

' But all in vaine, for nought mote him relent 11
 And now so long before the wicket fast
 They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
 And the faire welkin fowly overcast
 Gan blownen up a bitter stormy blast,
 With showre and hayle so horrible and died,
 That this fume my were compeld at last
 To fly for succour to a little shed,
 The which beside the gate for swyne was ordered

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone, 12
 Another knight, whom tempest thether brought,
 Came to that Castle, and with gainest mone,
 Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought
 But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought,
 For flitly he of entrance was refusd
 Soerely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought
 How to avenge himselfe so sore abus'd,
 And evermore the Carle of courtesie accusd

But, to avoyde th' intollerable stowie, 13
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
 And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,
 He came, which full of guests he found whyleare,
 So as he was not let to enter there
 Whereat he gan to wax exceeding wioth,
 And swore that he would lodge with them yfeie,
 Or them dislodg, all were they hiefe or loth,
 And so defyde them each, and so detyde them both

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent, 14
 And both full loth in duknesse to debate,
 Yet both full hiefe him lodging to have lent,
 And both full hiefe his boasting to abate
 But chiefly Prudell his hut did giate
 To heare him threaten so despightfully,
 As if he did a dogge in kenell rite
 That durst not barke, and rather had he dy
 Then, when he was defyde, in coward corner ly

Tho hastily remounting to his steed 15
 He forth issew'd like as a boystrous winde,
 Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long ben hid
 And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
 Makes the huge element, against her kinde,
 To move and tremble as it were aghast,
 Untill that it an issew forth may finde
 Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
 Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast

Then steel-hed speeres they strongly coucht, and met
 Together with impetuous rage and foise,
 That with the fearour of then fierce afflict
 They rudely drow to ground both man and hoise
 That each while lay like senselesse coise
 But Pandell sore brused with the blow
 Could not arise, the counterchaunge to scoise,
 Till that young Squyre him reared from below,
 Thendrew he his bright sword, and gan about him throw

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay, 17
 And with faire treaty pacifide then yie
 Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
 Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,
 To heape on him dew vengeance for his hate
 They beene agreed, and to the gates they ga
 To burn the same with unquenchable fire,
 And that un courteous Caine, then commune foe,
 To doe fowle death to die, or win in grievous woe

Malucco, seeing them resolv'd in deed 18
 To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
 For fire in earnest, ran with fei full speed,
 And to them calling from the castle will,
 Besought them humbly him to baire withall,
 As ignorant of servants bad abuse
 And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call
 The knights were willing all things to excuse, [ruse
 Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did not re-

*They beene ybrought into a comely bowie, 19
 And servd of all things that mote needfull bee,
 Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
 And welcomde more for feare then chautee,
 But they dissembled what they did not see,
 And welcomed themselves Each gan undight
 Then garments wett, and weary armour free,
 To dry them selves by Vulcnes flaming light,
 And eke then lately bruized parts to bring in plight

And eke that stranger knight amongst the rest 20

Was for like need enforst to disaray

Tho, whenas vailed was her lofty crest,

Her golden locks, that were in tuncells gay

Upbouden, did them selves adowne display

And raught unto her heeles, like sunny beames

That in a cloud then light did long time stay,

Then vapour vailed, shewe then golden gleames,

And through the persant airc shoote forth then azure
streames

Shee also dofte her heavy harbejeon,

21

Which the fine feature of her limbs did hyde,

And her wellplighted flock, which she did won

To tucke about her shott when she did ryde,

Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck side

Downe to her foot with cresseleste modestee

Then of them all she plainly was espyde

To be a woman wight, unwist to bee,

The finest woman wight that ever eie did see

Like as Bellona being late retound

From slaughter of the Giaunts conquered,

Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethrills bound

With breathed flames, like to a furnace redd,

Transfix'd with her speere downe tumbled dedd

From top of Hemus by him heaped hye,

Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd,

And her Gorgonian shield gins to untie

From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorie

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were

With great amazement of so wondrous sight,

And each on other, and they all on her,

Stood gazing, as if suddem great affright

Had them surprizd At last, avising right

Her goodly personage and glorious hew,

Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight

In their first error, and yett still anew

With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry vew

Yet note then hongry vew be satisfide, 24
 But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
 And ever timely fix'd did abide
 In contemplation of divinitie *
 But most they marvel'd at her chivalrie
 And noble prowess, which they had approv'd,
 That much they faynd to know who she mote bee,
 Yet none of all them her thereof mov'd,
 Yet every one her likt, and every one her lov'd

And Paridell, though partly discontent
 With his late fall and fowle indignity,
 Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
 Through gracious regard of her fine eye,
 And knightly worth which he too late did try,
 Yet tried did adoe Supper was dight,
 Then they Malbecco pry'd of courtesy,
 That of his lady they might have the sight
 And compyny at meat, to doe them more delight

But he, to shifte then curious request, 26
 Gave craven why she could not come in place,
 Her crueld helth, her late recourse to rest,
 And humid evening ill for sicke folkes ease,
 But none of those excuses could take place,
 Ne would they eate till she in presence came
 Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
 And fanely thcm saluted, as became,
 And shewd her selfe in all a gentle courteous Dame

*They sate to ment, and Satyrane his chaunce 27
 Was her before, and Paridell beside,
 But he him selfe sate looking still askance
 Gainsst Britomart, and ever closely erde
 Sin Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide
 But his blind eye, that sided Paridell,
 All his demerits from his sight did hide
 On her fine face so did he feede his fill,
 And sent close messiges of love to her it will

And ever and anone, when none was ware, 28
 With speeking lookes, that close embrassage bore,
 He lov'd at her, and told his secret care,
 For all that at he learned had of yore
 Ne was she ignorant of that leud lore,
 But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
 And with the like him answered evermore
 Shee sent at him one fyne dait, whose hedd
 Empoisoned was with privy lust and gealous dreed

He from that deadly throw made no defence, 29
 But to the wound his weake heart opened wyde
 The wicked engine through false influence
 Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde
 Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde
 But nothing new to him was that same pync,
 Ne paine at all, for he so ofte had tyde
 The powrie thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
 That thing of course he counted love to entertaine

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate * 30
 His inward griefe, by meynes to him well knowne
 Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
 He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
 Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
 And by the duncing bubbles did divine,
 Or therein write to lett his love be showne,
 Which well she redd out of the learned line
 A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine

And, when so of his hand the pledge she raught, 31
 The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
 And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
 Shewing desue her inward flame to slake
 By such close signes they secret way did make
 Unto their wils, and one eyes watch escape
 Two eyes him needeth, for to witch and wike,
 Who lovers will deceive Thus was the rpe,
 By then fine handling, put into Malbeccoes cape

Now, when of meates and drinks they had then fill, 32
 Purpose was moved by that gentle Dime
 Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
 Of deeds of armes which unto them became,
 And every one his kinde and his name
 Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
 Of gracious speach and skill his words to him
 Abounded, being yelid of so fitt tide
 Him to commend to her, thus spake, of ill well cide

"Troy, that at now nought but an idle name, 33
 And in thine ashes buried low dust he,
 Though whilome fu much greater then thy fume,
 Before that angry Gods and cruelle die
 Upon thee heipt a direfull destinie
 What boots it boast thy glorie is decayed
 And fetch from heven thy great remedie
 Sith all thy worthie pryse being blent
 Then ofspring hath embaste, and later glory shent"

Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome 34
 That warre was kindled which did Troy influme,
 And stately towres of Ilion whilome
 Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
 Sir Paris fu renowmd through noble fame,
 Who, through great prowesse and bold hardnesse,
 From Lacedæmon fetcht the fairest Dame
 That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,
 Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthnesse,

• ' Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent, 35
 And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,
 That madest many Ladies deare lament
 The heave losse of their brave Prouours,
 Which they far off beheld from Trojan towres,
 And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
 With carcases of noble warrours
 Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,
 And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all overflowne

"From him my linage I deriue aight, 36
 Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
 Whiles yet on Ida he a shepeheard hight,
 On faine Ocnone got a lovely boy,
 Whom, for remembrance of her passed joy,
 She, of his Father, Paris did name,
 Who, after Greekes did Priams realm destroy,
 Gathered the Trojan reliques sav'd from flume,
 And with them sayling thence to th' isle of Paros came

"That was by him cald Paris, which before 37
 Hight Nausa there he many yeares did name,
 And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore,
 The which he dying lefte next in remaine
 To Paris his sonne,
 From whom I Paridell by kin descend
 But for faine ladies love and glories game,
 My native soile have lefte, my dayes to spend
 In sewing deeds of times, my lives and labours end"

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell 38
 Of Trojan wares and Priams citie sackt,
 The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,
 She was empassiond at that piteous act,
 With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact
 Against that nation, from whose race of old
 She heard that she was lineally extract,
 For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
 And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes cold

Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus 39
 "O lamentable fall of famous towne!
 Which raignd so many yeeres victorious,
 And of all Asia bore the soveraine crowne
 In one sad night consumd and throwen downe
 What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fite,
 Is not emperst with deepe compassion,
 And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
 That flourishes so fresh at morne, and fades at evening late?"

"Behold, Sn, how your pitifull complaint 40
 Hath fownd another partner of your payne,
 For nothing may, impresse so deere constraint
 As countries cause, and commune foes disdaine
 But if it should not grieve you breke agayne
 To tune your course, I would to heare desyre
 What to Aeneas tell, sith that men sayre
 He was not in the citie wofull fire
 Consum'd, but did him selfe to safety retyre

"Anchyses sonne, begott of Venus fyre," 41
 Said he, "out of the flames for safeguard fled
 And with a remnant did to sea repyre,
 Where he through fittall error long was led
 Full many yeares, and weetelesse wandered
 From shore to shore amongst the Lybick sandes,
 Ere rest he fownd Much there he suffered,
 And many perilles past in forreine landes,
 To save his people and from victours vengefull handes

"At last in Latium he did arrive," 42
 Where he with cruell warre was enterd
 Of th' inland tolke, which sought him by the drive
 Till he with old Latinus was constrained
 To contract wedlock, (so the fates ordaind)
 Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
 Accomplished, that many deere conplund
 The while all slumme, the victour through the flood
 Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wedlock good

"Yet, after all, he victour did survive," 43
 And with Latinus did the kingdom part
 But after, when both nations gun to strive
 Into then names the tittle to convert
 His sonne Iulus did from thence depart
 With all the valiant youth of Trojans blood,
 And in long Alba plast his throne apart,
 Where faine it flourishd and long time stoud,
 Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome remoud "

“There, there,” (said Britomart) “afresh appeared 44
 The glory of the later world to spring,
 And Troy againe out of her dust was read
 To sitt in second seat of soveraine king
 Of all the world, under her governing
 But a third kingdom yet is to arise
 Out of the Trojans scattered offspring,
 That in all glory and great enterprise,
 Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise

“It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves 45
 Of wealthy Thamys washed is along,
 Upon whose stubborne neck, whereat he raves
 With roring rage, and soile him selfe does throng,
 That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,
 She fastned hath her foot, which stands so hy,
 That it a wonder of the world is song
 In foireine landes, and all which passen by,
 Beholding it from faire, doe thinke it threates the skye

“The Trojan Brute did first that citie fownd, 46
 And Hygate made the meane thereof by west,
 And Overt gate by North that is the bownd
 Toward the land, two rivers bownd the rest
 So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
 To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat
 So huge a mind could not in lesse rest,
 Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
 That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat”

“Ah! fairest Lady knight,” (said Paridell) 47
 “Pardon, I pray, my heedlesse oversight,
 Who had forgot that whylome I had tell
 From aged Mnemon, for my wits beene light
 Indeed he said, (if I remember right)
 That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
 Another plant, that taught to wondrous light,
 And far abroad his mightie braunches threw
 Into the utmost Angle of the world he knew

' For that same Brute, whom much he did aduance 43
 In all his speach, was Sylvius his sonne,
 Whom having slaipe through luckles urowes glunne,
 He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
 Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
 And with him ledd to sea an youthly tiyne,
 Where we were wandring they long time did wonne,
 And many fortunes prov'd in th' Ocean myne,
 And great adventures found, that now were long to
 sayne

" At last by fatal couse they driven were 49
 Into an Island spacious and brode,
 The furthest North that did to them appeare
 Which, after rest, they, seeking fure abode,
 Found it the fittest soyle for then ibode,
 Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for living toode,
 But wholly waste and void of peoples trode,
 Save an huge nation of the Gerunts broode
 That fed on living flesh, and dronck mens vitall blood

" Whom he, through wearie waies and labours long, 50
 Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold
 In which the great Goemagot of strong
 Corneus, and Coulin of Debon old,
 Were overthrowne and laide on th' earth full cold
 Which quaked under them so hideous masse,
 A famous history to bee enold
 In everlasting monuments of brasse,
 That all the antique Worthies merits far did passe

" His worke great Troynovant, his worke is eke 51
 Fair Lincolne, both renowned far away,
 That who from East to West will endlong seeke,
 Can not two famer Cities find this day,
 Except Cleopolis so heard I say
 Old Mnemon Therefore, Sir, I greet you well
 Your countrey kin, and you entyely pray
 Of pardon for the stufe, which late befell
 Betwixt us both unknowne " So ended Pandell

But all the while that he these speeches spent, 52
Upon his lips hong faue Dame Hellenore
With vigilant regard and dew attent,
Fashioning worldes of fancies euer moire
In her fraile witt, that now hei quite forloie
The whiles unwares away hei wondring eye
And greedy eares hei werke hart from hei boie,
Which he perceiving, ever privily,
In speaking many false belgudes at hei let fly

So long these knightes discourised diversly 53
Of strange ffanes, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,
That now the humid night was fu forth spent,
And heavenly lampes were halfendeale ybient
Which th' old man seeing wel, who too long thought
Every discourse, and every argument,
Which by the houes he measured, besought
Them go to rest So all unto their bowies were
brought



CANTO X .

*Pandell rapeth Hellenore
 Malbecco her pour seues,
 Fynd's amongst Satyres, whence uitt him
 To turne she doth refuse*

THE morow next, so soone as Phœbus Lamp
 Bewrayed had the world with early light,
 And fiesh Amora had the shady damps
 Out of the goodly heven imored quight,
 Fancie Britomart and that same Fiery knight
 Uprose, forth on their journey for to wend
 But Pandell complynd, that his late fight
 With Britomart so sore did him offend,
 That yde he could not, till his hunts he did mend

So forth they fnd, but he behynd them staid,
 Maulgne his host, who grudged grievously
 To house a guest that would be needes obaid
 And of his owne him lette not liberty
 Might wnting measure moveth suquedly
 Two things he feared, but the thud was death
 That fies youngmans unuly mistery
 His money, which he lov'd as living breith
 And his fanc wife, whom honest long he kept untt

But patience pcrforce, he must abide
 What fortune and his fate on him will lide
 Fond is the feare that findes no remedie
 Yea warily he watcheth every way,
 By which he feareth evill happen may,
 So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent
 Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,
 Out of his sight her selte once to absent
 So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment

But Pandell kept better watch then hee, 4
 A fit occasion for his tūne to finde
 False love! why do men say thou canst not see,
 And in then fooksh fancy feigne thee blinde,
 That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest binde,
 And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
 And seest every secret of the minde
 Thou seest all, yet none it all sees thee
 All that is by the working of thy Deitee

So perfect in that art was Pandell, 5
 That he Malbecco's halfe eye did wyle,
 His halfe eye he wiled wondrous well,
 And Hellenor's both eyes did eke beguyle,
 Both eyes and hart attonce, during the while
 That he there sojourned his woundes to heale,
 That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close did smile
 To weet how he her love away did steale,
 And bad that none then joyous treason should reveale

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde 6
 That least advantage mote to him afford,
 Yet bore so true a sayle, that none espyde
 His secret drift, till he her layd aboide
 When so in open place and commune boide
 He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
 He courted her, yet bayted every word,
 That his ungentle hoste note him upperch
 Of vile ungentlenesse, or hospitages breach

But when apart (if ever her apart 7
 He found) then his false engins fast he plyde,
 And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart
 He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
 And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde
 Tho, when againe he him bethought to live,
 He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
 Saying, but if she Mercie would him give,
 That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
 And pleasing toyes he would her entertune,
 Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights
 Now making lyes of love and lovers painne,
 Bransles, Ballads, and lyes, and verses raine
 Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devisyd,
 And thousands like which flowed in his brune,
 With which he fed her fancy, and entysd
 To take with his new love, and leave her old despyd

And every where he might, and evenie while,
 He did her service dewtifull, and sewd
 At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile,
 So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
 Who well perceivd ill, and ill indewd
 Thus fainely did he his false nets dispyd,
 With which he many weake harts had subdewd
 Of joye, and many had ylike misled
 What wonder then, if she were likewise carried

No fort so fensible, no wals so strong, 10
 But that continuall batterey will rive,
 Or daily siege, through dispayraunce long
 And lacke of reskewe, will to payley drive,
 And Peece, that unto parley care will give,
 Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
 The vassall of the victoris will bylive
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
 This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine display'd

For through his traines he her intrapped hath, 11
 That she her love and hart hath wholly sold
 To him, without regard of game or seath,
 Of care of credite, or of husband old,
 Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre Cucquold
 Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shew
 Devizd hath, and to her lover told
 It pleased well So well they both agree
 So readie type to all ill womens counsels bee

Darke was the Evening, fit for lovers stealth, 12
When chaste Malbecco busie he elsewhere,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid, thereof she countlesse summes did care,
The which she meant away with her to beare,
The rest she fyr'd, for sport, or for despite
As Hellenc, when she saw aloft appeare
The Trojane flames and reach to heavens light,
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that dolefull sight

This second Helene, fyre Dame Hellenore, 13
The whiles her husband ran with sooty haste
To quench the flames which she had tynd before,
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,
And ran into her lovers armes right fast,
Where streight embraced she to him did cry
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past,
For lo' that Guest did beare her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd, 14
And ready seeing him with her to fly,
In his disquiet mind was much dismayd
But when againe he backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
He was therewith distressed diversely,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place
Was never wretched man in such a wofull case

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd, 15
And left the fire, love money overcame
But, when he marked how his money burnd,
He left his wife, money did love disclame
Both was he loth to loose his loved Dame,
And loth to leave his bestest pelfe behinde,
Yet, sith he n'ote save both, he say'd that same
Which was the dearest to his downhill minde,
The God of his desire, the joy of misers blinde

Thus whilst all things in troublous upioie were, 16
And all men busie to suppress the flame,
The loving couple neede no iskew feare,
But leasure had and liberty to firme
Then purpost flight, free from all mens reclame
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,
Gave them safe conduct, till to end they came
So beene they gone yfeie, a wanton paye
Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to repaie

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were, 17
Malbecco, seeing how his losse did lye,
Out of the flames which he had quencht whylere,
Into huge waves of grieve and gealosye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight
He w'd, he wept, he stamp't, he lowd did cry,
And all the passions that in man may light
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive spight

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieve, 18
And did consume his gall with anguish sore
Still when he mused on his late mischief,
So still the smart thereof increased moie,
And seemd moie grievous then it was befoie
At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,
Ne grieve might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise how hee he reskew mought
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought

At last resolving, like a Pilgrim poie, 19
To search her forth where so she might be fond,
And bearing with him treasure in close stoe,
The rest he leaves in ground So takes in hond
To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond
Long hee he sought, he sought her far and neie,
And every where that he mote under-tond
Of knights and ladies my meetings were,
And of eachone he mett he tidings did inquire

But all in vaine his woman was too wise 20
 Ever to come into his clouch againe,
 And hee too simple ever to surpise
 The jolly Paridell, for all his paine
 One day, as hee foirpassed by the plaine
 With weary pace, he far away espide
 A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
 Which hoved close under a forest side,
 As if they lay in wait, or els them selves did hide

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee, 21
 And as he better did then shape avize,
 Him seemed more their maner did agree, -
 For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
 Whom to be Pandell he did devize,
 And th' other, al yclad in garments light
 Discolourd like to womanish disguise,
 He did resemble to his lady bright,
 And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight

And ever faine he towards them would goe, 22
 But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
 But stood aloofe, unwecting what to doe,
 Till that prickt forth with loves extremity,
 That is the father of fowle gealosy,
 He closely nearer crept the truth to weet
 But, as he nigher drew, he easily
 Might sceine that it was not his sweetest sweet,
 Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet

But it was scoinefull Braggadochio, 23
 That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,
 Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe
 Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed clere,
 He turned backe, and would have fled areie,
 Till Trompart, ronning hastely, him did stay,
 And bad before his soveraine Lord appeare
 That was him loth, yet durst he not gunces y,
 And comming him before low louted on the lay

The Boaster at him steernely bent his browe, 24,
 As if he could have kild him with his looke,
 That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
 And awfull terror deepe into him stiooke,
 That every member of his body quooke
 Said he, "Thou man of nought, what doest thou here
 Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
 Where I expected one with shield and spere
 To prove some deeds of aimes upon an equall peire?"

The wretched man at his imperious speach 25
 Was all abasht, and low prostrating said
 "Good Sir, let not my rudenes be no breach
 Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid,
 For I unwaies this way by fortune straid,
 A silly Pilgrim driven to distresse,
 That seeke a Lady"—There he suddain staid,
 And did the rest with grievous sighes suppress,
 While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitterness

"What Lady, man?" (said Trompant) "take good hart,
 And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye
 Was never better time to shew thy smart
 Then now that noble succor is thee by,
 That is the whole worlds commune remedy"
 That chearful word his weak heart much did cheare,
 And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
 That bold he sayd, "O most redoubted Peire!
 Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to heare"

Then sighing sore, "It is not long," (saide hee) 27
 "Sith I enjoyd the gentlest Dame alive,
 Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
 But shame of all that doe for honor strive,
 By treacherous deceipt did me deprive
 Through open outrage he her bore away,
 And with fowle force unto his will did drive,
 Which al good knights, that armes do bear this day,
 Are bound for to revenge, and punish if they may.

"And you, most noble Lord, that can and due 28
 Rediesse the wrong of miserable wight,
 Cannot employ your most victorious speare
 In better quarell then defence of right,
 And for a Lady gunst a faithlesse knight
 So shall your glory be aduanced much,
 And all true Ladies magnify your might,
 And eke my selfe, albee I simple such,
 Your worthy pame shall vnderstand to such."

With that out of his bouget forth he drew 29
 Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt,
 But he on it lookt scornfully askew,
 As much disdainyng to be so misdeempt,
 Or a waite-monger to be basely nempt,
 And sayd, "Thy offers base I greatly loth,
 And eke thy words uncounteous and unkeupt
 I tread in dust thee and thy money both, [wroth
 That, were it not for shame"—So turned from him

But Trompout, that his musties humor knew 30
 In lofty looks to hide in humble munde
 Was myly tickled with that golden vew,
 And in his eue him rownded close behinde
 Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,
 Waiting aduantage on the pray to seise,
 Till Trompout, lowly to the ground inclinde,
 Besought him his great courage to appease,
 And pardon simple man that rash did him displease

Big looking like a doughty Douncepere, 31
 At last he thus, "Thou clod of vilest clay,
 I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes bene,
 But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
 And all that els the vaine world vanten may,
 I loath as dung, ne deeme my dew reward
 Fame is my meed, and glory vertuous pray
 But minds of mortall men are muchell maid
 And mov'd misse with massy mucks unmeet regard

“And more I graunt to thy gient misery 32
Gratious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent
And that vile knight, who ever that he bee,
Which hath thy lady left and knighthood shent,
By Sanglemort my sword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
I sweare, ere long shall deauly it repent,
Ne he twixt heven and earth shall hide his hedd,
But soone he shalbe fownd, and shortly doen be dedd”

The foolish man therat woe wondrous blith, 33
As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith
That had from death to life him newly wonne
Tho forth the Boaster marching brave begonne
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
As if he heaven and hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much Mulbecco joyed in his jollity

Thus long they three together traveled, 34
Through many a wood and many an uncouth way,
To seeke his wife that was far wandered
But those two sought nought but the present pray,
To weete, the treasure which he did bewray,
On which then cies and harts were wholly sett,
With purpose how they might it best betray,
For, sith the howe that first he did them lett
The same behold, therewith then keene dcesnes were
whett

It fortun'd, as they together faid, 35
They spide where Paridell came picking first
Upon the plume, the which him selfe prepar'd
To trust with that brave stranger knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past
Alone he rode without his Paragone,
For, having filcht her bells her up he cast
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone
He nould be clogd So had he served many one

The gentle Lady, loose at randon lefte, 36
 The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
 At wilde adventure, like a forloine wette,
 Till on a day the Satyres her espide
 Straying alone withouten groome or guide
 Her up they tooke, and with them home her ledd,
 With them as housewife ever to abide,
 To milk their gotes, and make them cheesc and bredd,
 And every one is commune good her handel

That shortly she Malbecco has forgott, 37
 And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deue,
 Who from her went to seeke another lott,
 And now by fortune was arrived here,
 Where those two guileis with Malbecco were
 Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell,
 He fainted, and was almost dead with ferie,
 Ne word he had to speake his grieve to tell,
 But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well,

And, after, asked him for Hellenore 38
 "I take no keepe of her," (sayd Paridell)
 "She wonneth in the forrest there before"
 So forth he rode as his adventure fell,
 The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell
 Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend,
 But the fresh Swyne would not his leasure dwell,
 But went his way whom when he passed kend,
 He up remounted light, and after fand to wend

"Perdy, nay," (said Malbecco) "shall ye not, 39
 But let him passe as lightly as he came
 For litle good of him is to be got,
 And mickle perill to bee put to shame
 But let us goe to seeke my dearest Dame,
 Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld,
 For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
 Least salvage beastes her person have despoild
 Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have toyld

They all agree, and forward them addrest 40
"Ah! but," (said crafty Trompart) "weete ye well,
That yonder in that wastefull wudenesse
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell,
Dragons, and Minotaures, and feedes of hell,
And many wilde woodmen which robbe and rend
All travelers therefore advise ye well,
Before ye enterpise that way to wend
One may his journey bring too soone to evill end"

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment, 41
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell clav'd in daunger imminent
Said Trompart, "You, that are the most opprest
With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
Here for to stay in safetie behynd
My Lord and I will seach the wide forest"
That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mynd,
For he was much afraid him selfe alone to fynd

"Then, is it best," (said he) "that ye doe leave 42
Your treasure here in some security,
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
Till we returne againe in safety
As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
Ne pryvy bee unto your treasures grave" [brave
It pleased, so he did Then they march forward

Now, when amid the thickest woodes they were, 43
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking Hububs them approaching nere,
Which all the forest did with horiour fill
That dreadfull sound the bosters hart did thrill
With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill,
And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half
dedd

Yet afterwaides, close creeping as he might, 44
 He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd
 The jolly Satyres, full of fresh delight,
 Cume dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd
 Fane Helenore with gylonds all bespredd,
 Whom then May-lady they had newly made
 She, proude of that new honour which they told,
 And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
 Daunst lively, and her face did with a Lawrell shade

The silly man that in the thickett lay 45
 Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,
 Yet durst he not agunst it doe or say,
 But did his hert with bitter thoughts engore,
 To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore
 All day they dunced with great lusty hedd,
 And with their horned feet the greene gras wore,
 The whiles then Gotes upon the brouzes feld,
 Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden hedd

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse, 46
 And all their goodly hendes did gather round,
 But every Satyre first did give a busse
 To Hellenore, so busses did abound
 Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
 With perly dew, and th' Earthes gloomy shade
 Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,
 That every bird and beast warned made [invade
 To shrowd themselves, whiles sleepe their senses did

Which when Malbecco saw, out of his bush 47
 Upon his hundes and fete he crept full light,
 And like a Gote amongst the Gotes did rush,
 Thut, through the helpe of his fere hornes on flight,
 And misty dampe of misconceyving night,
 And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,
 He did the better counterfite night
 So home he micht amongst the horned heard,
 That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd 48
Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
Who all the night did munde his joyous play
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with gealosy did swell,
But yet that nights ensample did bewray
That not for nought his wife them loved so well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell

So closely as he could he to them crept, 49
When weanie of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was he which by her side did dwell,
And therefore prayd her wike to heare him plaine
As one out of a dreame not waked well
She turnd her, and returned backe againe,
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraime

At last with naked trouble she vbrayd, 50
And then perceiving, that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd
With loosenesse of her love and louthly deed,
She was astonisht with exceeding deed,
And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde,
But he her prayd, for mercy or for need,
To save his life, ne let him be decayde,
But hearken to his lovc, and ill his counsell hyde

*Tho gan he her perswade to leue that lewd 51
And loathsome life, of God and man abhoid,
And home retorne, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace and bandes of flesh accord,
And she receivd againe to bed and bord,
As if no trespass ever had beene donne
But she it all refused it one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose emongst the jolly Satyres still to wonne

He wooed her till day spring he espyde, 52
 But all in vaine, and then turnd to the heard,
 Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
 And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
 Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard
 Early, before the heavens fairest light
 Out of the ruddy East was fully read,
 The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,
 And he emongst the rest crept forth in sooy plight

So soone as he the Prison doie did pas, 53
 He ran as fast as both his feet could beue,
 And never looked who behind him was,
 Ne scarsely who before like as a Beare,
 That creeping close amongst the hives to reare
 An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
 And him assayling sore his calkas teare,
 That hardly he with life away does fly,
 Ne staves, till safe him selfe he see from jeopardy

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place 54
 Where late his treasure he entombed had,
 Where when he found it not, (for Tromput bace
 Had it purloyned for his maister bad)
 With extreme fury he became quite mad,
 And ran away, ran with him selfe away,
 That who so straungely had him secne bes' idd,
 With upstart hane and staring eyes dismay,
 From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say

High over hilles and over dules he fledd, 55
 As if the wind him on his winges had boine,
 Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he spedd
 His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne
 Griefe, and despight, and gealosy, and scoine,
 Did all the way him follow hard behynd,
 And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so foiloine,
 So shamefully foiloine of womankynd,
 That, as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mynd

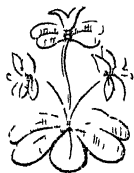
Still fled he forwaïd, looking backward still, 56
Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To looke adowne, or upward to the hight
From thence he thiew him selfe dispiteously,
All desperate of his foie-damned spight,
That seemd no help for him was left in living sight

But through long anguish and selfe-murdering thought,
He was so wasted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an aery Spight,
That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light,
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last he found a cave with entrance small

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there 58
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion
In dreary darkenes and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fill upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion,
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowie so boystrously

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed 59
But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Circoscutes the liver with internall smart,
And doth transfire the soule with deathes eternall dart.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives, 60
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine
There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to him selfe and every wight,
Where he, through privy griefe and hollow vaine,
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is hight



CANTO XI

*Britomart chaceeth Ollyphant,
findes Scindamours distress
Assaues the house of Busyrane,
where loves spoyle is exprest*



HATEFULL hellish Snake! what furie furst
Brought thee from balefull house of Pro-
serpine,

Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
And fostered up with bitter milke of tunc,
Fowle Gealosy! that turnest love d vint
To joylesse dead, and mak'st the loving brut
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art!

O! let him far be humshed away, 2
And in his stead let Love for ever dwell,
Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings ambly
In blessed Nectar and pure Pleasures well,
Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell
And ye, faine Ladies, that your kingdomes make
In th' hearts of men, them govern wisely well,
And of faine Britomart ensample take,
That was as true in love as Turtle to her mate

Who with Sin Satyrane, as caust ye red, 3
Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse hous,
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge Geunt, that with hideous
And hatefull outrage long him chased thus,
It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argante vile and vitious,
From whom the Squire of Dames was left whylere,
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were

For as the sister did in feminine 4
And filthy lust exceede all woman kinde,
So he surpassed his sex masculine
In beastly use all that I ever finde
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
The fearefull boy so greedily pounsew,
She was emmoued in her noble minde
T'employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward where she did him vew

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde, 5
But with like fiercenesse did ensew the chace
Whom when the Gyaunt saw, he soone resinde
His former suit, and from them fled apace
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did strive the other to outgoe,
But he them both outran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any Roe,
And now made better speed t'escape his feared foe

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
But Britomart the flowre of chastity,
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forrest neare,
Where he is shrowded in security
The wood they enter, and search euery where,
They searched diuersely, so both diuided were

Fayre Britomart so long him followed, 7
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His habergeon, his helmet, and his speare
A little of his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depainted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thierby, where ever it in field was showne

His face upon the grownd did groveling ly, 8
 As if he had beene slombing in the shade,
 That the brave Mayd would not for courtesy
 Out of his quiet slomber him strade,
 Nor seeme too suddenly him to invade
 Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb
 Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
 And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
 That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes 9
 He sayd, "O soverayne Lord! that sit'st on hye
 And iangst in blis amongst thy blessed Saintes,
 How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
 So long unwreaked of thine enemy?
 O hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
 O doth thy justice sleepe and silent ly?
 What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
 If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnes no meed?"

"If good find grace, and righteousnes reward, 10
 Why then is Amoret in caytive band,
 Sith that more bounteous creature never faid
 On foot upon the face of living land?
 Or if that heavenly justice may withstand
 The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
 Why then is Busirane with wicked hand
 Suffied, these seven monethes day, in secret den
 My Lady and my love so cruelly to pen?"

My Lady and my love is cruelly pend 11
 In dolefull darkenes from the vew of day,
 Whilest deadly torments doe her chaste brest rend,
 And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway,
 All for she Scudamore will not deny
 Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound,
 Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay,
 Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
 For whom so faire a Lady feeles so sore a wound!"

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse 12
 His strugling soule, and swelling throbs empeach
 His foltring tounge with pangs of diennesse,
 Choking the remnant of his plurtife speach,
 As if his dayes were come to their last reach
 Which when she heard, and saw the ghostly fit
 Thiertring into his life to make a breach,
 Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
 Fearing lest from her cage the wrenne soule would flit

Tho stouping downe she him removed light, 13
 Who, therewith somewhat starting, up again looke,
 And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
 Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
 With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
 And, downe againe himselfe disuncfully
 Abjecting, th' earth with his face forhead strooke
 Which the bold Virgin seeing again apply
 Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus courtesly

"Ah gentle knight! whose deepe conceived griefe 14
 Well seemes t' exceede the powre of patience,
 Yet, if that heavenly grace some good reliefe
 You send, submit you to high providence,
 And evn in your noble hart prepense,
 That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
 Then vertues might and valuers confidence
 For who will bide the burden of distresse,
 Must not here thinke to live, for life is wretchednesse

"Therefore, faire Sun, doe comfort to you take, 15
 And freely read what wicked felon so
 Hath outrag'd you, and thrid you gentle make
 Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your wepe,
 And wraeke your sorrow on your cruell foe,
 At least it faire endeavour will apply"
 Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,
 That up his head he reared crisly,
 And leaning on his elbowe these few words lett fly

"What boots it plaine that cannot be rediest, 16
 And sow vaine sorow in a fruitlesse eare,
 Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned biest,
 Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare
 Out of hei thaldome and continuall feare
 For he, the tyrant, which hei hath in ward
 By strong enchauntments and blacke Magicke leare,
 Hath in a dungeon deepe hei close embard,
 And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to hei gard

"There he tormenteth her most terribly, 17
 And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
 Because to yield him love she doth deny,
 Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe
 But yet by torture he would hei constiaue
 Love to conceive in hei disdunfull brest,
 Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
 Ne may by living meanes be thence relest
 What boots it then to plaine that cannot be rediest?"

With this sad heisall of his heavy stresse 18
 The walike Dunczell was empassiond sore,
 And sayd, "Sir knight, your cause is nothing lesse
 Then is your sorrow certes, if not more,
 For nothing so much pittie doth implore
 As gentle Ladyes helplesse misery
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
 I will, with prooffe of last extremity,
 Deliver hei fro thence, or with hei for you dy"

'Ah! gentlest knight alive," (sayd Scudamore) 19
 What huge heroicke magnanimity [more,
 Dwells in thy bounteous brest! what couldst thou
 If hee were thine, and thou as now am I?
 O! spare thy happy dues, and them apply
 To better boot, but let me die that ought
 More is more losse, one is enough to dy"
 "Life is not lost," (sayd she) "for which is bought
 Endlesse knowm, that, more then death, is to besought"

Thus shee at length perswaded him to rise, 20
 And with her wend to see what new successe
 Mote him befall upon new enterprise
 His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
 She gathered up and did about him dresse,
 And his forwardied steed unto him gott
 So forth they both yfere make then progresse,
 And march not past the mountenaunce of a shott,
 Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they did plott

There they dismounting drew then weapons bold, 21
 And stoutly came unto the Castle gate,
 Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
 Nor ward to waite at moine and evening late,
 But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,
 A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke
 And stinking sulphure, that with griesly hate
 And deadfull horror did all entiaunce choke,
 Enforced them their forward footing to revoke

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd, 22
 Ne in that stownd wist how her selfe to beare,
 For daunger vaine it were to have assayd
 That cruell element, which all things feare,
 Ne none can suffer to approchen neare
 And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd
 "What monstrous enmity provoke we heare?
 Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made
 Batteill against the Gods, so we a God invade

"Daunger without discretion to attempt 23
 Inglorious and beastlike is therefore, Su knight,
 Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
 And how we with our foe may come to fight,"
 "This is" (quoth he) "the dolorous despight,
 Which earst to you I playnd for neither may
 This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
 Ne yet by any meanes remov'd awry,
 So mighty be th' enchayntments which the same do stay

"What is there ells but cease these fruitlesse paines,
 And leave me to my former languishing
 Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaunces,
 And Scudamore here die with sorrowing"
 "Perdy not so," (saide shee) "for shameful thing
 Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce
 For shewe of perill, without venturing
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
 Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce"

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost might, 25
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And her swords point directing forward right
 Assayld the flame, the which eftsoones gave place,
 And did it selfe divide with equall space,
 That through she passed as a thonder bolt
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
 The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt,
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt

Whon, whenas Scudamoure saw past the fire 26
 Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
 With greedy will and envious desue,
 And bad the stubboine flames to yield him way
 But cruell Mulciber would not obey
 His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
 His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
 Him forst, (maulgie) his fiercenes to relent,
 And backe retire, all scorcht and pittifully burnt

With huge impatience he muly swelt, 27
 More for great sorrow that he could not pas
 Then for the burning torment which he felt,
 Thence with fell woodnes he effierced was,
 And wilfully him throwing on the gras
 Did beat and bounse his head and brest ful sore
 The whiles the Championesse now decked has
 The utmost rowme, and past the foremost doie,
 The utmost rowme abounding with all precious store

For round about the walls y clothed were 28
 With goodly arras of great majesty,
 Woven with gold and silke, so close and reere
 That the men nēt ill lurked privily,
 As faining to be hidd from envious eye,
 Yet here, and there, and every where, unme
 It shewd it selfe and shone unwillingly,
 Like to a discoloured Snake, whose hidden snares
 Through the greene grass his long bright burnisht back
 declares

And in those Tapests weren fashioned 29
 Many faine portraicts, and many a faine device,
 And all of love, and all of lusty-lie,
 As seemed by their semblant, did entice it
 And eke all Cupids waies they did repeate,
 And cruell battailes, which he whilome fought
 Gainst all the Gods to make his empire great,
 Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
 On mighty kings and kesaris into the worldome brought

Therein was writt how often thondring Jove 30
 Had felt the point of his hurt piercing dart,
 And, leaving heavens kingdome, here did rove
 In straunge disguise, to slake his scolding smart,
 Now, like a Ram, faire Helle to pervert,
 Now, like a Bull, Europa to withdraw
 Ah! how the fencfull Ladies tender heart
 Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
 The huge seas under her t' obey her servants law

Soone after that, into a golden showre
 Him selfe be chaurig'd, faire Drac to reve,
 And through the roole of her strong brazen tosie
 Did raine into her lap in hony dew,
 The whiles her foolish guide, that little knew
 Of such deceipt, kept th' yron door fast bard,
 And watcht that none should enter nor issew
 Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
 Whenas the God to golden beames of light was bard

Then was he turn'd into a snowy Swan, 32
 To win faire Leda to his lovely trade
 O wondrous skill! and sweet wit of the man,
 That he in daffadillies sleeping made
 From scorching heat he daintie limbes to shade,
 Whiles the proud Bird, rustling his fethers wyde
 And brushing his faire brest, did he invade
 She slept, yet twixt he eie lids closely spyde
 How towards he he rusht, and smil'd at his pryde

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee, 33
 Deceiv'd of gealous Juno, did requene
 To see him in his soverayne majestee
 Armed with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
 Whens dearely she with death bought he desire
 But faire Alcmena better match did make,
 Joying his love in likenes more entree
 Thrice nights in one, they say, that for he sake
 He then did put, he pleasures lenger to putake

Twice was he seene in soaring Eagles shape, 34
 And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre
 Once, when he with Asterie did scape,
 Againe, when as the Trojane boy so fayre
 He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare
 Wondrous delight it was there to behold
 How the rude Shepheards after him did staire,
 Trembling through feare lest down he fall should,
 And often to him calling to take sure hold

In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht, 35
 And like a fire, when he Aegim' assayd
 A shepheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht,
 And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd [plyd,
 Whyles thus on earth great Jove these pigeaunts
 The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
 And scoffing thus unto his mother sayd
 "Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone, [gone"
 And take me for then Jove, whiles Jove to earth is

And thou, fane Phœbus, in thy colours bright 36
 Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse
 In which that boy thee plunged, for despight
 That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,
 When she with Mars was meynt in joyfulnesse
 For thy he thild thee with a leaden dart
 To love fane Daphne, which the[e] loved lesse,
 Lesse shee thee lov'd then was thy just desart,
 Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy smart

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinth, 37
 So lovedst thou the fane Coronis deare,
 Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
 Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,
 The one a Pounce, the other a sweet breake
 For grieve whereof, ye mote have lively seene
 The God himselfe rending his golden heare,
 And breaking quite his garland ever greene,
 With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne, 38
 The sonne of Climene, he did repent,
 Who, bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
 Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
 And all the world with flashing fire brent,
 So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame
 Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
 Forst him eitsoones to follow other game,
 And love a Shephards daughter for his dearest Dame

He loved Isse for his dearest Dame, 39
 And for her sake her cattell fedd a while,
 And for her sake a cowheard vile became
 The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
 Whiles that from heave[n] he suffered exile
 Long were to tell his other lovely fitt,
 Now, like a Lyon hunting after spoile,
 Now, like a stag, now, like a faulcon flit
 All which in that faine aras was most lively witt.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured, 40
 In his diuine resemblance wondrous lyke
 His face was rugged, and his haire hed
 Droppd with blackish deaw* his thieeforkt Pyke
 He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke
 The raging billowes, that on every syde
 They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
 That his swift charet might haue passage wyde
 Which foure great Hippodames did draw in temewise
 tyde

His seahorses did seeme to snort amayne, 41
 And from then no sethilles blow the brynie streame,
 That made the spackling waves to smoke agayne,
 And flame with gold, but the white fomy creame
 Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame
 The God himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
 And hong adowne his head as he did dreame,
 For pury love his brest emperced had,
 Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad
 Hee loved eke Iphimedit deare, 42

And Aeolus faue daughter, Arne hight,
 For whom he turnd him selfe into a Steare,
 And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight
 Also to win Deucalions daughter bight,
 He turnd him selfe into a Dolphin fayre,
 And like a winged horse he tooke his flight
 To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,
 On whom he got faire Pegasus that fitteth in the ayre

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene 43
 That sullein Saturne ever weend to love?
 Yet love is sullein, and Saturnlike seene,
 As he did for Enigone it prove)
 That to a Centaure did him selfe transmove
 So proov'd it eke that gracious God of wine,
 When for to compasse Philliras hard love,
 He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
 And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline

Long were to tell the amorous assyes, 44
 And gentle pangues, with which he maked mecke
 The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton pleasures,
 How oft for Venus, and how often eek
 For many other Nymphes, he sore did sheeke,
 With womanish teares, and with unwarlike smarts,
 Privily moystening his horrid cheeke
 There was he painted full of burning darts,
 -- many wide woundes launched through his inner
 partes

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe) 45
 His owne deare mother, (tho' why should he so?)
 Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
 That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
 Which he had wrought to many others moe
 But, to decline the mournfull Tragedyes
 And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did strow,
 More earth to rumber with how many eyes
 High heaven beholdes sad lovers nightly theveyes

Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, knights, and Drunkards
 Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort, [rent
 And mingled with the raskill rabblement,
 Without respect of person or of port,
 To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort
 And round about a border was entayld
 Of broken bowes and arrows shivered hoit,
 And a long, bloody river through them ruyld,
 So lively and so like that living sence it fayld

And at the upper end of that faire rowme
 There was an Altar built of precious stone
 Of passing valew and of great renowne,
 On which there stood an Image all alone
 Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone,
 And winges it had with sondry colours dight
 More sondry colours then the proud Pivone
 Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright, [bright
 When her discolourd bow she spreads through heaven

Blyndfold he was, and in his euell fist 48
 A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
 With which he shot at random when him list,
 Some headed with siluer lead, some with pure gold,
 (Ah man! beware how thou those darts behold,
 A wounded Dragon under him did ly,
 Whose ludeous tyle his lefte foot did enfold,
 And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
 That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye

And underneath his feet was written thus, 49
Unto the Victor of the Gods thus bee
 And all the people in that ample house
 Did to that image bowe then humble knee,
 And oft committed fowle Idolatrie
 That wondrous sight fane Britomart amazd,
 Ne seemg could her wonder satisfie,
 But ever more and more upon it gazd,
 The whiles the passing brightnes her faile senses dazd

Thowas she backward cast her busie eye 50
 To seach each secreete of that goodly sted,
 Over the doore thus written she did spye,
Bee bold she oft and oft it over-ied,
 Yet could not find what sence it figured
 But what so we e the em or wat or ment,
 She was no whit thereby discouraged
 From prosecuting of her first intent,
 But forward with bold steps into the next roome went

Much finer then the former was that roome, 51
 And richer by many pates arrayd,
 For not with arras made in punefull loome,
 But with pure gold it all was overlaid, [playd
 Wrought with wilde Antickes, which then follies
 In the rich met all as they living were
 A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
 Such as false love doth oft upon him weare,
 For he in them and monstrous forms doth oft appeare

And all about the glistning willes were hong 52
 With warlike spoiles and with victorious praiues
 Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines strong,
 Which were whilome captived in their dayes
 To ciuell love, and wrought their owne decayes
 Then swords and speies were broke, and hubberques
 rent,

And then proud gylonds of triumphant bayes
 Thoden in dust with fury insolent,
 To shew the victors might and mercesse intent

The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly 53
 The goodly ordinaunce of this rich Place,
 Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy
 Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space
 But more she mervaild that no footings trace
 Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptinesse
 And solemne silence over all that place
 Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
 So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with carefulnesse

And, as she lookt about, she did behold 54
 How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bold, be bolde, and every where, *Be bold*,
 That much she miz'd, yet could not construe it
 By my riddling skill, or commune wit
 At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
 Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold, whereto though she did bend
 Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde, 55
 Yet living creature none she saw appeare
 And now sad shrowdes gan the world to hyde
 From mortall vew, and wrap in drunkenes drewe,
 Yet nould she d'off her weary aimes, for feare
 Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
 Her heavy eyes with naties burdein deare,
 But drew her selfe aside in sickennesse,
 And her welpointed wepons did about her dresse

CANTO XII

*The maske of Cupid, and th'enchanted
Chamber are displayd,
Whence Britomart redeemes false
Amor et through charmes decayd*

HO, when as chearelesse Night ycovered had
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,
That every wight disinnyd with drunkeness and
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound lowd,
Signe of migh battaill, or got victory
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather stand to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry

With that an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning rwtwt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centie fute
A duefull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearefull sted
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt,
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydied,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered

• All suddenly a stormy whulwind blew 3
Throughout the house, that clipped every doore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had bene tore,
And forth ysewd, as on the readie floore
Of some Theatre, a grave personage
That in his hand a bratunch of Iruell bore,
With comely hveour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragicke Stage

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand, 4
 As if in minde he somewhat had to say,
 And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
 In signe of silence, as to heere a play,
 By lively actions he gan bewray
 Some argument of matter passioned
 Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
 And, passing by, his name discovered,
 Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered

The noble Mayd still standing all this verve, 5
 And mervaild at his strange intendment
 With that a joyous fellowship issewd
 Of Minstrelles making goodly merriment,
 With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
 All which together song full chearefully
 A lvy of loves delight with sweet concent
 After whom much a jolly company,
 In manner of a masque, came mixed orderly

The whiles a most delicious harmony 6
 In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
 That the rare sweetness of the melody
 The feeble senses vholly out confound,
 And the fragile soule in deepe delight nigh drown'd
 And, when it ceast, shrill trumpets loud did bring,
 That then report did furwheyleth rebound,
 And, when they ceast, it out began to play,
 The whiles the maske, march'd forth in triumph ay

The first was Fanny, like a lovely Boy 7
 Of rare aspect, and beutie without peene,
 Matchable ether to that ype of Troy,
 Whom Jove did love and chose his cup to beene,
 Or that same duntie Iul, which was so deene
 To great Alcides, that, when as he dide
 He waild womnlike with many a teare
 And every wood and every valley wyde [travell]
 He filld with Hylis name the founteyne like Hyl

His garment nether was of silke nor say, 8
 But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
 Like as the sunburnt Indians do array
 Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight
 As those same plumes so seemd he vane and light,
 That by his gate might easily appeare,
 For still he fa'd as dauncing in delight,
 And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
 That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and there

And him beside maicht amorous Desyre, 9
 Who seemd of yper yeares then th' other Swayne,
 Yet was that other swayne this elders sye,
 And gave him being, commune to them twayne
 His garment was disguysed very vayne,
 And his embrodered Bonet set awy
 Twixt both his hands few spraks he close did strayne,
 Which still he blew and kindled busily,
 That soone they hie conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad 10
 In a discolour'd cote of strange disguise,
 That at his backe a brode Capuccio hid,
 And sleeves dependaunt Alburesc-wyse
 He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
 And nyckely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
 On that the flore to shrink he did advise,
 And on a broken reed he still did stye [lay
 His feeble step, which shruock when a hand thereon lay

With him went Hunger, cloth'd in ragged weed 11
 Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,
 Yet his owne face was dreadfull, he did need
 Strange honour to deforme his grisely shadd
 A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
 In th' other wis, this Mischick, that Mishap
 With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
 With th' other he his friends ment to enuoye,
 For whom he could not kill he pray'd to enuoye

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe, 12
 Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
 But feard each shadow moving too on floe,
 And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy
 On clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
 As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld,
 And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
 Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,
 Which his right hand unarmed feirefully did wield

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome Mayd, 13
 Of cheerefull looke and lovely to behold
 In silken samite she was light arrayd,
 And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold
 She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
 An holy water Sprinkle, dipt in deowe,
 With which she sprinckled favours manifold
 On whom she list, and did gret liking sheowe,
 Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe

And after them Dissemblaunce and Suspect 14
 Micht in one rancke, yet in unequill pace,
 For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
 Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,
 Goodly adorned and exceeding faire
 Yet was that all but prynted and pouloynd, [haire,
 And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
 Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
 And alwayes in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim, 15
 Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce,
 And ever, as Dissemblaunce laught on him,
 He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce,
 Shewing his nature in his countenance
 His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
 But wilkte each wherefor feare of hid mischaunce,
 Holding a luttis still before his face,
 Through which he stil did peep asforward he did pace

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere, 16
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy cheere,
Yet only being more then seeming sad
A pane of Pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,
In wiltull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart

But Fury was full ill appareiled 17
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare
With ghastly looks and deadfull dreerihed,
And from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rente her snailed heare
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there,
As a dismayed Deere in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce, 18
He looking lompish and full sullen sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce,
She chearfull, fresh, and full of joyaunce glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne dread,
That evill matched pane they seemd to bee
An angry Waspe th' one in a virill had,
Th' other in hers an hony-lady Bee
Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degre

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame, 19
Led of two gysie Villeins, th' one Despight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name
She, olefull Lady, like a dreamy Spright
Cald by strong chaumes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes owne ymage figured in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearful to living sight,
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace

Her brest all naked, as nett yvoy 20
 Without adorne of gold or silver bight,
 Wherewith the Craftesman wónts it beautify,
 Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
 And a wide wound therein (O iaefull sight!)
 Entienched deep with knyfe accused keene,
 Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spight,
 (The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
 Thit dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene

At that wide orifice her trembling hart 21
 Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly clut,
 And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd
 And those two villems, which her steps upstayd,
 When her weake fecte could scarcely her sustaine,
 And fading vitall powres gan to fade,
 Her forward still with torture did constraene,
 And evermore encreased her consuming pume

Next after her, the winged God him selfe 22
 Cume riding on a Lion iueuous,
 Taught to obay the menage of that Elle
 Thit man and beist with powre impetuous
 Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrmous
 His blindfold eyes he bid awhile unbrinde,
 That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
 Fane Dunc he might behold in perfect kinde,
 Which seene, he much rejoyced in his cruell minde

Of which ful prowd, him selfe up reuing hyc 23
 He looked round about with sterne disdayne,
 And did survey his goodly company,
 And marshalling the evill ordered tynne,
 With that the darts which his right hand did stinne
 Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quille,
 And clapt on hyc his coulourid winges twaine,
 That all his many it affrude did make
 Tho, blading him againe, his way he forth did take

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce, Shame, 24
 Reproch the first, Shame next, Repert behinde
 Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and laine,
 Reproch despightful, carelesse, and unkinde,
 Shame most ill favoured, befall, and blinde
 Shame lowd, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch did scould,
 Reproch sharpestings, Repentaunce whips entwinde,
 Shame burning brand-yons in her hand did hold
 All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould

And after them a rude confused rout 25
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read
 Amongst them was steene Starfe, and Anger stout,
 Unquiet Care, and fond Unthrifttyherd,
 Lewd Losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead,
 Inconstant Change, and false Disloyalty,
 Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dierd
 Of heavenly vengeance, faint Infirmitie,
 Vile Poverty, and, lastly, Death with infamy

There were full many more like malacie, 26
 Whose names and natures I note redden well,
 So many more, as there be phantasies
 In wavering womens witt, that none can tell,
 Of paines in love, or punishments in hell
 All which disguised marcht in masking wise
 About the chamber by the Damozell,
 And then returned, living marched thise,
 Into the inner rowme from whence they first did rise

So soone as they were in, the doore straightway 27
 Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
 Which first it opened, and bore all away
 Then the brave Maid, which at this while was plast
 In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
 Issewed forth, and went unto the doore
 To enter in, but fownd it locked fast
 In vaine she thought with vigorous upore
 For to efforce, when chances had closed it afore

Where force might not availe, there sleights and art 28
 She cast to use, both fitt for hand empirize
 For thy from that same rowme not to depart
 Till morrow next shee did her selfe avize,
 When that same Maske againe should forth arise
 The morrowe next appeard with joyous chere,
 Calling men to their daily exercise
 Then she, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare
 Out of her secret stand that day for to outweare

All that day she outwore in wandering 29
 And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
 Till that againe the second evening
 Her covered with her sable vestiment,
 Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent
 Then, when the second watch was almost past,
 That brasen dore flew open, and in went
 Bold Butomart, as she had late forecast,
 Nether of ydle showes, nor of false chaimes aghast

So soone as she was entred, rownd about 30
 Shee cast her eyes to see what was become
 Of all those persons which she saw without
 But lo! they streight were vanisht all and some,
 Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,
 Save that same woefull Lady, both whose hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small waste gut rownd with yron bands
 Unto a brasen pillow, by the which she stands

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate, 31
 Figuring straunge characters of his art
 With living blood he those characters wate,
 Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
 Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,
 And all perforce to make her him to love
 Ah! who can love the worker of her smart
 A thousand chaimes he formerly did prove,
 Yet thousand chaimes could not her stedfast hart

Soon as that virgin knight he saw in place, 32
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface,
And fiercely running to thit Lady drew,
A murderous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villenous despight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew
But the stout Damzell, to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and mastered his might
From her, to whom his fury first he ment, 33
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And turning to the next his fell intent,
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That litle drops empurpled her fane brest
Exceeding wioth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew
So mightily she smote him, that to ground 34
He fell halfe dead next stroke him should have
slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dearly unto her called to abstaine
From doing him to dy For else her paine
Should be remedlesse, sith none but hee
Which wrought it could the same recure againe
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee,
For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to see
And to him said, "Thou wicked man, whose mood
For so huge mischief and vile villany
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed,
Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy
But if that thou this Dame do presently
Restore unto her health and former state
This doe, and live, els dye undoubtedly"
He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield him selfe right willing to prolong his date

And rising up gan stieght to over-looke 36
 Those cursed leaves, his chaimes back to reverse
 Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke
 He red, and measu'd many a sad verse,
 That honour gan the virgins hart to perse,
 And her faire locks up staid stiffe on end,
 Hearing him those same bloody lynes rehearse,
 And, all the while he red, she did extend
 Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend

Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake, 37
 And all the dores to rattle round about
 Yet all that did not her dismayed make, ~
 Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout,
 But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
 Abode, to weet what end would come of all
 At last that mightie chaine, which round about
 Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
 And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small

The cruell steele, which thild her dying hart, 38
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
 And the wyde wound, which litely did disput
 Her bleeding brest, and iiven bowels gored,
 Was closed up, as it had not bene sor'd,
 And every put to safety full sown'd,
 As she were never hurt, was soone restord
 Tho, when she felt her selfe to be unbownd
 And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd

Before fane Britomut she fell prostrate, 39
 Saying, "Ah noble knight! what worthy meede
 Can wretched Lady, quitt from wofull state,
 Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
 Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
 Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,
 Which I your vassill, by your prowess freed,
 Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
 And goodly well aduance thit goodly well was tyde"

But Butomait, uphearing her from grownd, 40
Said "Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene,
For many labours more than I have found,
This, that in safetie now I have you seene,
And meane of your deliverance have beene
Henceforth, faire Lady, comfort to you take,
And put awy remembrance of late teene,
In sted thereof, know that your loving Make
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake "

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond, 41
Whom of all living wightes she loved best
Then laïd the noble Championesse strong hond
Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages opprest
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now relest,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo

Returning back, those goodly towmes, which erst 42
She saw so rich and royally arayd,
Now vanisht utterly and cleene subvert
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd
Thenceforth descending to that perlous porch,
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd
And quenched quite like a consumed torch,
That erst all entiers wont so cruelly to scorch

More easie issew now then entrance late 43
She found, for now that fained dreadfull flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted gate
And passage bard to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe
Th' Enchaunter selfe, which all that fiend did flame
To have efforst the love of that faine lasse,
Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe enrieved was.

But when the Victoress arriv'd there 44
Where late she left the pensive Scud more
With her own trusty Squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them loie
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore,
But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new affright

But he, sad man, when he had long in diede 45
Awayted there for Britomarts returne,
Yet sawe her not, nor signe of her good speed,
His expectation to despaire did turne,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne,
And therefore gan advize with her old Squire,
Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t' enquire
Where let them wend at will, whilst her I doe respire




THE SECOND PART OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE
CONTAINING THE FOURTH, FIFTH,
AND SIXTH BOOKES
BY ED SPENSER.

Imprinted at LONDON for
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1596.

THE FOURTH BOOKE OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND,
OR OF FRIENDSHIP

 HE rugged forehead, that with grave fore-
sight [state,
Welds kingdomes causes and affaires of
My looser times (I wote) doth sharply
For prising love as I have done of late, [wite
And magnifying lovers deare debate,
By which faine youth is oft to follie led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues disciplined,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies fed

Such ones ill judge of love that cannot love, 2
Ne in their frosen hearts feele kindly flame
For thy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame
For fault of few that haue abused the same,
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowes of fame,
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amisse

Which who so list looke backe to former ages, 3
 And call to count the things that then were donne,
 Shall find that all the workes of those wise sages,
 And brave exploits which great Heroes wonne,
 In love were either ended or begunne
 Witnesse the father of Philosophie,
 Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,
 Of love full manie lessons did apply,
 The which these Stoicke censours cannot well deny

To such therefore I do not sing at all, 4
 But to that sacred Saint my soveraigne Queene,
 In whose chaste brest all bountie naturall
 And treasures of true love enlocked beene,
 Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene
 To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
 And best is lov'd of all alive, I weene,
 To her this song most fitly is addrest,
 The Queene of love, and Prince of peace from heaven
 blest

Which that she may the better deigne to heare, 5
 Do thou, dried infant, Venus dearling dove,
 From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
 And use of awfull Majestic remove
 In sted thereof with drops of melting love,
 Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
 From thy sweete smyling mother from above,
 Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
 That she may hearken to love, and reade this lesson
 often

CANTO I.

*Faire Britomart saves Amoiel
Druesa discord breeds,
First Scudamour and Blandamour,
Then fight and warlike deedes*



Of lovers sad calamities of old 1
 Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
 But none more piteous ever was ytold
 Then that of Amoiels hart-binding chaine,
 And this of Florimels unworthie paine
 The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
 My softened heart so soely doth constrain,
 That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
 And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ
 For from the time that Scudamour her bought 2
 In perillous fight she never joyed day,
 A perillous fight, when he with force her brought
 From twentie Knights that did him all assay,
 Yet fauerey well he did them all dismay,
 And with great glorie both the shield of love
 And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,
 Whom having wedded, as did him behoue,
 A new unknowen mischiefe did from him remove
 For that same vile Enchauntour Busyian, 3
 The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
 Amidst the biddale feast, whilst every man,
 Surcharg'd with wine, was heedlesse and ill hedded,
 All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
 Brought in that mask of love which late was shouen,
 And there the Ladie, ill of friends bestedded,
 By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knownen,
 Conveyed quite away to living wight unknowen

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart, 4
 Because his sinfull lust she would not seive,
 Untill such time as noble Britomart
 Released her, that else was like to steive
 Through a uell kniſe that her deare heart did keiue
 And now she is with her upon the way
 Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
 No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
 To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell 5
 The diuerse usage, and demeruerie daunt,
 That each to other made, is oft befall
 For Amoret right fearefull was and faint
 Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
 That euerie word did tremble as she spake,
 And euerie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,
 And euerie limbe that touched her did quake,
 Yet could she not but cuniteous countenance to her
 make

For well she wist, as true it was indeed, 6
 That her liue's Lord and patrone of her health
 Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
 Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth
 All is his justly that all freely dealth
 Nathlesse her honor, dearer then her life,
 She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth
 Die had she leuel with Enchanters kniue
 Then to be false in love, profest a virgine wiue

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater 7
 Through fine abusioe of that Briton myd,
 Who, for to hide her fained sex the better
 And maske her wounded mind, both did and said
 Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
 That well she wist not what by them to gesse
 For other whiles to her she purpos made
 Of love, and other whiles of lustfulnesse,
 That much she feind his mind would grow to some

His will she feard, for him she surely thought 8
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed,
And much the more by that he lately wrought,
When he from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no service she too much esteemed
Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle dishonour
Made her not yeeld so much as due she deemed
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honour

It so befell one evening, that they came 9
Unto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a lovely Dame
Was then assembled deeds of armes to see
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her sore
The custome of that place was such, that hee,
Which had no love nor lemmman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore

Amongst the rest there was a jolly knight, 10
Who, being asked for his love, wrou'd
That fairest Amoret was his by his right,
And offred that to justifie aloud
The warlike vaine, seeing his so proud
And boastfull challenge, wexed in his wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd,
And sayd, her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have, or both

• So forth they went, and both together gusted, 11
But that same younker soone was overthrowne,
And made repent that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no lesse was counteous then stout,
Cast how to salve, that both the custome shewne
Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out
That seem'd full hard to accord two things so far in doubt

The Seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right 12
Whom she requi'd, that first fayie Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight
That did her win and free from chalenge set
Which straight to her was yeelded without let
Then, since that strange Knights love from him was
quitted,
She clam'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det,
He as a Knight might justly be admitted,
So none should be out shut, sith all of loves were fitted
With that, her glistring helmet she unlaced, 13
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were upbound
Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veile in compasse round
About her backe and all her bodie wound
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of fine light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight
Such when those Knights and Ladies all about 14
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And every one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit
Some thought that some enchantment faygned it,
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit,
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise
So diversely each one did sundrie doubts devise
But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,
And, doubly overcommen, her ador'd
So did they all their former strife accord,
And eke fyre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which she was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew and found right safe assurance there

Where all that night they of their loves did treat, 16
And had adventures, twist themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great
And griefull pittie privately bemoane
The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose and to their waies them dight
Long wandied they, yet never met with none
That to their willes could them direct aright,
On to them tydings tell that mote their harts delight

Lo! thus they rode, till at the last they spide 17
Two armed Knights that toward them did pace,
And ech of them had ryding by his side
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space
But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faine semblance they did beare,
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the waie wise appeare

The one of them the false Duessa hight, 18
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew,
For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could Cameleon colours new,
So could she forge all colours, save the true
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was she plaine did shew,
Yet other wise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree

*Her name was Atè, mother of debate 19
And all dissention which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state,
And many a private oft doth overthrow
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honours raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Wher she in darkness wastes her cursed daies and nights

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is, 20
 There, whereas all the plagues and haimes abound
 Which punish wicked men that walke amisse
 It is a darksome delfe faire under ground,
 With thornes and barren briakes environed round,
 That none the same may easily out win
 Yet many waies to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth when one is in,
 For discord harder is to end then to begin

And all within, the iiven walls were hung 21
 With ragged monuments of times forepast,
 All which the sad effects of discord sung
 There were rent robes and broken scepters plant,
 Altars defild, and holy things defast,
 Disshivered speares, and shields ytoine in twaine,
 Great cities ransackt, and strong castles last,
 Nations captived, and huge armies slaine
 Of all which ruines there some relics did remaine

There was the signe of antique Babylon, 22
 Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
 Of sacred Slem, and sad Ilion,
 For memorie of which on high there long
 The golden Apple, cause of all then wrong,
 For which the three faine Goddesses did strive
 There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
 Of Alexander, and his Princes five
 Which shal'd to them the spoiles that he had got alive

And there the relics of the drunken fiy, 23
 The which amongst the Lapithees befell,
 And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
 So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
 That under great Alcides fune fell,
 And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
 The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
 That each of life sought others to deprive, [stive
 All mindlesse of the Golden fleece, which made them

And eke of priuate persons many moe, 24
That were too long a worke to count them all,
Some, of swoine friends that did their faith forgoe,
Some, of borne biethen prou'd unnaturall,
Some of deare louers foes perpetuall
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
Then gylonds rent, then bowies despoyled all,
The monuments whereof there byding beene,
Asplaine as at the first when they were fresh and greene

Such was her house within, but all without, 25
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she her selfe had sown all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of euill wordes and factious deedes,
Which, when to ripenesse due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iare,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in waie

And those same cursed seedes doe also serue 26
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food
For life it is to her, when others starue
Through mischievous debate and deadly feed,
That she may sucke their life, and drinke their blood,
With which she from her childhood had bene fed,
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall furies nourished,
That by her monstrous shape might easily be ied

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see, 27
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeetee a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venom comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended
Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended,
And as her tongue so was her heart discided,
That neuer thought one thing, but doubly still was guided

Als as she double spake, so heard she double, 28
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Fied in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report
And as her eares, so like her feet were odder,
And much unlike, th' one long, the other short,
And both misplust, that, when th' one forward yode,
The other backe retured and contrarie trode

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine, 29
That one did reach the other pusht away,
That one did make the other maid againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay,
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay
For all her studie was, and all her thought
How she might overthrow the things that Concord
wrought

So much her malice did her might surpas, 30
That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her selfe was of his grace indigne,
For all this worlds faire workmanship she tude
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide

Such was that hag which with Duessa roade, 31
And, serving her in her malicious use
To hunt good knights, was, as it were, her baud
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse
For though, like withered tree that wanteth juyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of lite
As fresh and fragrant as the floure deluce
She was become, by chaunge of her estate,
And made full goodly joyance to her new found mate

Her mate, he was a jollie youthfull knight 32
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might,
His name was Blandamour, that did descrie
His fickle mind full of inconstancie
And now himselfe he fitted had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false full hard it is to tell

Now, when this gallant with his goodly crew 33
From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
With his faue paragon, his conquests part,
Approching nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and jesting sayd
“Lo' there, Sir Paidel, for your desait
Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd”

By that the lovely pauer diew nigh to hond 34
Whom when as Paidel more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld
That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,
He had small lust to buy his love so deare,
But answered, “Sir, him wise I never held,
That having once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare

*This knight too late his manhood and his might 35
I did assay, that me right dearly cost,
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies love that soone is lost”
The hot-spurie youth so scorning to be cost,
“Take then to you this Dame of mine,” (quoth hee)
“And I, without your perill or your cost,
Will challenge yond same other for my fee”
So forth he fiercely prickt that one him seene could see

The warlike Britonesse her soone addrest, 36
 And with such uncouth welcome did receave
 Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
 That being forst his saddle soone to leave,
 Him selfe he did of his new love deceave,
 And made him selfe thensample of his follie
 Which done, she passed forth, not taking leave,
 And left him now as sad, as whilome jollie,
 Well warn'd to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie

Which when his other companie beheld, 37
 They to his succour ran with readie ayd,
 And, finding him unable once to weld,
 They reared him on horsebacke and upstayd,
 Till on his way they had him forth conveyd
 And all the wy, with wondrous grieve of mynd
 And shame, he shewd him selfe to be dysmynd
 More for the love which he had left behynd,
 Then that which he had to Sir Pandel resynd

Notthlesse he forth did much, well as he might, 38
 And made good semblance to his compaignie,
 Dissembling his disease and evill plight,
 Till that ere long they chanced to espie
 Two other knights, that toward them did ply
 With speedie course, as bent to charge them new
 Whom when Sir Blandamour approuching me
 Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
 He was full wo, and giv his former grieve renew

For th' one of them he perfectly descride 39
 To be Sir Scudamour, by that he bore
 The God of love with wings display'd wide,
 Whom mortally he hated evermore,
 Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
 And eke because his love he wonne by right
 Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
 That through the bruises of his former fight,

For thy he thus to Paridel bespake

40

"Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventured for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good tūne repay,
And justifie my cruse on yonder knight"

"Ah! Sir," (said Paridell) "do not dismay
Your selfe for this, my selfe will for you fight,
As ye have done for me the left hand rubs the right"

With that he put his spuries unto his steed,

41

With speare in rest, and toward him did sue,
Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approach, and gan him selfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,

That whiche of them became themselves, did scarcely weet

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,

42

Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,
Do meete together, each abuke rebowndes,
With roaring rage, and dishing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with some, divydes
The doubtfull current into divers wayes
So fell those two in sight of both their prydes,
But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprize,

And, mounting light, his foe for lying long upbriyes

Who, rolled on an herpe, lay still in swound

43

All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle,
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle
Where finding that the breath gan him to faile,
With busie cure they strove him to awake
And doff his helmet, and undid his mayle
So much they did, that at the last they bid e

His lumber yet so mized that he nothing spake

Which when as Blandamour beheld, he sayd , 44
 " False faitour Scudamour, that hast by slight
 And foule advantage this good Knight dismayd,
 A Knight much better then thy selfe behight,
 Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
 This day to wike the dammage by thee donne
 Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
 Is weakned, then thou doest him overionne
 So hast thou to thy selfe false honour often wonne "

He little answer'd, but in manly heart 45
 His mightie indignation did forbeare ,
 Which was not yet so secret, but some part
 Thereof did in his frowning face appeare
 Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
 An hideous storme, is by the Northerne blast
 Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
 But that it all the skie doth overcast
 With darknes died, and threatens all the world to wast

" Ah gentle knight ! " then false Duessa sayd,* 46
 " Why do ye strive for Ladies love so sore,
 Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
 Mongst gentle Knights to nourish evermore ?
 Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefore
 That she your love list love another knight,
 Ne do you selfe dislike a whit the more,
 For Love is free, and led with selfe delight,
 Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might "

So false Duessa, but vile Atè thus 47
 " Both foolish knights ! I can but laugh at both,
 That strive and storme with stirre outrageous
 For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
 And loves another, with whom now she goth
 In lovely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes,
 Whilst both you here with many a cursed oth
 Swear she is yours, and sturk up bloudie frayes,

"Vile hag!" (sayd Scudamou) "why dost thou lye, 48
And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to shame?" [eye
"Fond knight," (sayd she) "the thing that with this
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?"

"Then tell," (quoth Blandamou) "and feare no
blame,

Tell what thou saw'st, maulgrie who so it heares"

"I saw" (quoth she) "a straunger knight, whose name

I wote not well, but in his shield he beares

(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares,

"I saw him have your Amoret at will, 49

I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,

I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,

All, manie nights, and manie by in place

That present were to testifie the case"

Which when as Scudamou did heare, his heart

Was thild with inward grieve as when in chace

The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,

The beast astonisht stands in midst of his smat

So stood Sir Scudamou when this he heard, 50

Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,

But lookt on Glauce gum, who wore afeard

Of outrage for the words which she heard say,

Albee untrue she wist them by assay

But Blandamou, whenas he did espie

His change of cheere that anguish did bewray,

He wore full blithe, as he had got thereby,

And gan threat to triumph without victorie

"Lo! recreant," (sayd he) "the fruitlesse end 51

Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgotten,

Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost shend,

And all true lovers with dishonor blotten

All things not rooted well will soone be rotten"

"Fy, fy! false knight," (then false Duessa cryde)

"Unworthy life, that kee with guile hast gotten,

Be thou, where ever thou do go or ryde,

Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde!"

But Scudamour, for passing great despight, 52
 Staid not to answer, scarcely did refraine
 But that in all those knights and ladies sight
 He for revenge had guiltlesse Glaunce slaine
 But, being past, he thus began amaine
 "Filst Britom squire! false squire of falsest knight!
 Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abstaine,
 Whose Lord hath done my love this foule despight?
 Why do I not it wreake on thee, now in my might?"

"Discourteous, disloyall Britomart, 53
 Unto God, and unto man unjust!
 What vengeance due can equall thy desert,
 That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
 Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
 Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy
 Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust!
 Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shall cleare by,
 And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply"

The aged Dame, him seeing so enraged, • 54
 Was dead with feare, nithlesse, is neede required,
 His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
 With sober words, that suffrance desired,
 Till time the tryall of her truth expyred,
 And evermore sought Britomart to cleare
 But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
 And thusse his hand to kill her did upreare,
 And thusse he drew it backe so, did at last forbear

CANTO II

*Blandamour winnes false Florimell,
 Paridell for her stuiues
 They are accorded Agape
 doth lengthen her sonnes liues*

BIREBRAND of hell, first tynd in Phlegeton
 By thousand furies, and from thence out
 throwen

Into this world to worke confusion,
 And set it all on fire by force unknowen,
 Is wicked discord, whose small sparkes once blown
 None but a God or godlike man can slake,
 Such as was Orpheus, that, when stailc was growen
 Amongst those famous ympes of Greecc, did take
 His silver Harpe in hand and shortly finds them make

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was, ²
 That, when the wicked feend his Lord tormented,
 With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,
 The outrage of his furious fit contented
 Such Musicke is wise words, with time concented,
 To moderate stiffe mindes dispos'd to sturue
 Such is that prudent Romane well invented,
 What time his people into partes did rive,
 Them to reconcyld agayne, and to their homes did diue

Such w'd wise Glauce to that wrathfull knight, ³
 To calme the tempest of his troubled thought
 Yet Blandamour with teimes of foule despight,
 And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,
 As old and crooked and not good for ought
 Both they unwise, and warelesse of the euill
 That by themselves unto themselves is wrought
 Though that false witch, and that foule aged drevill,
 The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill

With whom as they thus rode accompanide, 4
 They were encountred of a lustie Knight
 That had a goodly Ladie by his side,
 To whom he made great dalliance and delight
 It was to weete the bold Sir Ferraugh hight,
 He that from Braggadocchio whilome left
 The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
 Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft,
 Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft

Which when as Blandamour, whose fancie light 5
 Was alwaies fitting as the wavering wind
 After each beautie that appeared in sight,
 Beheld, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
 With sting of lust that reasons eye did blind,
 That to Sir Paridell these words he sent
 "Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
 Since so good fortune doth to you present
 So fayre a spoyle, to make you joyous meriment?"

But Paridell, that had too late a triall 6
 Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
 List not to hearke, but made this faule denyall
 "Last tyme was mine, well proved to my paine,
 This now be yours, God send you better gainc!"
 Whose scoffed words he taking hulf in scoine,
 Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine
 Against that Knight, ere he him well could toine,
 By meanes whereof he hath him lightly overborne

Who, with the sudden stroke astonisht sore, 7
 Upon the ground awhile in slomber lay,
 The whiles his love away the other bore,
 And, shewing her, did Paridell upbraid,
 "Lo! sluggish Knight, the victors happie play!"
 So fortune friends the bold "whom Paridell
 Seeing so faule indeede, as he did say,
 His hart with secret envie gan to swell,
 And only grudge at him that he had sped so well

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed, 8
 Having so peerlesse paragon ygot
 For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
 To him was fallen for his happie lot,
 Whose like alive on earth he weened not
 Therefore he her did court, did serve, did wooe,
 With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
 And all things did devise, and all things dooe,
 That might her love prepuer, and liking win theretoo

She, in regard thereof, him recompens 9
 With golden words and goodly countenance,
 And such fond favours sparingly dispenst
 Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
 And eke lookes tempring with loose dalliance,
 Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise,
 That having cast him in a foolish tance,
 He seemed brought to bed in Paradise, [wise
 And prov'd himselfe most foole in what he seem'd most

So great a mistesse of her art she was, 10
 And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
 That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
 And by his false alluements wylie craft
 Had thousand women of their love beraft,
 Yet now he was surpriz'd for that false spight,
 Which that same witch had in this forme engraft,
 Was so expert in every subtile slight,
 That it could overreach the wisest earthly wight

*Yet he to her did dayly service more, 11
 And dayly more deceived was thereby,
 Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
 As seeming plast in sole felicity
 So blind is lust false colours to descry
 But Atè soone discovering his desire,
 And finding now fit opportunity
 To stirre up stiffe twixt love and spight and ire,
 Did privily put coles unto his secret fire

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth, 12
 Now with remembrance of those spightfull speeches,
 Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
 Now with recounting of like former breaches
 Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches
 And ever when his passion is allayd,
 She it revives, and new occasion reaches,
 That on a time, as they together way'd,
 He made him open challenge, and thus boldly sayd,

"Too boastfull Blundamour ! too long I beare 13
 The open wrongs thou doest me day by day
 Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did
 sweare,

The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray
 Should equally be shurd betwixt us tway
 Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,
 Whom to thy selfe thou takest quite away ?
 Render therefore therein to me my right,
 Or answer for thy wrong is shall fall out in fight "

Exceeding wroth therewith was Blundamour, 14
 And giv this bitter answer to him make
 "Too foolish Pundell ! that farest flower
 Wouldst gather thine, and yet no pines wouldst take
 But not so easie will I her forsake,
 This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend "
 With that they giv their shivering speeres to shake,
 And deadly points at others breast to bend,
 Forgetfull each to have bene ever others friend

Then five steedes with so untamed force 15
 Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
 That both their speeres with pitiless remorse
 Through shield and mayle and haubergeon did wend,
 And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
 That with the force of their owne afflict
 Each other horse and man to ground did send,
 Where, lying still awhile, both did forget

As when two wailike Bigandines at sea, 16
 With murtherous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
 Do meete together on the waty lea,
 They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
 That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might
 Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh a sonde
 They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
 Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thondr,
 Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder

At length they both upstart in amaze, 17
 As men awak'd rashly out of dreame,
 And round about themselves a while did gaze,
 Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,
 In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
 Therewith their dulled sprights they edged anew,
 And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
 Like two mad mustilles, each on other flew,
 And shields did share, and mules did slash, and helmes
 did hew

So furiously each other did assaile, 18
 As if their soules they would attonce have rent
 Out of their brests, that steames of blood did ryle
 Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent,
 That all the ground with purple blood was sprent,
 And all their mounes staynd with bloudie gore,
 Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
 So mortall was their malice, and so sore
 Become, of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore

And that which is for Ladies most besitting, 19
 To stint all strife and foster friendly peace,
 Was from those Dames so faire and so unfitting,
 As that, in stead of praying them successe,
 They did much more then cruelty encrease,
 Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
 And rather die then Ladies crueltie cleanse [move
 With which vane termes so much they did them
 That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove

There they, I weene, would fight untill this day, 20
 Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
 By great adventure travelled that way,
 Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,
 And both of old well knowing by their names,
 DREW nigh, to weete the cause of their debate
 And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,
 That did not seeke to appease their deadly hate,
 But gazed on their haimes, not pittying their estate

And then those Knights he humbly did beseech 21
 To stay their hands, till he a while had spoken,
 Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
 Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
 Both greedie fiers on other to be woken
 Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
 And them conjur'd by some well knownen token,
 That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
 Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall

First he desired their cause of strife to see 22
 They said, it was for love of Florimell [bec,
 "Ah gentle Knights!" (quoth he) "how may that
 And she so farre astray, as none can tell?"
 "Fond Squire," full angry then sayd Pandell,
 "Seest not the Ladie there before thy face?"
 He looked backe, and, her advising well,
 Weend, as he said, by that her outward grace
 That fayrest Florimell was present there in place

Glad man was he to see that joyous sight, 23
 For none alive but joy'd in Florimell,
 And lowly to her lowting thus behight
 "Fayrest of faue, that fauennesse doest excell,
 This happie day I have to greet you well
 In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
 Misdoubted lost through mischief that befall
 Long may you live in health and happie state"

Then, turning to those Knights, he gan anew 24
"And you, Sir Blandamour, and Paridell,
That for this Ladie, present in your vew,
Have rays'd this ciuill warre and outrage fell,
Certes, me seemes, bene not advised well,
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To joyne your force, then forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle then owne triumph to make"

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne 25
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake
"Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That daie fio me thinke Florimell to take!"
"Not one," (quoth he) "but many doe partake
Herein, as thus It lately so befell,
That Satyran a girdle did uptake
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well

"But when as she her selfe was lost and gone, 26
Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faue Ladies ornament should weare,
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare,
Which he to shun, and stop vile envies sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A solemne feast, with publike tunneyng,
To which all knights with them then Ladies are to bring

"And of them all she, that is fayrest found, 27
Shall have that golden girdle for reward,
And of those Knights, who is most stout on ground,
Shall to that funest Ladie be prefard
Since therefore she her selfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Against all those that challenge it, to gaird
And save her honour with your ventious paines
That shall you win more glory than ye here find gaines"

When they the reason of his words had hard, 28
 They gun abate the rancour of then rage,
 And with then honours and then loves regard
 The furious flames of malice to asswage
 Tho each to other did his futh engage,
 Like faithfull friends thenceforth to joyne in one
 With all then force, and battell strong to wage
 Gaunst all those knight, as then professed fone,
 That chaleng'd ought in Florimell, save they alone

So, well accorded, forth they rode together 29
 In friendly sort that lasted but a while,
 And of all old dislikes they made faine weather,
 Yet all was forg'd and spied with golden foyle,
 That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle
 Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
 However gay and goodly be the style,
 That doth ill cause or evil end enure,
 For vertue is the band that bindeth harts most sure

Thus as they marched all in cloake disguise 30
 Of fained love, they chancst to overtike
 Two knights that lucked rode in lovely wise,
 As if they secret counsels did putlike,
 And each not fure behinde him had his mile,
 To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
 That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
 Unmmdfull both of that discordfull crew,
 The which with speeche pure did after them pursue

Who, as they now approached nigh at hand, 31
 Deeming them doughtie, as they did appeare,
 They sent that Squire afore, to understand
 What mote they be who, viewing them more nere,
 Returned readie newes, that those same were
 Two of the prowest Knights in Fairy lond,
 And those two Ladies then two lovers deare
 Couragious Cambell, and stout Timond,

Whylome, as antique stonies tellen us, 32
 Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
 And battell made the dreeddest dangerous
 That ever shilling trumpet did resound,
 Though now then acts be no where to be found,
 As that renowned Poet them compyled
 With warlike numbers and Heroicke sound,
 Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
 On Fames eternall beidroll woulde to be fylled

But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waste,
 And workes of noblest wits to nought outweare,
 That famous monument hath quite defiste,
 And robd the world of thiersure endlesse deare,
 The which mote have enriched all us heare
 O cursed Eld! the canker worrne of wits,
 How may these times, so rude as doth appeare,
 Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
 Are quite devoured, and brought to nought by little bits?

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit! 34
 That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
 And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
 That none durst ever whilest thou wast alive,
 And being dead in vaine yet in my strife
 Ne dare I like, but, through infusion sweete
 Of thine owne spirit which doth in me survive,
 I follow here the footing of thy feete,
 That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete

Cymbelloes sister was fayre Cinacee, 35
 That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
 Well seene in everie science that mote bee,
 And every secret worke of nature's wayes,
 In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes,
 In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and birds,
 And, that augmented all her other pryse,
 She modest was in all her deeder and wordes,
 And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of knights and

Full many Lords and many Knights her loved, 36
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly government,
For dread of blame and honour's blemishment,
And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to waine Centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes afayd

So much the more as she refusd to love, 37
So much the more she loved was and sought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiv'd would breede great mischiefe, he bethought
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour, in this wise

One day, when all that troupe of wauke wooers 38
Assembled were to weet whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring doers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree,
That of them all which love to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest three
That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sister take

Bold was the challenge, as himselfe was bold, 39
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his gient ornament
But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceiv'd by a ring which she him sent,
That, mongst the manie vertues which we reed,

Well was that kings great vertue knownen to all, 40
That dread thereof and his redoubted might
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight
More wise they weend to make of love delight
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke,
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke

Amongst those knights ther were three brethren bold,
Three bolde brethren never were yboine,
Boine of one mother in one happie mold,
Boine at one burden in one happie moine,
Thise happie mother, and thise happie moine,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond!
Her name was Agape, whose children weine
All three is one, the first hight Piamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond

Stout Piamond, but not so strong to strike, 42
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight,
But Triamond was stout and strong alike
On horsebacke used Triamond to fight,
And Piamond on foote had more delight,
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield
With cuttaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and cuttaxe both used Piamond in field

These three did love each other dearely well, 43
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divyde,
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap
And like that roote that doth her life divide,
Then mother was, and had full blessed hap
These three so noble tribes to bring forth at one clap

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill 44
 Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
 Which she by art could use unto her will,
 And to her service bind each living creature,
 Through secret understanding of their feature
 Thereto she was right fane, whenso her face
 She list discover, and of goodly stature,
 But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place
 Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to space

There on a day a noble youthly knight, 45
 Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
 Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
 As she sate canclasse by a cristall flood
 Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good,
 And unawares upon her laying hold,
 That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,
 Oppressed her, and there (as it is told) [bold
 Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three champions

Which she with her long fostered in that wood, 46
 Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew
 Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
 They loved aimes, and knighthood did ensue,
 Seeking adventures where they none knew
 Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
 Their safetie, least by seuching dunces new,
 And rash provoking perils all about, [stout
 Their dayes mote be abridged through their courage

Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes 47
 To know, and them t' enlarge with long extent,
 By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes
 To the three fatall sisters house she went
 Farre under ground from tract of living went,
 Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abyesse,
 Where Demogorgon, in dull darknesse pent
 Faie from the view of gods and heavens bliss,

There she them found all sitting round about, 48
 The dncfull distaffe standing in the mid,
 And with unweaned fingers drawing out
 The lines of life, from living knowledge hid
 Sad Clotho held the'locke, the whiles the third
 By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,
 That cruell Atropos eftsoones undid,
 With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine
 Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thids so
 vaine !

She, them saluting, there by them sate still 49
 Beholding how the thids of life they span
 And when at last she had beheld her fill,
 Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
 Her cause of comming she to tell began
 To whom fierce Atropos "Bold Fry, that durst
 Come see the secret of the life of man,
 Well worthie thou to be of Jove recurst,
 And eke thy childrens thids to be a sunder burst !"

Whereat she sore affi yd, yct her besought 50
 To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
 That she might see her childrens thids forth brought,
 And know the measure of their utmost due
 To them ordaincd by eternall fate
 Which Clotho granting shewed her the same
 That when she saw, it did her much amate
 To see then thids so thin as spiders frame,
 And eke so short, that seemd then ends out shortly came

She then began them humbly to intreate 51
 To draw them longer out, and better twine,
 That so then lives might be prolonged late
 But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,
 And sayd, "Fond dame, that deem'st of things diuine
 As of humane, that they may alied bee,
 And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine !
 Not so, for what the Fates do once decreed, [free !"
 Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Jove him self can

"Then since" (quoith she) "the terme of each mans life
 For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
 Graunt this, that when ye shal with fa~~ll~~all knite
 His line, which is the eldest of the three,
 Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
 Eftsoones his life may passe into the next
 And, when the next shall likewise ended bee,
 That both their lives may likewise be annex
 Unto the third, that his my so be tiebly wext"

They graunted it, and then that carefull Fay 53
 Departed thence with full contented mynd,
 And, comming home, in warlike fresh aray
 Them found all three according to their kynd
 But unto them what destinie was assynd,
 Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell,
 But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
 She warned them to tend their safeties well,
 And love each other deare, what ever them befell

So did they surely during all their dayes, 54
 And never discord did amongst them fall,
 Which much augmented all their other praise,
 And now, to increase affection naturall,
 In love of Canacee they joynd all
 Upon which ground this same great battell grew,
 Great matter growing of beginning small,
 The which, for length, I will not here pursue,
 But rather will reserve it for a Canto new

CANTO III

*The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee
Cambina with true friendships bond
doth then long strife agree*

WHY doe wretched men so much desne
To draw then dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expie.
Knowing the miserie of then estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at deathes gate?
And he that happie seemes, and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth playne

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine, 2
The which, in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine
Yet whilst they lived none did ever see
More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee,
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree,
No more renowned for their chivalrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men faire and me

These three that had the challenge tooke in hand, 3
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawn'd the same to keepe a night
That day, the dreaddest day that living wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine,
So soone as heavens window shewed light,
These warlike Champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field the challenge to define

The field with listes was all about enclos'd, 4
 To barre the prease of people faire awy,
 And at th' one side sixe judges were dispos'd,
 To view and deeme the deēdes of armes that day
 And on the other side, in fiesh aray,
 Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
 Was set, to see the fortunc of that fray,
 And to be seene, as his most worthe wage
 That could her purchase with his lives adventur'd gage

Then entred Cambell first into the list, 5
 With stately steps and feuelesse countenance,
 As if the conquest his he surely wist
 Soone after did the biethen three advance
 In brave aray and goodly amenace,
 With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd,
 And, marching thise in warlike ordinance,
 Thise lowted lowly to the noble Mayd, [playd
 The whiles shal trumpets and loud cluions sweetly

Which doen, the doughty challenger came forth, 6
 All aim'd to point, his chlenge to rhet
 Gunst whom Sir Piramond, with equall worth
 And equall armes, himselfe did forwarde set
 A trumpet blew, they both together met
 With dreadfull force and furious intent,
 Carelesse of perill in their fiers affiet,
 As if that life to losse they had forlent,
 And cared not to spare that should be shortly spent

Right practicke was Sir Piramond in fight, 7
 And thoroughly skild in use of shield and speare,
 Ne lesse approved was Cumbelloes might,
 Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare,
 That hard it was to weene which harder were
 Full many mightie strokes on either side
 Were sent, that seemed death in them to beue,

Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent 8
 By Diamond, that with unluckie glance
 Through Cambel's shoulder it unwarely went,
 That forced him his shield to disadvaunce
 Much was he grieued with that gracelesse chauce,
 Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
 But wondrous pricke, that did the more enhance
 His haughtie courage to aduengement fell [swell
 Smart daunts not mighty hurts, but makes them more to

With that, his poynant speare he fierce auentured 9
 With doubled force close underneath his shield,
 That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
 And, there arresting, ready way did yield
 For blood to gush forth on the grassie field,
 That he for pricke himselfe not might upreare,
 But too and fro in great amazement reel'd,
 Like an old Oke, whose pith and sap is seene,
 At puffs of every storme doth stagger here and there

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide, 10
 Agone he drove at him with double might,
 That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
 The mortall point most cruelly empyght,
 Where fast infix'd, whilst he sought by slight
 It forth to wrest, the staffe a sunder brake,
 And left the head behind with which despyght
 He all enrag'd his shivering spere did shake,
 And chainging him a fiesh thus felly him bespake

"Lo! fytout, there thy meede unto thee take, 11
 The meede of thy mischallenge and rebet
 Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
 Have I thus long thy life unto thee let
 But to forbeare doth not forgive the det"
 The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
 And, passing forth with furious afflic,
 Pierst through his bever quite into his brow,
 That with the force it backward forced him to bow

Therewith a sunder in the midst it blast, 12
 And in his hand nought but the troncheon left,
 The other halfe, behind yet sticking fast,
 Out of his headpeece Cambe'lt fiercely reft,
 And with such furie backe-at him it heft,
 That making way unto his dearest life,
 His weasand pipe it through his gorget cleft
 Thence streames of purple blood issuing life
 Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an end of strife
 His wearie ghost assoyld from fleshly band 13
 Did not, as others wont, duely fly
 Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land,
 Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
 Ne chaunged was into a starie in sky,
 But through translation was eftsoones derived,
 Like as his mother payd the Destinie,
 Into his other brethien that survived,
 In whom he liv'd a new, of former life deprived
 Whom when on ground his brother next beheld, 14
 Though sad and some for so heavy sight,
 Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld,
 But rather stur'd to vengeance and despight,
 Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
 Rusht fiercely forth the battell to renew,
 As in reversion of his brother's sight,
 And challenging the Virgin as his dew,
 His foe was soone addrest the trumpets freshly blew
 With that they both together fiercely met, 15
 As if that each ment other to devoure,
 And with their axes both so sorely bet,
 That nether plate nor myle, whereas their powie
 They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowie,
 But rived were like rotten wood a sunder,
 Whilost through their rifts the ruddie blood did
 showie,
 And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,

As when two Tygers pickt with hungers rage 16
 Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
 On which they weene their famine to asswage,
 And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
 Both falling out doe stur up staifull bioyle,
 And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
 But either sdeignes with other to putake
 So cruelly these Knights strove for that Ladies sake

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment, 17
 The whiles were interchaunged twixt them two,
 Yet they were all with so good wariment
 Or waied, or avoyded and let goe,
 That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe,
 Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
 Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,
 Resolv'd to end it one or other way,
 And heav'd his murderous axe at him with mighty sway

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived 18
 Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)
 The soule had sure out of his body rived,
 And stinted all the sturfe incontinent
 But Camberls fate that fortune did prevent,
 For, seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
 And so gave way unto his fell intent,
 Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,
 Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot did
 slyde

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray, 19
 Through hungry long that hart to him doth lend,
 Strike it an lion with all his bodies sway,
 That from his force seemes nought may it defend,
 The wauie fowle, that spies him toward bend
 His dreadfull soue, voydes it, shunning light,
 And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend,
 That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recovereth flight

Which faine adventure when Cambello spide, 20
 Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recowe
 From daungers dread to waite his naked side,
 He can let diue at him with all his powe,
 And with his axe him smote in euill houe,
 That from his shouldeis quite his head he reft
 The heedlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that stowe
 Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,
 Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept

They which that piteous spectacle beheld 21
 Were much amv'd the heedlesse tronke to see
 Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
 Unweeting of the Fates diuine decree
 For lifes succession in those biethen three
 For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
 Yet had the bodie not dismembred bee,
 It would have lived, and reuiv'd est,
 But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left

It left, but that same soule which therein dwelt 22
 Straight enting into Trimond him fild
 With double life and grieve, which when he felt,
 As one whose inner parts had bene ythild
 With point of Steele that close his hartbloud spild,
 He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
 And rushing forth into the emptie field,
 Against Cambello fiercely him addrest,
 Who, him affronting soone, to fight was readie prest

Well mote ye wonder how that noble Knight, 23
 After he had so often wounded beene,
 Could stand on foot now to renew the fight
 But had ye then him forth aduancing scene,
 Some newborne wight ye would him surely weene,
 So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight
 Like as a Snake, whom weane winters teene
 Hath brought to nought, now feeling summers might,

All was through vertue of the ring he wore, 24
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset
Else how could one of equall might with most,
Against so many no lesse mightie met,
Once thinke to match three such on equall cost,
Three such as able were to match a puissant host ?

Yet nought thereof was Thiamond adredde, 25
Ne desperate of glorious victorie,
But sharpely him assayld, and sore bestedde
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie
As thicke as hayle forth poued from the skie
He stroke, he souse, he foynd, he hewd, he lashed,
And did his yron bond so fast applie,
That from the same the fierie sparkles flisht,
As fast as water-sprinkles grinst a rocke are dashed

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes 26
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retie, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent,
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assaile, and mightily amate,
As fast as forward erst now backward to retrace

Like as the tide, that comes firo th' Ocean mayne 27
Flows up the Shenan with contrarie foise,
And oueruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to haue some other source,
But when the flood is spent, then backe againe,
His borrowed waters forst to redisbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,

Thus did the battell varie to and fro, 28
With diuise fortune doubtfull to be deemed
Now this the better had, now had his fo,
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed,
Yet victois both them selves alwayes esteemed
And all the while the disentryled blood
Adowne their sides like litle rivers stieimed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sn Triamond at last full funt and feeble stood

But Cambell still more strong and greater grew, 29
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powies emperisht,
Though that rings vertue, that with vigour new
Still, when as he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds and all his bruises guarisht
Like as a withered tree, through husbands toyle,
Is often seene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

Through which advantage in his strength he rose, 30
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the same which did his hauberk close
Into his throte and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight
Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
As all men do that lose the living spright
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from moit ill miserie

But nathelesse, whilst all the lookers on 31
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And fresh assayld his foe, who halfe affeard
Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd holding his idle sweard,
Till having often by him stricken beene,
He forced was to strike and save himselfe from teene

- Yet from thencefoorth more warily he fought, 32
As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
Ne followd on so fast, but rather sought
Him selfe to save, and daunger to defend,
Then life and laboure both in vaine to spend
Which Triamond perceiving weened sure
He gan to fust toward the battels end,
And that he should not long on foote endure,
A signe which did to him the victorie assure
- Whereof full blith eftsoones his mightie hand 33
He her'd on high, in mind with that same blow
To make an end of all that did withstand
Which Cambell seeing come was nothing slow
Him selfe to save from that so deadly throw,
And at that instant reaching forth his sweard
Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike upreard,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound
appeard
- Yet still that dreffull stroke kept on his way, 34
And, falling heaue on Cambelloes crest,
Strooke him so hugely that in swowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest
And sure, had it not happily found rest
Upon the brim of his biode plated shield,
It would have cleft his braine downe to his brest
So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield
- Which when as all the lookers on beheld, 35
They weened sure the waire was at an end,
And Judges rose, and Marshals of the field
Broke up the listes, their armes away to send,
And Canacee gan wayle her dearest frend
All suddenly they both upstart light,
The one out of the swoond which him did blend,
The other breathing now another spright,
And fiercely each assailing gan afresh to fight

Long while they then continued in that wize, 36
 As if but then the battell had begonne
 Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
 Ne either cu'd to waide, or perill shonne,
 Desirous both to haue the battell donne,
 Ne either cared life to save or spill,
 Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne
 So wearie both of fighting had then fill,
 That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long safetie ill

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong, 37
 Unsure to whether side it would incline,
 And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
 Stood gazing, filled were with iufull tme
 And secret feare to see their fatall fine,
 All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
 That seemd some perillous tumult to desine,
 Confus'd with womens cries and shouts of boyes,
 Such as the troubled Theatres oftymes annoyes

Therent the Champions both stood still a space, 38
 To weetn wht that sudden clamour ment
 Lo! where they spyde with speedie whirling pice
 One in a chariot of straunge turniment
 Towards them driving, like a storme out sent
 The chariot decked was in wondrous wize
 With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
 After the Persian Monarks antique guise,
 Such as the maker selfe could best by art devise

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell) 39
 Of two grim Lyons, taken from the wood,
 In which their powre all others did excell,
 Now made forget then former cruell mood,
 T'obey then riders hest, as seemed good
 And therein sate a Ladie, passing fine
 And bright, that seemed borne of Angels brood,
 And with her beutie bountie did compare,
 Whether of them in her should haue the greater share

Thereto she leuened was in Magicke leare, 40
And all the artes that subtil wits discover,
Hauing therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fy her mother,
That in the same she faire exceld all other
Who, understanding by her mightie art
Of th' euill plight in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
And pacifie the strife which crused so deadly smart

And, as she passed through th' unruly pceace 41
Of people thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking then bonds of peace
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For hast d'd over-runne in dust enould,
That thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shiekt, some being humed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some, that would seeme wise, then wonder turnd
to dout

In her right hand a rod of perce shee bore, 42
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailes together firmly bound,
And both were with one olive garland crownd,
Like to the rod which Moyses sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim upfild

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace, 43
Deuized by the Gods for to assuage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage
In stead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinck thereof assynd,
But such as drinck eternall happinesse do fynd

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth, 44
 As Jove will have aduanced to the skie,
 And thei emade gods, though borne of mortall beith,
 For then high merits and gíet dignitie,
 Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
 To drinke hereof, whereby all cares forepast
 Are washt away quite from then memorie
 So did those olde Heroes hereof taste,
 Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were plaste

Much more of pice, and of more gracious powie, 45
 Is this, then that same witer of Aidenne,
 The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
 Described by that famous Tuscan penne
 For that had might to change the hearts of men
 Fro love to hate, a change of evil choise,
 But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
 And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce
 Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice ?

As last arriving by the listes side, 46
 Shee with her iod did softly smite the iale,
 Which stríght flew ope and gave her way to iale
 Eftsoones out of her Coch she gan availe,
 And píeing fanely forth did bid all hule
 First to her brother, whom she loved deare,
 That so to see him made her heart to quale,
 And next to Cumbell, whose sad iuefull cheare
 Made her to change her hew, and hidden love t'appeare

They lightly her requit, (for small delight 47
 They had as then her long to entertaine)
 And eft them turned both againe to fight
 Which when she saw, downe on the bloody plaine
 Her selfe she thiew, and teares gan shed amaine,
 Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
 And with her prayers reasons, to restore
 From bloudy strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
 By all that unto them was deare, did them beseeke

But when as all might nought with them preuaile, 48
 Shee smote them lightly with her powrefull wand
 Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
 Their wiathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
 And they, like men astonisht, still did stand
 Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully distrust,
 And mighty sprites bound with mightier band,
 Her golden cup to them for drinke she laught,
 Whereof, full glad for thurst, ech drunk an hartie
 draught

Of which so soone as they once tasted had, 49
 Wonder it is that sudden change to see
 Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
 And lovely haulst, from feare of treason free,
 And plighted hands for ever friends to be
 When all men saw this sudden change of things,
 So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
 For passing joy, which so great mai vaile bring,
 They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven ring

All which when gentle Canacee beheld, 50
 In hast she from her lofty chaine descended,
 To weet what sudden tidings was befel
 Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
 And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
 In lovely wise she gan that Lady greet,
 Which had so great dismay so well amended,
 And entertaining her with curtesies meet,
 Proffest to her true friendship and affection sweet

Thus when they all accorded goodly were, 51
 The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
 Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere
 Those warlike champions both together chose
 Homeward to march, themselves there to repose,
 And wise Cambina, taking by her side
 Faire Canacee as fresh as morning rose,
 Unto her Coche remounting, home did ride,
 Admir'd of all the people and much glorified

Where making joyous feast then e daies they spent 52
In perfect love, deuoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life,
And Cambel tooke Cambina to his feire,
The which as life were to each other liue
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since then days such lovers were not found
elswere



CANTO IV

*Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For love of Florimell
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell*

T often fals, (as here it easte befell) 1
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull
friends,
And friends profest are chaungd to foemen full
The cause of both of both then minds depends,
And th' end of both likewise of both then ends,
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends,
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds
That well (me seemes) appeares by that of late 2
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
The which by course befalls me here to tell
Who, having those two other Knights espide
Marching afoie, as ye remember well,
Sent forth then Squire to have them both descride,
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside
Who backe returning told, as he had seene, 3
That they were doughtie knights of diered name,
And those two Ladies then two loves unseene,
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame
To let them passe at will, for dread of shame
But Blandamour full of vau glorious spight,
And rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse fight.

Yet nigh appoaching he them fowle bespake, 4
 Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,
 As was his wont, so weening way to make
 To Ladies love whereso he came in place,
 And with lewd termes theiſ lovers to deface
 Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so sore,
 That both were bent t' avenge his usage base,
 And gan then shields addresse them selves afore,
 For evill deedes may better then bad words be bore'

But faire Cambina with perswasions myld 5
 Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
 That for the present they were reconcyl'd,
 And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,
 And strange adventures, all the way they rode
 Amongst the which they told, is then befall,
 Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
 For that rich gudge of faire Florimell,
 The prize of her which did in beautie most excell

To which folke-mote they all with one consent, 6
 Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
 Whose beautie each of them thought excellent
 Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try
 So as they passed forth they did espy
 One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,
 That toward them his course seem'd to apply,
 Gainst whom Sir Paridell himſelfe addrest,
 Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to have repress

Which th' other ſecing gan his course relent, 7
 And vaunted speare oftsoones to disadvaunce,
 As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
 Now falne into their fellowship by chance,
 Whereat they shewed curteous countenance
 So as he rode with them accompanide,
 His loving eie did on the Lady glaunce
 Which Blandamour had riding by his ſide
 Whom ſure he weend that he ſomewhel tofore had eide

It was to weete that snowy Florimell, 8
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne,
Whom he now seeing, he remembred well,
How having left her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force he to reprice,
Which scornfull offer Blandamour gan soone despize,

And said, "Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame, 9
Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a Lady were great shame)
Yee shall hee winne, as I have done, in fight
And lo' shee shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this Hag beside hee set,
That who so winnes hee may hee have by right,
But he shall have the Hag that is ybet,
And with hee alwaies ride, till he another get"

That offer pleased all the company 10
So Florimell with Ate forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily,
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an Hag, that seemed worst then nought,
His person to emperill so in fight
But if to match that Lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to justifie his right

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile, 11
As scorning his unmanly cowardize,
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize
And Ate eke provokt him privily
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize,
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
For in brise mind no friendship dwels nor enmity

But Cambell thus did shut up all in jest 12
 "Brave Knights und Ladies, certes, ye doe wrong
 To sturue up sturfe when most us needeth rest,
 That we may us reserue both fiesh and strong
 Agunst the Turnement which is not long,
 When who so list to fight may fight his fill
 Till then your challenges ye may prolong,
 And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
 Whether shall have the Hag, or hold the Lady still "

They all agreed so, turning all to game 13
 And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way,
 And all that while, where so they rode or came,
 That masked Mock-knight was their sport and play
 Till that at length, upon th' appointed day
 Unto the place of turneyment they came,
 Where they before them found in fiesh array
 Manie a brave knight and manie a daintie dame,
 Assembled for to get the honou of that game

There this faue crewe univving did divide 14
 Them selves asunder Blandamour with those
 Of his on th' one, the rest on th' other side
 But boastful Blaggulochio rather chose,
 For glorie vaine, then fellowship to lose,
 That men on him the more might gaze alone
 The rest them selves in troupes did else dispose,
 Like as it seemed best to every one
 The knights in couples marcht with ladies linckt attone

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane, 15
 Bearing that precious relicke in an aike
 Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane,
 Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
 He open shewd, that all men it mote marke
 A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
 With pearle and precious stone, worth many a make,
 Yet did the workmanship faue passe the cost
 It was the same which lately Florimel had lost

The same aloft he hung in open view, 16
To be the prize of beautie and of might,
The which, eftsoones discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allu'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out voves and wishes vaine
Thise happie Ladie, and thise happie knight,
Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthis of the perill, worthy of the paine

Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand 17
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing him selfe all ready for the field
Gauist whom there singled from the other side
A Pannish knight that well in times was skild,
And had in many a battell oft bene tide,
Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fierisly forth did ride

So furiously they both together met, 18
That neither could the others force sustaine
As two fierce Bulls, that stauie the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with so hideous mune,
That both rebutted tumble on the plaine
So these two champions to the ground were feld
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands then idle trioncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld

Which when the noble Ferramont espide, 19
He picked forth in ayd of Satyrian,
And him against Sir Blandamour did ride
With all the strength and stifnesse that he can
But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on in herpe were tumbled horse and man
Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell,
But him likewise with that same speare heeke did quell

Which Biaggadocchio seeing had no will 20
 To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
 Albee his turne were next, but stood there still,
 As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd
 But Triamond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
 Steynly stept forth, and caught away his speare,
 With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
 That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
 That neither could in hast themselves againe upreare

Which to avenge Su Devon him did dight, 21
 But with no better fortune then the rest,
 For him likewise he quickly downe did smight
 And after him Su Douglas him addrest,
 And after him Su Palmord forth prest
 But none of them against his strokes could stand,
 But, all the more, the more his praise increast,
 For either they were left uppon the land,
 Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand

And now by this Su Satyrane abraid 22
 Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay,
 And looking round about, like one dismayd,
 When as he saw the mercesse affray
 Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
 Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
 His mighty heart did almost rend in tway
 For very gill, that rather wholly dead
 Himselfe he wisht have beene then in so bad a stead

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around 23
 His weapons which lay scattered all abroad,
 And, as it fell, his steed he ready found
 On whom remounting fiercely forth he rode,
 Like sparke of fire that from the andvile glode,
 There where he saw the valiant Triamond
 Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
 That none his force were able to withstond,
 So dreddfull were his strokes so deadly was his hond

With thit, at him his beam-like speare he aimed, 24
And thereto all his power and might applide
The wicked steele, for mischiefe first ordained,
And hiving now misfortune got for guide,
Strud not till it arrived in his side,
And therem made a very griesly wound,
That sturmes of blood his amour all bedide
Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
Thit seaise he him upheld from falling in a sound

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew 25
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine
Then gan the part of Challenges anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none against them battell durst maintaine
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell
So Satyrane that day was judg'd to beare the bell

The morrow next the Turney gan anew, 26
And with the fist the hardy Satyrane
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew
On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine
But mongst them all was not Sir Thiamond,
Unable he new battell to darraigne,
Through grievance of his late received wound,
That doubly did him greve when so himselfe he found

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not salve, 27
Ne done undoe, yet, for to salve his name
And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
This goodly counterfesunce he did fame
The shield and armes, well knowne to be the same
Which Thiamond had worne, unwaies to wight,
And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame
If he misdidd, he on himselfe did dight, [fight
That none could him discerne, and so went forth to

There Satyrane Lord of the field he found, 28
 Triumpling in great joy and jollity,
 Gaunst whom none able was to stand on ground,
 That much he gan his glorie to envy,
 And cast t' avenge his friends indignity
 A mightie speare eftsoones at him he bent,
 Who, seeing him come on so furiously,
 Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
 That forcibly to ground they both together went

They up againe them selves can lightly reue, 29
 And to then tryed swords them selves betake,
 With which they wrought such wondrous marvels
 That all the rest it did amazed make, [there,
 Ne any dar'd then perill to putake,
 Now cuffing close, now chacing to and fro,
 Now hurtling round advantage for to take
 As two wild Boares together grappling go,
 Chaufing and foming choler each against his fo

So as they couist, and turneyd here and there, 30
 It chaunst Sir Satyrane his steed at last,
 Whether through foundring or through sodaine ferie,
 To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast,
 Which vauntage Cambell did pursue so fast,
 That, ere him selfe he had recovered well,
 So sore he sowst him on the compass crest,
 That forced him to leave his lofty sell,
 And rudely tumbling downe under his horse feete fell

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed 31
 For to haue rent his shield and armes away,
 That whylome wont to be the victors meed,
 When all unwares he felt an hideous sway
 Of many swords that lode on him did lay
 An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
 To rescue Satyrane out of his pray,
 All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
 In hope to take him prisoner where he stood on ground

He with then multitude was nought dismayd, 32
But with stout courage tuind upon them all,
And with his blondnon round about him layd,
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall
Like as a Lion, that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and roie,
In royall heart, disdainng to be thral
But all in vaine, for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, though it grieve him sore

Whereof when newes to Thumond was brought 33
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting up streight for his amour sought
In vaine he sought, for there he found it not,
Cambello it away before had got
Cambelloes aimes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot
There he in troupe round all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full some to his view

Into the thickest of that knightly please 34
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Crued with fervent zeale, ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came where he had Cambell seene
Like captive thil two other Knights twene
There he amongst them cruell havocke makes,
That they which leid him soone enforced beene
To let him loose to save then proper stakes,
Who, being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes

With that he drives at them with deadfull might, 35
Both in remembrance of his friends late haine,
And in revengement of his owne despight
So both together give a new allume,
As if but now the battell waxed wume
As when two greedy Wolves doe breake by force
Into an heerd, faire from the husband firme,
They spoile and ravine without all remorse
So did these two through all the field then foes enforce

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize, 36
 Till trumpets sound did waie them all to rest,
 Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
 To Triamond and Cambell as the best
 But Triamond to Cambell it relest,
 And Cambell it to Triamond transfeid,
 Each labouring t' advance the others gest,
 And make his praise before his owne prefeid
 So that the doome was to another day differd

The last day came, when all those knightes againe 37
 Assembled were their deedes of aimes to shew
 Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine,
 But Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
 His wondrous worth declared in all mens view,
 For from the first he to the last endured,
 And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
 Yet evermore his honour he recuied,
 And with unwearied powre his party still assured

Ne was there Knight that ever thought of aimes, 38
 But that his utmost prowesse thereto made knownen
 That, by their many wounds and carelesse haimes,
 By shivered speares and swords all under stowen,
 By scattered shields, was easie to be shoven
 There might ye see loose steeds at random ronne,
 Whose lucklesse riders late were overthrowen,
 And squiers make hast to helpethen Lordsfordonne
 But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne,

Till that there entered on the other side 39
 A straunger knight, from whence noman could reed,
 In quyet disguise full hard to be descide,
 For all his armour was like salvage weed
 With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
 With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
 For salvage wight and thereto well agreed
 His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Salvagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit

He, at his first incomming, chaig'd his speere 20
At him that first appeared in his sight,
That was to weet the stout Su Sangliere,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant Knight,
Approved oft in many a perious fight
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And overbore beyond his coupei quight,
And after him another Knight, that hote
Su Brianoi, so sore that none him life behote

Then, ere his hand he recrd, he overthiew 41
Seven Knights, one after other as they came
And, when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wiath, and with the same
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and slashing shields and helmets bright,
And beating downe what ever nigh him camc,
That every one gan shun his deadfull sight,
No lesse then death it selfe, in daungerous affright

Much wondied all men whrt or whence he came, 42
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize,
And each of other gan inquire his name,
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguise
It seemed him to terme the salvage knight
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Though knowne to few that Arthegall he hight,
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of
might

Thus was Su Satyrane with all his band 43
By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
Dismay'd, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were and chased all about
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till evening that the Sunne gan downward bend
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end

He at his entrance chug'd his powrefull speare 44
 At Artegall, in middest of his pryde,
 And therewith smote him on his Umbriere
 So soie, that tomling bucke he downe did slyde
 Over his horses taile above a styde,
 Whence litle lust he had to rise againe
 Which Cambell seeing much the same envyde,
 And ran at him with all his might and maine,
 But shortly was likewise scene lying on the plane

Whereat full inly wioth was Tiamond, 45
 And cast t' evenge the shame doon to his fiend,
 But by his friend himselfe eke soone he found
 In no lesse neede of helpe then him, he weend
 All which when Blandamour from end to end
 Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased soie,
 And thought in mind it shortly to amend
 His speare he feuted, and at him it boie,
 But with no better fortune then the rest afore

Full many others at him likewise ran, 46
 But all of them likewise dismounted were,
 Ne certes wonder, for no powie of man
 Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
 The which this famous Britomart did beare,
 With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieved
 And overthrow what ever came her neare,
 That all those stranger knights full soie aggrieved,
 And that late weaker band of challengers relieved

Like as in sommers day, when raging heat 47
 Doth burne the earth and boyled rivers drie,
 That all brute beasts, foist to refrain fro meat,
 Doe hunt for shade, where shiowed they may lie,
 And, missing it, faine from themselves to flie,
 All travellers tormented are with paine
 A waty cloud doth overcast the skie,
 And poureth forth a sudden shoue of raine,
 That all the wretched world reconforteth againe

So did the warlike Bismount restore 43
 The prize to knights of Maydenhead that day,
 Which else was like to have bene lost, and boie
 The prayse of prowesse from them all away
 Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
 And bad them leave then labours und long toyle
 To joyous feast and other gentle play,
 Where beauties prize shold win that pretious spoyle
 Where I with sound of trompe will also rest awhile



CANTO V

*The Ladies for the girdle strive
of famous Florimell
Scudamour, comming to Cares House,
doth sleepe from him expell*

THath bene through all ages ever seene, 1
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautiestill hath joyned beene,
And that for reasons speciall privitee,
For either doth on other much relie
For he, me seemes, most fit the fane to seive,
That can her best defend from villenie,
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never sweive

So fitly now here commeth next in place, 2
After the prooffe of prowesse ended well,
The contrivorse of beauties soveraine grace,
In which to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell,
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which Ladies ought to love, and seeke for to obtaine

That girdle gave the vertue of chrest love, 3
And wivehood true, to all that did it beare,
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else a sunder teare
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus girdle, by her steemed deare
What time she used to live in wively sort,
But layd aside when so she us'd her looser sport

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake, 4
 When first he loved her with heart entrie,
 This pretious ornament, they say, did make,
 And wrought in Lemno with unquenched fire,
 And afterwards did for her loves first hinc
 Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
 Therewith to bind lascivious desne,
 And loose affections straightly to restraine,
 Which vertue it for ever after did retaine

The same one day, when she her selfe disposd 5
 To visite her beloved Paramoure,
 The God of warre, she from her middle loosd,
 And left behind her in her secret bowie
 On Acidahan mount, where many an howie
 She with the pleasant Graces wont to play
 There Florimell, in her first ages flowie,
 Was fostered by those Graces, (as they say) [away
 And brought with her from thence that goodly belt

That goodly belt was Cestus hight by name, 6
 And as her life by her esteemed deare
 No wonder then, if that to winne the same
 So many Ladies sought, as shall appeare,
 For pearelesse she was thought that did it beare
 And now by this then feast all being ended,
 The judges, which thereto selected were,
 Into the Martian field idowne descended [tended
 To deeme this doutfull case, for which they all con-

But first was question made, which of those Knights
 That lately turneyd had the wager wonne?
 There was it judged, by those worthy wight,
 That Satyrane the first day best had donne,
 For he last ended, having first begonne
 The second was to Tiamond behight,
 For that he sav'd the victour from fordonne
 For Cambell victour was in all mens sight,
 Till by mishap he in his foemen's hand did light

The third dayes prize unto that stranger Knight, 8
 Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebeⁿe speare,
 To Britomart was given by good sight,
 For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare
 The Salvage Knight that victouri was whileare,
 And all the rest which had the best afore,
 And to the last unconquer'd did appeare,
 For last is deemed best To her therefore
 The fayrest Ladie was adjudgd for Paramore

But therat greatly grudged Arthegall, 9
 And much repynd, that both of victois meede
 And eke of honou^r she did him forēstall
 Yet mote he not withstind what was decreede,
 But inly thought of that despightfull deede
 Fit time t' awaite avenged for to bee
 This being ended thus, and all agreed,
 Then next ensew'd the P^{ri}ngon to see
 Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fyrest her due fee

Then first Cambello brought into then view 10
 His faire Cambrin, covered with a veile,
 Which, being once withd^rawne, most perfect hew
 And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,
 That able was weake huts away to steale
 Next did Sir Triamond unto then sight
 The face of his deare Canacee unheale,
 Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright,
 That daz'd the eyes of all as with exceeding light

And after her did Pandell produce 11
 His false Duessa, that she might be seene,
 Who with her forged beautie did seduce
 The hearts of some that fairest her did weene,
 As diverse wits affected divers beene
 Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
 His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene
 And after these in hundred Ladies moe
 Appea^r'd in place, the which each other did outgoe

All which who so dare thinke for to enchaice, 12
 Him needeth sure a golden pen, I weene,
 To tell the feature of each goodly face,
 For, since the day that they created beenc,
 So many heavenly fates were not scene
 Assembled in one place ne he that thought
 For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
 By view of all the fairest to him brought,
 So many faue did see as here he might have sought

At last, the most redoubted Britonesse 13
 Her lovely Amoret did open shew,
 Whose face, discovered, plainly did expresse
 The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew
 Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
 That she should surely beare the bell away,
 Till Blandamour, who thought he had the tiew
 And very Florimell, did her display,
 The sight of whom once scene did all the rest dismay

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright, 14
 Now base and contemptible did appeare,
 Compar'd to her that shone as Phebes light
 Amongst the lesse staires in evening cleare
 All that her saw with wonder iavisht weare,
 And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
 But some celestiall shipe that flesh did beare
 Yet all were glad thcre Florimell to see,
 Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as shee

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill 15
 With golden foyle doth finely ouer spied
 Some base metall, which commend he will
 Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
 He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed
 To hide his falshood, then if it were tiew
 So hard this Idole was to be aied,
 That Florimell her selfe all mens vew
 She seem'd to passe. So forgerd things do fairest hew

Then was that golden belt by doome of ill 16
 Graunted to hei, as to the fayrest Dame
 Which being brought, about her middle small
 They thought to gud, as best it her became,
 But by no meanes they could it thereto fitt me
 For, ever as they fistned it, it loos'd
 And fell away, as feeling secret blame
 Full oft about hei wast she it enclos'd,
 And it as oft was from about hei wast disclos'd

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight, 17
 And each one thought as to their fancies came
 But she hei selfe did thinke it doefi for spight,
 And touched was with secret wrath and shame
 Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame
 Then, many other Ladies likewise tride
 About their tender loynes to knit the same,
 But it would not on none of them abide,
 But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide

Which when that scoinefull Squire of Dames did see,
 He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to jest
 "Alas! for pittie that so faine a crew,
 As like can not be seene from East to West,
 Cannot find one this giddle to invest
 Fie on the man that did it first invent
 To shame us all with this *Ungirt unblest!*
 Let never Ladie to his love assent,
 That hath this day so many so unmanly shent"

Therent all Knights g'n lugh, and Ladies lowie, 19
 Till that at last the gentle Amoret
 Likewise assayd to prove that giddles powie,
 And, having it about her middle set,
 Did find it fit withouten breach or let
 Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie,
 But Florimell exceedingly did fiet,
 And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
 The belt agunc, about her bodie gan it tie

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit, 20
 Yet nathelesse to hei, as her dew ight,
 It yielded was by them that judged it,
 And she hei selfe adjudged to the Knight
 That bore the Hebenē speere, as wonne in fight
 But Britomart would not thereto assent,
 Ne hei owne Amoret forgoe so light
 For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
 She lesse esteem'd then th' others vertuous govern-
 ment

Whom when the rest did see hei to refuse, 21
 They were full glad, in hope themselves to get hei
 Yet at hei choice they all did greatly muse,
 But, after that, the judges did meet hei
 Unto the second best that lov'd hei better,
 That was the Salvage Knight but he was gone,
 In great displeasure that he could not get hei
 Then was she judged Tiamond his one,
 But Tiamond lov'd Canacee, and other none

Tho unto Satyrian she was adjudged, 22
 Who was ight glad to gaine so goodly meed,
 But Blandamour therat full greatly grudget,
 And litle prays'd his labours evill speed,
 That for to winne the saddle lost the steed
 Ne lesse therat did Prudell complaine,
 And thought t'appeale from that which was decreed
 To single combat with Sir Satyrane
 Thereto him Ate stud, new discord to maintaine

And eke, with these, full many other Knights 23
 She through hei wicked working did incense
 Her to demandaund and chalenge as then ights,
 Deserved for then perils recompense
 Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretence,
 Stept Biaggadochio forth, and as his thill
 Hei clym'd, by him in battell wonne long while
 Whereto hei selfe heere witness call,
 Who, being askt, accordingly contessed all

Thereat exceeding wioth was Satyrian, 24
 And wioth with Satyrian was Blandamour,
 And wioth with Blandamour was Elivan,
 And at them both Sn Paudell did loure
 So all together stud up strifull stoune,
 And readie were new battell to darraigne
 Each one profest to be her paramoure,
 And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine,
 Ne Judges powre, nereasons rule, mote them restraine

Which troublous stirre when Satyriane aviz'd, 25
 He gan to cast how to appease the same,
 And to accord them all this meane^s devis'd
 First in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
 To whom each one his challenge should disclaime,
 And he himselfe his right would eke releasse
 Then, looke to whom she voluntarie came,
 He should without disturbance her possesse
 Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingnesse

They all agreed, and then that snowy Mayd 26
 Was in the middest plast among them all
 All on her grazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
 And to the Queene of beutie close did call,
 That she unto then portion might befall
 Then, when she long had lookt upon each onc,
 As though she wished to have pleas'd them all,
 At last to Biaggadochio selfe alone
 She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone

Which when they all beheld, they chaff, and rag'd,
 And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
 That from revenge then willes they scarce asswag'd
 Some thought from him her to have reft by might,
 Some proffer made with him for her to fight,
 But he nought car'd for all that they could say,
 For he then words as wind esteemed light
 Yet not fit place he thought it there to stry,
 But secretly from thence that night her home away

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiv'd
 That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
 And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
 From wight unworthie of so noble meed
 In which poursuit how each one did succcede,
 Shall else be told in order, as it fell
 But now of Britomart it here doth neede
 The hard adventures and strange haps to tell,
 Since with the rest she went not after Florimell

For soone as she them saw to discord set, 29
 Her list no longer in that place abide,
 But taking with her lovely Amoret,
 Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
 To seeke her lov'd, making blind love her guide
 Unluckie Mayd, to seek her enemy
 Unluckie Mayd, to seeke him faire and wide,
 Whom, when he was unto her selfe most nie,
 She through his late disguizement could him not
 descrye!

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle 30
 Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spue,
 In seeking him that should her prime assoyle,
 Whereto great comfort in her sad misfaine
 Was Amoret, companion of her care,
 Who likewise sought her lover long miswent,
 The gentle Scudamour, whose heart while he
 That stayfull hng with gealous discontent
 Hard fild, that he to fell reveng was fully bent,

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart 31
 The crime which caused Ate kindled enst,
 The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
 And through his soule like poysned arrow peist,
 That by no reason it might be reveist,
 For ought that Glauce could or doe or say
 For aye the more that she the same reveist,
 The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,
 That nought but due revenge his anger mote defray

So as they travelled, the drouping night, 32
 Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showie,
 That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
 Upon them fell, befoie her timely howre,
 That forced them to seeke some covert bowie,
 Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
 And shrowd then persons from that stormie stowie
 Not farre away, not meete for any guest,
 They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was, 33
 Therewherethe mouldie death had cav'd the banke,
 And fast beside a little brooke did pas
 Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
 By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke
 Whereto apporoching nigh, they heard the sound
 Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
 And answering their wearie turnes around,
 That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert
 ground

There enting in, they found the goodman selfe 34
 Full busily unto his worke ybent,
 Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
 With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,
 As if he had in prison long bene pent
 Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,
 Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent,
 With rugged beard, and howle shagged heare,
 The which he never wont to combe, or comely sheare

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent, 35
 Ne better had he, ne for better cared
 With blistred hands amongst the cinders brent,
 And fingers filthie with long nayles unpared,
 Right fit to rend the food on which he fared
 His name was Care, a blacksmith by his trade,
 That neither day nor night from working spared,
 But to small purpose yron wedges made
 Those be unquiet thought, that carefull minds invade

In which his worke he had sixe seruaunts prest, 36,
About the Andvile standing euermore
With huge great hammers, that did neuer rest
From heaping stioakes which thereon soused sore
All sixe strong groomes, but one then other more,
For by degrees they all were disagreed,
So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles, in greatnesse orderly succeed,
That he which was the last the first did faire exceede

He like a monstrous Gyant seem'd in sight, 37
Farre passing Bionteus or Pyracmon great,
The which in Lipan doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for Joves avengefull threite
So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it diue
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rocke of Diamond it could nre
And rend a sunder quite, if he thereto list sturue

Sir Scudamour there entung much admred 38
The manner of then worke and wearie paine,
And having long beheld at last enquired
The cause and end thereof, but all in vaine,
For they for nought would from their worke reffaine,
Ne let his speeches come unto then eare
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the Northren winde, that none could heare
Those Pensifenesse did move, and Sighes the bellows
weare

Which when that warriour saw, he said no more, 39
But in his armour layd him downe to rest
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous Knights the bedding best)
And thought his wearie limbs to have rediest
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble joynts layd eke a downe to rest,
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a trauell which them both did tare.

There lay Sir Scudamour long while expecting 40
 When gentle sleepe his heauie eyes would close,
 Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,
 Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose,
 And oft in wiath he thence againe uprose,
 And oft in wiath he layd him downe againe
 But wheresoeuer he did himselfe dispose,
 He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine
 So euerie place seem'd painefull, and ech changing vaine

And euermore, when he to sleepe did thinke, 41
 The hammers sound his senses did molest,
 And evermore, when he began to winke,
 The bellowes noyse distur'b'd his quiet rest,
 Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest
 And all the night the dogs did baake and howle
 About the house, at sent of stranger guest,
 And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
 Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very sowle

And, if by fortune any litle nap 42
 Upon his heauie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
 Eftsoones one of those velleins him did rap
 Upon his headpeece with his yron mall,
 That he was soone awaked therewithall,
 And lightly started up as one affrayd,
 Or as if one him suddenly did call
 So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
 And then lay musing long on that him ill apayd

So long he muzed, and so long he lay, 43
 That at the last his wearie spite, opprest
 With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may
 Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
 That all his senses did full soone arrest
 Yet in his soundest sleepe his dayly feare
 His ydle braine gan busily molest,
 And made him dreame those two disloyall were
 The things, that day most minds, at night doe most
 appeare

With that the wicked caile, the maister Smith, 44
A pane of redwhot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipt, that, forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And stuted up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slomber brake
Yet, looking round about him, none could see,
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee

In such disquiet and hartfretting payne 45
He all that night, that too long night, did passe
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse
Then up he rose, like heauie lumpe of leyd,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous deyd

Unto his loftie steede he clombe anone, 46
And forth upon his former voyage fured,
And with him eke that aged Squene attone,
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared
The end whereof and daungerous event
Shall for another canticle be spured,
But here my weene teeme, nigh ouer spent,
Shall breath it selfe awhile after so long a went

CANTO VI

*Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart
He sees her face, doth full in love,
and soone from her depart*

WHAT equall torment to the grieve of mind
And pining anguish hid in gentle hart,
That only feeds it selfe with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
What medicine can any Leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that Scudamour did giue,
For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a salve provide

Who having left that restlesse house of Care, 2
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare
Through misconcept, all unwares espide
An armed Knight under a forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede,
Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to picke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deede

Which Scudamour perceiving forth issewed 3
To have rencountred him in equall race,
But soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he ganabase
And voide his course at which so suddain rise
He wondred much But th' other thus can say
"Ah, gentle Scudamour" unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day"

Whereto thus Scudamour "Small haime it were 4
For any knight upon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to proue his speie
But reade you, Sir, with ye my name have light,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite?"
"Ce. tes," (sayd he) "ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aight,
For time yet serues that I the same refuse,
But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use"

"Then this, Sir Salvage Knight," (quoth he) "aede
Or doe you here within this forest wonne,
That seemeth well to answer to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, with knowen aimes ye shonne"
"This other day" (sayd he) "a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne,
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
When ever he this way shall passe by day or night"

"Shame be his meede," (quoth he) "that meaneth
But what is he by whom ye shamed were?" [shame!
"A stranger knight," sayd he, "unknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
With which he all that met him downe did beare
He, in an open Turney lately held,
From me the honour of that game did reare,
And having me, all wearie east, downe feld,
The fairest Ladie left, and ever since withheld"

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare, 7
He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest love did beare
Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despight, and gnaw his gelous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd "Now, by my head,
Yet is not this the first unknowingly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his lince I read,
Hoth doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread

"For lately he my love hath fro me left, 8
 And eke defiled with foule villanie
 The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,
 In shame of knighthood and fidelitie,
 The which ere long full deare he shall abie
 And if to that avenge by you decreed
 This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
 It shall not fayle when so ye shall it need"
 So both to wreake then wiathes on Britomart agreed

Whiles thus they communed, lo! farie away 9
 A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
 Attyr'd in foraine aimes and straunge aray
 Whom, when they nigh approcht, they plaine descryde
 To be the same for whom they did abyde
 Sayd then Sir Scudamour, "Sir Salvage knight,
 Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
 That first I may that wrong to him requite,
 And, if I hap to fayle, you shall requite my right"

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare 10
 Gan fester, and against her fiercely ran
 Who soone as she him saw appoaching neare
 With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan
 To dight, to welcome him well as she can,
 But enteraind him in so rude a wise,
 That to the ground she smote both horse and man
 Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
 But on then common haimes together did devise

But Artegall, beholding his mischaunce, 11
 New matter added to his former fire,
 And eft adventing his steeleheaded launce,
 Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
 That nought but spoyle and vengeance did requite
 But to himselfe his felonous intent
 Returning disappointed his desire,
 Whiles unwarres his saddle he forwent,
 And found himselfe on ground in greiv amazement

Lightly he strutted up out of that stound, 12
And snatching forth his dierfull deadly blade
Did leape to her, as doth an eager hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground, (so much his force preyled)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes
avayled

So, as they coursed here and there, it chaunst 13
That, in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fauely blest
From foule mischance, ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell,
Where byting deepe so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell

Like as the lightning bround from iiven skie, 14
Throwne out by angry Jove in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie,
Which battning downe, it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance
Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forsooke,
And casting from her that enchanted launce,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke,
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke

So furiously she strooke in her first heat, 15
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pou'd the purple blood forth on the gris,
That all his mayle yri'd, and plates yient,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent

At length, when as he saw her hastie heat 16
 Abate, and panting breath begin to faile,
 He, though long sufferance growing now more great,
 Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assaile,
 Heaping huge strokes as thicke as showre of hayle,
 And lashing dreadfully at every part,
 As if he thought her soule to disentraine
 Ah, cruell hand! and thus more cruell hart, [art'
 That workst such wicke on her to whom thou dearest

What yron courage ever could endure 17
 To worke such outrage on so faire a creature,
 And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
 To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,
 The maker selfe resembling in her feature!
 Certes some hellish furie or some feend
 This mischief wrought for their first loves defeature,
 To bath their hands in blood of dearest friend,
 Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end

Thus long they trac'd and traveist to and fro, 18
 Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursued,
 Still as advantage they espyde thereto
 But toward th' end Sir Arthegall renewed
 His strength still more, but she still more decrewed
 At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on her,
 Having his forces all in one accrewed,
 And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
 That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst, 19
 And with the force, whiche in it selfe it bore,
 Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
 Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more
 With that, her angels face, unseene afore,
 Like to the ruddie moone appeared in sight,
 Deawed with silver drops through sweating sore,
 But somewhat redder then beseem'd aight, [fight
 Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary

And round about the same her yellow heare, 20
Having through sturing loosed their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtil wire, so shinie cleare,
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters shere
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere

And as his hand he up againe did reare, 21
Thinking to wolke on her his utmost wracke,
His powerelesse arme, benumbd with secret feare,
From his revengefull purpose shooke backe,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sense,
And felt some ruth or sence his hand did lacke,
On both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence

And he himselfe, long gazing thereupon, 22
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting what it else might bee,
And pardon her besought his errour fayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree
Whilest trembling horrow did his sense assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quake

Nathelesse she, full of wrath for that late stroke, 23
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke,
And, looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand,
And bad him rise, or surely he should die
But, die or live, for nought he would upstand,
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wiake on him her will for so great injurie

Which when as Scudamour, who now abrayd, 24
 Beheld, whereas he stood not faire aside,
 He was therewith right wondrously dismayd,
 And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descide
 That peerelesse paterne of Dame nature's priete
 And heavenly image of perfection,
 He blest himselfe as one sore terrifide,
 And turning feare to faint devotion,
 Did worship her as some celestiall vision

But Glauce, seeing all that chaunced there, 25
 Well weeting how then erroun to assoyle,
 Full glad of so good end, to them threw ncie,
 And her salewd with seemely belaccoyle,
 Joyous to see her safe after long toyle
 Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
 To graunt unto those warriours truce a while,
 Which yeelded, they then bevers up did reare,
 And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they were

When Britomart with sharpe avizefull eye 26
 Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
 Tempied with steinesse and stout majestic,
 She gun eftsoones it to her mind to call
 To be the same which in her fathers hall
 Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw
 Therewith her wiathfull courage gun appall,
 And haughtie spirits meckcly to adaw,
 That herenhanced hand she downe can soft withdrau

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld, 27
 As fayning choler which was turn'd to cold,
 But ever when his visage she beheld,
 Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
 The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold
 But, when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
 She aim'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold,
 Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obeyd,
 But brought forth speeches myld when she would have
 missayd

But Scudamou, now wouen my glad 28
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that Hys his love abused had
With breach of futh and loyaltie unsound,
The which long tyme his grieved hut did wound,
He thus bespake " Certes, Sn Artegall,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all "

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall, 29
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-stringes tremble,
For sudden joy and secret feare withall,
And all her vitall powies, with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble,
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeared, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood

When Glauce thus gan wisely all upkni 30
" Yegentle Knights, whom for tunc here hath brought
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fite hath in this Ladie wrought
Against the course of kind, ne mai vaile nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Feareng least she your loves away should woo
Feared in vaine, with meanes, ye see, there wants
theretoo

' And you, Sn Artegall, the salvage knight, 31
Henceforth may not disdaine that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight,
For whylome they have conquered sea, and land
And heaven it selfe, that nought may them withstand
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds derived from above
Which, being knyt with vertue, never will remove

"And you, faire Ladie knight, my dearest Dame, 32
 Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
 Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame,
 And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
 Graunt him your grace, but so that he fulfill
 The penance which ye shall to him impart
 For lovers heaven must passe by sorrowes hell"
 Thereat full onely blushed Britomart,
 But Artegall close smyling joy'd in secret hart

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly, 33
 Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
 From one to other so quite contrary
 Besides, her modest countenance he saw
 So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
 That it his ranging fancie did refaine,
 And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw,
 Whereby the passion grew more fierce and fame,
 Like to a stubboine steede whom strong hand would
 restraine

But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare 34
 And feeble hope hung all this while suspense,
 Desiring of his Amoret to heare
 Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
 Her thus bespake "But, Sir, without offence
 Mote I request you tydings of my love,
 My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence
 Where she, captived long, great woes did prove,
 That where ye left I may her seeke, as doth behove"

To whom thus Britomart "Certes, Sir knight, 35
 What is of her become, or whether left,
 I can not unto you ahead a right,
 For from that time I from enchaunters theft
 Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
 I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
 And evermore from villenie her kept
 Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
 Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare

" Till on a day, as through a desert wyld 36
We travelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and sate in shadow myld,
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay,
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandied was, or gone astray
I cal'd her loud, I sought her faerie and neare,
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare "

When Scudamour those heauie tydings heard, 37
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard,
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare,
Till Glauce thus " Faerie Sir, be nought dismayd
With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare,
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affayd "

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech 38
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare, so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spight,
Till Britomart him famely thus behight
" Great cause of sorrow certes, Sir, ye have,
But comfort take, for, by this heavens light,
I vow you dead or living not to leave,
Till I her find, and weake on him that did her leaue "

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was 39
So, peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Unto some resting place, which mote befall
All being guided by Sir Artegall
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowie and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recu'd after late usage bad

In all which time Sir Artegall made way 40
 Unto the love of noble Britomart,
 And with meeke service and much suit did lay
 Continuall siege unto her gentle hart,
 Which, being whylome launcht with lovely durt,
 More eath was new impression to receive,
 How ever she her paynd with womanish art
 To hide her wound, that none might it perceive
 Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceive

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her, 41
 With faire enticatie and sweet blindishment,
 That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
 So as she to his speeches was content,
 To lend an eare, and softly to relent
 At last, through many vowes which forth he pou'd,
 And many othes, she yeelded her consent
 To be his love, and take him for her Lord,
 Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest, 42
 Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound
 Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
 Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
 To follow that which he did long propound,
 And unto her his congee came to take,
 But her therewith full sore displeas'd he found,
 And loth to leave her late betrothed make,
 Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged, 43
 And wonne her will to suffer him depart,
 For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
 And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
 That, all so soone as he by wit or art
 Could that atchieve whereto he did aspie,
 He unto her would speedily revert
 No longer space thereto he did desire,
 But till the horned moone three courses did expire

With which she for the present was appeased, 44
And yielded leave, how ever discontent
She inly weie and in her mind displeased
So, early in the morrow next, he went
Forth on his wry to which he was ybent,
Ne wight him to attend, or wry to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst Knights when on adventures they did ride,
Save that she algates him a while accompanide

And by the way she sundry purpose found 45
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much hei to affray,
But all she did was but to wene out day
Full oftentimes she leue of him did take,
And eft agune deuiz'd some what to say,
Which she forgot whereby excuse to make,
So loth she was his compaignie for to forsake

At last, when all her speeches she had spent, 46
And new occasion fayld hei more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heauie mind
To Scudamou, whom she had left behind
With whom she went to seeke faine Amourct,
Her second cue, though in another kind
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and futhiull friendship, she by her did set

Backe to that desert forrest they retired, 47
Where some Britomart had lost hei late
There they hei sought, and every where inquired
Where they might tydings get of hei estate,
Yet found they none But by what haplesse fate
Or hard misfortune she was thence conuayd,
And stolne away from hei beloved mate,
Were long to tell therefore, I here will stry,
Untill another tyde that I it finish may

- CANTO VII

*Amoret rapt by gredie lust
 Belphebe saves from dread
 The Squire her loves, and, being blam'd,
 his dayes in dole doth lead*

GREAT God of love, that with thy cruell daits
 Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
 And setst thy kingdome in the captive haits
 Of Kings and Keasars to thy service bound,
 What glorie, or what gerdon hast thou found
 In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore,
 And adding anguish to the bitter wound
 With w^hich then lives thou lanchedst long afore,
 By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

So whylome didst thou to fane Floumell 2
 And so and so to noble Butomart,
 So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
 The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart
 Thou martyrest with sorrow and with smart,
 In salvage forrests and in deserts wide
 With Beases and Tygers taking heavie part,
 Withouten comfort and withouten guide,
 That pittie is to heare the perils which she tude

So soone as she with that brave Britonesse 3
 Had left that Turneyment for beauties prise,
 They travel'd long, that now for wearinesse,
 Both of the way and wailike exercise,
 Both through a forest ryding did devise
 T^e alight, and rest then wearie limbs awhile
 There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
 Of Butomart, after long tedious toyle,
 That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle

The whales fane Amoret, of nought affeard, 4
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or for need,
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That, ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her snatched up from ground
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indecd
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay sleeping
sound

It was to weete a wilde and salvage man, 5
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hat, and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Boie
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts, and fed on fleshly goie,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore
His neather lip was not like man nor beast, 6
But like a wide deep poke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the reliques of his feast
And cruell spoyle, which he had spaid, to stow
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood,
And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
And laught downe to his waste when up he stood,
More greit then th' eares of Elephants by Indus flood
His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene 7
Engut about, ne other garment wore,
For all his hane was like a garment seene,
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie rings were shapned all afore,
And beith'd in fire for steele to be in sted
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beast, or of the earth, I have not red,
But certes was with milke of Wolves and Tygres fed

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht, 8
 And through the forrest bore her quite away,
 With briars and bushes all to rent and scratcht
 Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pay.
 Which many a knight had sought so many a day
 He stayd not, but in his armes her bearing
 Ran till he came to th' end of all his way,
 Unto his cave fure from all peoples hearing,
 And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought
 fearing

For she, deare Ladie, all the way was dead, 9
 Whilest he in armes her bore, but, when she felt
 Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of dead
 Staight into grieve, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
 And eft gan into tender teares to melt
 Then, when she lookt about, and nothing found
 But darknesse and dreadfull horrour where she dwelt,
 She almost fell againe into a swoond,
 Ne wist whether above she were or under ground

With that she heard some one close by her side 10
 Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
 Her tender hart in peeces would divide
 Which she long listning, softly askt agune
 What mister wight it was that so did plune?
 To whom this answer'd was "Ah, wretched wight!
 That seekes to know anothers grieve in vaine,
 Unwecting of thine owne like haplesse plight
 Selfe to forget to mind another is ore-sight"

"Aye me!" (said she) "where am I, or with whom?
 Emong the living, or emong the dead?
 What shall of me, unhappy maid, become?
 Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, aend?"
 "Unhappy mayd," then answer'd she, "whose dread
 Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try
 Death is to him, that wretched life doth lea,
 Both grace and gaine, but he in hell doth lie,
 That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die

"This dismall day hath thee a captive made, 12
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
The heavens abhorre, and into darknesse drive,
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chaste, when ever in his powre
He may them catch unable to gainestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwaides themselves doth cruelly devour

"Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men 13
Divide then works, have past through heven sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den,
During which space these sory eyes have seen
Seaven women by him slaine, and eaten cleane
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman, here remaining beene,
Till thou com'st hither to augment our mone,
And of us thre to morrow he will sure eate one "

"Ah, dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare," 14
(Quoth she) "of all that ever hath bene knowne"
Full many great calamities and care
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where ever I have gone
But what we you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attorne "
"To tell" (quoth she) "that which ye see, needs not,
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot "

"But what I was it makes me to recheise, 15
Draughter unto a Lord of high degree,
That joyd in happy peace, till fates perverse
With guilefull love did secretly agree
To overthrow my state and dignitie
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree
Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine
By any Ladies side for Leman to have laine

“But for his meannesse and disparagement, 16
 My Sire, who me too dearely well did love,
 Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
 But often did my folly fowle reprove
 Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
 But, whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
 I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove,
 And, rather then my love abandon so,
 Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo

“Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke 17
 Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
 To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,
 Till I thereto had all things ready dight
 So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
 I with that Squire agreeede away to flit,
 And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
 Within a grove appointed him to meete,
 To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete

“But ah! unhappy house me thither brought, 18
 For in that place where I him thought to find,
 There was I found, contrary to my thought,
 Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind,
 The shame of men, and plague of womankind
 Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
 Me hether brought with him as swift as wind,
 Where yet untouched till this present day,
 I rest his wretched thrall, the sad *Æmylia*”

“Ah, sad *Æmylia*!” (then sayd *Amoret*) 19
 “Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne
 But read to me, by what devise or wit
 Hast thou in all this time, from him unknowne,
 Thine honor sav'd, though into thraldome thine owne?”
 “Through helpe” (quoth she) “of this old woman here
 I have so done, as she to me hath showne,
 For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
 She in my stead supplide his bestrall desire”

Thus of then evils as they did discourse, 20
 And each did other much bewaile and mone,
 Loe! where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes sourse,
 Came to the cave, and rolling thence the stone,
 Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
 Might issue forth, came suddenly rushing in,
 And, spreading over all the floore alone,
 Gan dight him selfe unto his wonted sinne,
 Which ended, then his bloody banket should beginne

Which when as fearefull Amoret perceived, 21
 She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
 But, like a ghastly Gelt whose wits are ierred,
 Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
 For honour of his shamefull villany
 But after her full lightly he uprose,
 And her pursu'd as fast as she did fle
 Full first she flies, and faire afore him goes, [toes
 Ne feesles the thorns and thickets picke her tender

For hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staies, 22
 But overleapes them all like Robucke light,
 And through the thickest makes her highest waies
 And evermore, when with regardfull sight
 She looking backe espies that griesly wight
 Approching nigh, she guns to mend her pace,
 And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight,
 More switt than Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
 Or any of the Thracian Nymphes in salvage chase

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long, 23
 Ne living aide for her on earth appeues,
 But if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
 Moved with pity of her plenteous teares
 It fortun'd Belphebe with her peares,
 The woody Nymphs, and with that lovely boy,
 Was hunting then the Libbards and the Beares
 In these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
 To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes annoy

It so befell, as oft it falls in chace, 24
 That each of them from other sundried were,
 And that same gentle Squire arriv'd in place
 Where this same cursed caytive did appeare
 Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare
 And now he her quite overtaken had,
 And now he her away with him did beare
 Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
 That by his grening laughter mote faire off be rad

Which diery sight the gentle Squire espying 25
 Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
 Led with that wofull Ladies piteous cying,
 And him assailes with all-the might he may,
 Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
 But with his craggy club in his right hand
 Defends him selfe, and saves his gotten pray
 Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
 But that he was full light and nimble on the land

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight, 26
 For ever when the Squire his javelin shooke,
 He held the Lady forth before him right,
 And with her body, as a buckler, broke
 The puissance of his intended stroke
 And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
 Whilist he on him was greedy to be wicke,
 That any little blow on her did light,
 Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight

Which subtill sleight did him encumber much, 27
 And made him oft, when he would strike, forbeare,
 For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
 But that he her must hurt, or hazard nere
 Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
 That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
 And therein left the pike head of his speare
 A game of coleblacke blood thence gusht amaine,
 Thence his silken garments did with blood besmeine

With that he threw her rudely on the flore, 28
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save
Yet he therewith so felly still did ave,
That scarce the Squire his hand could once upreare
But for advantage ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there,
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare

Whilest thus in battall they embusied were, 29
Belphebe, raunging in that Forrest wide,
The hideous noise of then huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eue her guide
Whom when that theefe approaching nigh espide
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghostly disment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument

Whom seeing flie she speedily poussewed, 30
With winged foete as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow to his deadly make desynde
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell Lynde,
In vengeance of her mothers gret disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case

So well she sped her, and so far she ventied, 31
That ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entied,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thild
His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
That all his vitall spuries thereby spild,
And all his havy brest with gory bloud was filld

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle, 32
 She ran in hast his life to have bereft,
 But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
 Having his carrion coise quite sencelesse left
 Was fled to hell, such charg'd with spoile and theft
 Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
 And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
 His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy blood
 The place there overflowne seem'd like a sodaine flood

Thenceforth she past into his dreadfull den, 33
 Where nought but darkesome diernesse she found,
 Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
 Some litle whispering, and soft groining sound
 With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
 Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
 And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
 To come and shew themselves before the light,
 Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight

Then forth the sad Æmylia issewed, 34
 Yet trembling every joynt through former feare,
 And after her the Hag, there with her mewel,
 A foule and loathsome creature, did appeare,
 A leman fit for such a lover deue
 That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
 Then for to rue the others heavy cheare,
 Of whom she gan enquire of her estate,
 Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate

Thence she them brought toward the place where late
 She left the gentle Squire with Amoret
 There she him found by that new lovely mate,
 Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
 From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet
 Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
 And handling soft the hurts which she did get,
 For of that Carle she sorely bru'd had beene,
 Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene,

Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye, 36
Her noble heart with sight thereof was filld
With deepe disdaine and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have thild
With that selfe arrow which the Carle had hild,
Yet held her wiathfull hand from vengeance sore
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
"Is this the faith?" she said, and said no more,
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore

He seeing her depart arose up light, 37
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast, but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures utmost proofe
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speeches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And foist him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine, 38
Yet found no ease of grieve nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case,
And finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens face
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy there he his cabin made

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke 39
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more,
But in that wildeinesse, of men foilow,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight
So on him selfe to wreake his follies owne despright

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet, 40
 He wilfully did cut and shape anew,
 And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
 To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
 He let to grow and grisly to concew,
 Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed,
 That in short time his face they overgrew,
 And over all his shoulders did disped,
 That who he whilome was underneath was to be red

There he continued in this carefull plight, 41
 Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
 Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
 That like a pined ghost he soone appeares
 For other food then that wilde forrest beues,
 Ne other drinke there did he ever tast
 Then running water temptied with his teares,
 The more his weakened body so to wast,
 That out of all mens knowledge he was waine at last.

For on a day, by fortune as it fell, 42
 His owne deare Lord Prince Arthur came that way,
 Seeking adventures where he mote beue tell,
 And, as he through the winding wood did stur,
 Having espide this Cabin far awry,
 He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne,
 Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
 That did resort of sinfull people shonne, [sunne
 Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching

Arriving there he found this wretched man 43
 Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
 And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
 All overgrownen with rude and rugged haire
 That albeit his owne dear Squire he were,
 Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all,
 But like strange wight, whom he had secne no where,
 Saluting him, gan into speach to fill,
 And pittie much his plight, that liv'd like outcast thil

But to his speach he answered no whit, 41
 But stood still mute, as if he had bene dum,
 Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
 As one with griefe and anguise overcum,
 And unto every thing did aunswere mum
 And ever, when the Prince unto him spake,
 He louted lowly, as did him becum,
 And humble homage did unto him make,
 Midst sorow shewing joyous semblance for his sake

At which his uncouth guise and usage quunt 45
 The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
 The cause of that his sorrowfull constant,
 Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse
 Which close apperid in that rude brutishnesse,
 That he whilome some gentle swaine had benee,
 Trund up in ferts of armes and knightlinesse
 Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene
 To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keene

And eke by that he saw on every tree, 46
 How he the name of one engraven had
 Which likly was his liefest love to be,
 From whom he now so soely was bestad,
 Which was by him BELPHEBE rightly rad
 Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist,
 Yet saw he often how he wered glad
 When he it heard, and how the ground he kist
 Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist

Tho, when he long had marked his demerour, 47
 And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
 Ne ought mote make him chunge his wonted tenor,
 Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his prync,
 He left him there in languor to remaine,
 Till time for him should remedy provide,
 And him restore to former grace againe
 Which, for it is too long here to abide,
 I will deferre the end untill another tide

CANTO VIII

*The gentle Squire recovers grace
Sclaunder her guests doth staine
Corfuambo chaseth Placidus,
And is by Arthure slaine*

WELL said the wiseman, now prov'd true by
this 1

Which to this gentle Squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death it selfe more dread and desperate,
For nought the same may calme ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferaunce soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the steine remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infix'd lay

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy, 2
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one steine looke so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he had,
He ever tasted, but with penurce sad
And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad,
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish and
decay

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise 3
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle Dove
To come where he his dolours did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did enmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smut,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part,

Shée sitting by him as on ground he lay, 4
Her mournfull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyl'd, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name
With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could have perist the hearts of Tigris and of Beares

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use 5
Withouten dread of perill to repaire
Unto his wonne, and with her mournfull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and mistaie
And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share,
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long

Upon a day as she him sate beside, 6
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as reliques did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she him did show
Amongst the rest a jewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound

The same he tooke, and with a ribband new, 7
In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his enquierved mind
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Her selfe so deckt, her humble wings displaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind
Which sodaine accident him much dismayd,
And looking after long did markewhich way she straid.

But when as long he looked had in vaine, 8
 Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
 His weary eye returned to him againe,
 Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
 That both his juell he had lost so light,
 And eke his deare companion of his care
 But that sweet bird departing flew forthright,
 Through the wide region of the wastfull mear,
 Untill she came where wonned his Belphoebe faine

There found she her (as then it did betide) 9
 Sitting in covert shade of rubies sweet,
 After late wofull toyle which she had tude
 In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet
 There she alighting fell before her feet,
 And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
 As was her wont, thinking to let her weete
 The great tormenting griefe that for her sake
 Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did perforce

She her beholding with attentive eye, 10
 At length did marke about her purple brest
 That precious juell, which she formerly
 Had knowne right well, with colour dabb'd and drest
 Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
 With ready hand it to have left away,
 But the swift bird obayd not her behest,
 But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay
 She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

And ever when she nigh approacht the Dove 11
 Would sit a litle forward, and then stye
 Till she drew neare, and then againe remove,
 So tempting her still to pursue the play,
 And still from her escaping soft away
 Till that at length into that forrest wide
 She drew her fun, and fell with slow delay
 In th' end she her unto that place did guide,
 Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide

Eftsoones she flew unto his fainelesse hand, 12
And there a piteous ditty new devis'd,
As if she would have made hei understand
His sorrowes cause, to be of hei despis'd
Whom when saw in wretched weedes disguis'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meager face,
Like ghost late risen from his grave gris'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in hei to doe him any grace

He hei beholding at hei feet downe fell, 13
And kist the ground on which hei sole did tread,
And wisht the same with water which did well
From his moist eyes, and like two streames proceed,
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aead
What mister wight he was, or what he ment,
But as one daunted with her presence dierd,
Onely few ruefull lookes unto hei sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent

Yet nathemoie his mourning she aied, 14
But wondred much at his so selcouth case,
And by his persons secret seemlyhed
Well weend that he had beene some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface,
That being mov'd with ruth she thus bespake
"Ah! wofull man, what heavens hard disgrace,
On wiath of cruell wight on thee ywrike,
On selfe disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?"

"If heaven, then none may it redesse or blame, 15
Sith to his powie we all are subject borne
If wiathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and shame
Be thens that have so cruell thee forlorne!
But, if through inward griefe, or wilfull scorne
Of life, it be, then better doe advise
For he whose daies in wilfull woe are woine,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thanklesse ngardise"

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake, 16
His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
And, sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake
“Then, have they all themselves against me bent
For heaven, first author of my languishment,
Envyng my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent
To cloud my daies in doletull misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die

“Ne any but your selfe, O dearest died, 17
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bied
That, when your pleasure is to deeme aight,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light!”
Which soie words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wiath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state

In which he long time afterwards did lead 18
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or envies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who never heard onc word
Of tydings what did unto him betide,
On what good fortune did to him afford,
But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him descrie

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode, 19
He chaunst to come where those two Ladies late,
Æmylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food which in her duiesse she had found,
The other almost dead and desperate [wound
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse
With which the Squire, in her defence, her sore astound

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rewe 20
 The evill case in which those Ladies lay,
 But most was moved at the piteous view
 Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
 That her great daunger did him much dismay
 Eftsoones that pretious liquour forth he drew,
 Which he in store about him kept alway,
 And with few drops thereof did softly dew
 Her wounds, that unto strength restored her soone anew

Tho, when they both recovered were right well, 21
 He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
 Them thither brought, and how their harmes befell
 To whom they told all that did them betide,
 And how from th'aldome vile they were untide,
 Of that same wicked Caine, by Virgins hond,
 Whose bloudie coise they shewed him there beside,
 And eke his cave in which they both were bond
 At which he wondred much when all those signes he
 fond

And evermore he greatly did desire 22
 To know what Virgin did them thence unbond,
 And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
 Where was her won, and how he mote her find
 But, when as nought according to his mind
 He could out-learne, he them from ground did leave,
 No service lothsome to a gentle kind,
 And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
 Himselfe by them on foot to succour them from feare

So when that forrest they had passed well, 23
 A litle cotage fure away they spide,
 To which they drew ere night upon them full,
 And entering in found none therein abide,
 But one old woman sitting there beside
 Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
 With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
 Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
 And there out sucking venime to her puts entyre

A foule and lothly creature sene in sight, 24
 And in conditions to be loth'd no lesse,
 For she was stufft with rancour and despight
 Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
 It forth would brake, and gush in great excesse,
 Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
 Gunst all that truth or vertue doe professe,
 Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall
 And wickedly backbite Her namemen Schlaunder call

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse, 25
 And causelesse crimes continually to fume,
 With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
 And steale away the crowne of their good name
 Ne ever Knight so bold, ne ever Dame
 So chaste and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
 With forged cause them falsely to defame,
 Ne ever thing so well was doen alive, [prive
 But she with blame would blot, and of due praise de-

Her words were not as common words uement, 26
 T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
 But noysome breath, and poysonous spirit sent
 From inward parts, with cankered malice lind,
 And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind
 Which passing through the eares would pierce the
 haire,
 And wound the soule it selfe with griefe unkind,
 For, like the stings of aspes that kill with smart,
 Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the inner
 part

Such was that Hag, unmeet to host such guests, 27
 Whom greatest Princes court would welcome fayne,
 But neede, that answers not to all requests,
 Bad them not looke for better entertayne
 And eke that age despyed nicenesse vaine,
 Enu'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
 Which them to wulike discipline did trayne,
 And manly limbs endur'd with litle care

Then all that evening, welcommed with cold 28
And chearelesse hunger, they together spent,
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queane so base and wilde
To be unjustly blamd, and bitterly revilde

Here, well I weene, when as these times be 29
With misregard, that some rash witted wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light
For thus conversing with this noble Knight,
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure sprie
More hard for hungry steed t'abstaine from pleasant
lure

But antique age, yet in the infancie 30
Of time, did live then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment,
But, void of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it selfe in soveraine awe
Then loyall love had loyall regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lwe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw

The Lyon there did with the Lambe consort, 31
And eke the Dove sit by the Faulcons side,
Ne each of other feared fraud or trait,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten peril of the stronger pride
But when the world wore old, it wore worse old,
(Whereof it hight) and, having shortly tided
The times of wit in wickednesse wore bold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold

Ther beautie, which was made to represent 32
The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight
Then fane grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight,
And that, which wont to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vassall of the-victors might
Then did her glorious flowre wax dead and wan,
Despid and troden downe of all that overran

And now it is so utterly decayd, 33
That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
But if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie Soveraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes staine,
Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed

Tho soone as day discovered heavens face 34
To sinfull men with darknes overlight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselves unto their journey light
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
That them to view had bene an uncouth sight
How all the way the Prince on footpace traced,
The Ladies both on horse, together fast embraced

Soone as they thence departed were afore, 35
That shamefull Hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
Him calling theefe, them whores, that much did vex
His noble hart thereto she did annexe
False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
That those two Ladies much asham'd did wax
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
And sayl'd undray'd, till she had all her poyson spent

At last when they were passed out of sight, 36
 Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbear,
 But after them did banke, and still backbite,
 Though there were none her hatefull words to heare
 Like as a curie doth felly bite and teare
 The stone which passed straunge at him threw
 So she them seeing past the reach of eare,
 Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
 Till she had dild the sting which in her tongs end grew

They passing forth kept on their readie way, 37
 With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
 Both for great feebleesse which did oft assay
 Faine Amoret that scarcely she could ryde,
 And eke through heauie aimes which sore annoyd
 The Pynce on foot, not wonted so to fare,
 Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde.
 And all the way from trotting hard to spaire
 So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care

At length they spide where towards them with speed
 A Squire came gallopping, as he would fie,
 Barring a litle Dwarfie before his steed,
 That all the way full loud for aide did crie.
 That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brassen skie
 Whom after did a mighty man pursue,
 Ryding upon a Diomedare on hie,
 Of stature huge, and horrible of heu,
 That would haue maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames, 39
 More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
 Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
 Full of sad powrie, that poysnous bale did breede
 To all that on him lookt without good heed,
 And secretly his enemies did slay,
 Like as the Basiliske, of serpents seede,
 From powrefull eyes close venom doth conuey
 Into the lookers hart, and killeth faine away

He all the way did rage at that same Squire, 40
 And after him full many threatnings threw,
 'With curses vaine in his vengefull ire,
 But none of them (so fast awy he flew)
 Him overtooke before he came in view
 Where when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
 He cald to him aloud his ease to row,
 And rescue him, through succour of his might,
 From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in sight

Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine
 From loftie steede, and mounting in then stead
 Came to that Squire, yet trembling every vaine,
 Of whom he gan enquire his cause of deade
 Who as he gan the same to him aske,
 Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
 With dreadfull weapon aymed at his heade,
 That unto death had doen him unmediest,
 Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke represt

Who thrusting boldly twist him and the blow, 47
 The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
 Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
 Over his head before the haine came nere
 Nathlesse it fell with so despituous diene
 And heaue sway, that hard unto his crowne
 The shield it drove, and did the covering reue
 Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tumble downe
 Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse sworne

Whereat the Prince full with his strong right hand
 In full avengement heaved up on hie,
 And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
 So sore, that to his saddle bow thereby
 He bowed low, and so a while did lie
 And, sure, had not his massie yron mace
 Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
 It would have cleft him to the guiding place
 Yet as it was it did astonish him long space

But, when he to himselfe returned againe, 41
 All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
 And vow by Mithune that he should be slaine
 • With that his murderous mace he up did reue,
 That seemed nought the souse thereof could beue,
 And therewith smote at him with all his might,
 But, ere that it to him approached neare,
 The royall child with ierdie quick foresight
 Did shun the prooffe thereof, and it avoyded light

But ere his hand he could recure againe 45
 To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
 He smote at him with all his right and maine,
 So furiously that, ere he wist, he found
 His head before him tombling on the ground,
 The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
 And curse his God that did him so confound
 The whiles his life in foorth in bloudie streame,
 His soule descended downe into the Stygian risme

Which when that Squire beheld, he wote full glad 46
 To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine
 But that same dwaffe right sone seem'd und sad,
 And howld aloud to see his Lord there slaine,
 And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine
 Then gan the Pince at leasure to inquire
 Of all the accident there hapned plaine,
 And what he was whose eyes did flame with fire?
 All which was thus to him declared by that Squire

"This mightie man," (quoth he) "whom you have 47
 slaine,
 Of an huge Geauntesse whylome was bried,
 And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
 Of many Nations into thraldome led,
 And mightie kingdomes of his force adied,
 Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
 Ne hostes of men with bunnens brode despied,
 But by the powre of his infectious sight,
 With which he killed all that came within his might

" Ne was he ever vanquished afoie, 48
 But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought,
 Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore,
 Ne woman yet so fane, but he her brought
 Unto his bay, and captived her thought
 For most of strength and beautie his desire
 Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto nought,
 By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
 From his false eyes into their harts and parts entire

" Therefore Cortlambo was he cald aright, 49
 Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie,
 Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
 The faire Pæana, who seemes outwardly
 So faire as ever yet saw living eie,
 And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
 She were as faire as any under skie
 But ah! she given is to vaine delight,
 And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light

" So, as it fell, there was a gentle Squire 50
 That lov'd a Ladie of high parentage,
 But for his meane degree might not aspie
 To match so high, her friends with counsell sage
 Dissuaded her from such a disparage
 But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
 Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
 But, firmly following her first intent, [sent
 Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends con-

" So twixt themselves they pointed time and place 51
 To which when he according did repaue,
 An hard mishap and disaventurous case
 Him chaunst in stead of his Æmyll faire,
 This Gyants sonne, that lies there on the lane
 An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught,
 And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire
 Him wretched thralld unto his dongeon brought,
 Where he remunes, of all unsuccom'd and unsought

"This Gyants daughter came upon a day 52
Unto the prison, in her joyous glee,
To view the thials which there in bondage lay
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
This lovely swaine, the Squire of low degree,
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to be
From day to day she woo'd and pra'd him fast,
And for his love him promised libertie at last

"He, though affide unto a former love, 53
To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that meanes which fortune did unfold,
Her granted love, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get
Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,
Fearing least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leave, and former love forget

"Yet so much favour she to him hath hight 54
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place,
Which keeper is this Dwarfie her dearing base,
To whom the keyes of every prison do
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And whom he list reserve to be afflicted more

"Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare, 55
Full mly sore, for the fervent zeale
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thither went where I did long conceale
My selfe, till that the Dwarfie did me reveale,
And told his Dame her Squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale,
For me he did mistake that Squire to be,
For never two so like did living creature see

“ The morrow next, about the wonted howie, 59
The Dwarfes cald at the doore of Amyas
To come forthwith unto his Ladies bowie
In steed of whom forth came I, Placidus,
And undiscerned forth with him did pas
There with great joyance and with gladsome glee
Of faire Pæana I receivèd was,
And oft imbiast, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love to mee.

"Which I, that was not bent to former love 60
 As was my friend that had her long refus'd,
 Did well accept, as well it did behove,
 And to the present neede it wisely usd
 My former hardnesse first I faire excusd,
 And after promist large amends to make
 With such smooth termes her error I abusd
 To my friends good more then for mine owne sake,
 For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake

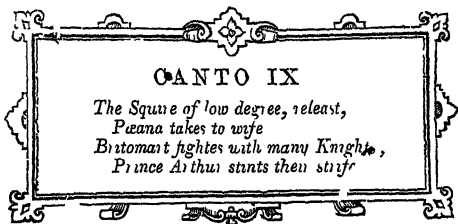
"Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand, 61
 That to her Dwarfie, which had me in his charge,
 She bad to lighten my too heaue band,
 And graunt more scope to me to walke at large
 So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
 Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,
 Finding no meanes how I might us enlaige,
 But if that Dwarfie I could with me conuay,
 I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore away

"Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry 62
 The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
 And me pursuew'd, but nathemore would I
 Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
 But have perforce him hether brought away"
 Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
 Those Ladies two, yet doubtfull through dismay,
 In presence came, desirous t' understand
 Tydings of all which ther e had hapned on the land

Where soone as sad *Æmylia* did espie 63
 Her captive lovers friend, young *Placidus*,
 All mindlesse of her wonted modestie
 She to him ran, and him with straight embrias
 Enfolding, said, "And lives yet *Amyas*?"
 "He lives," (quoth he) "and his *Æmylia* loves"
 "Then lesse," (said she) "by all the woe I pas,
 With which my weaker patience fortune proves
 But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe removes?"

Then gan he all this storie to renew, 64
And tell the course of his captivitie,
That her deare hart full deeply made to rewe,
And sigh full sore to heare the miserie
In which so long he mercilesse did lie
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the Prince of remedie,
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his event.





HART is the doubt, and difficult to deeme, 1
 When all three kinds of love together meet
 And doe dispart the hart with powre extieme,
 Whether shall weigh the balance downe, to weete,
 The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
 Or raging fire of love to womankind,
 Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet
 But of them all the band of vertues mind,
 Me seemes, the gentle hart should most assured bind

For naturall affection soone doth cesse, 2
 And quenched is with Cupids greater flame,
 But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,
 And them with mystring discipline doth tame,
 Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame
 For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
 And all the service of the bodie passe,
 So love of soule doth love of bodie passe, [brasse
 No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the mearest

All which who list by tryall to assay 3
 Shall in this storie find approved plaine,
 In which these Squires true friendship more did way
 Then either care of parents could refraine,
 Or love of furest Ladie could constraine,
 For though Pæana were as faire as morne,
 Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdain
 For his friends sake her offred favours scorne,
 And she her selfe her syre of whom she was yborne

Now, after that Prince Arthur graunted had 4
 To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
 Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,
 He gan advise how best he mote darraigne
 That enterprize for greatest glories gaine
 That headlesse tyrants tioneke he read from ground,
 And, having ympt the head to it againe,
 Upon his usall beast it firmly bound,
 And made it so to ride as it alive was found

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd 5
 Before the ryder, as he captive weie,
 And made his Dwarf, though with unwilling ayd,
 To guide the beast that did his maister beare,
 Till to his castle they approched neare,
 Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
 Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare
 He, running downe, the gate to him unbar'd,
 Whom straight the Prince ensuing in together fard

There did he find in her delitious bome 6
 The fure Pæan playing on a Rote
 Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
 And singing all her sorrow to the note,
 As she had leuned readily by rote,
 That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight
 The Prince halfe rapt began on her to dote,
 Till better him bethinking of the right,
 He her unwarrely attacht, and captive held by might

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived 7
 Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for aide,
 But when of him no aunswere she received,
 But saw him sencelesse by the Squire upstaide,
 She weened well that then she was betraide
 Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and wale,
 And that same Squire of treason to upbraide,
 But all in vaine her plants might not prevaile,
 Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile

Then tooke he that same Dwaife, and him compeld 8
 To open unto him the prison doie,
 And forth to bring those thials which there he held
 Thence forth were brought to him above a score
 Of Knights and Squens to him unknowne afore
 All which he did from bitter bondage free,
 And unto former liberty restore
 Amongst the rest that Squire of loy degree
 Came forth full weake and wan, not like him selfe to bee

Whom soone as faine Æmyll beheld 9
 And Placidus, they both unto him ran,
 And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
 Striving to comfort him all that they can,
 And kissing oft his visage pale and wan
 That faine Pæna, them beholding both,
 Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban,
 Through jealous passion weeping mly wioth,
 To see the sight perforce that both her eyes were loth

But when awhile they had together beene, 10
 And diversly conferred of their case,
 She, though full oft she both of them had scene
 Asunder, yet not euer in one place,
 Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
 Which was the captive Squire she lov'd so deue,
 Deceived through great likenesse of their face
 For they so like in person did appeare,
 That she uncath discerned whether whether were

And eke the Prince, when as he them wized, 11
 Then like resemblance much admired there,
 And mar'd how nature had so well disguised
 Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so nere,
 As if that by one patterne, seene somewhere,
 She had them made a paire gone to be,
 Or whether it through skill or error were
 Thus gazing long at them much wondred he,
 So did the other knights and Squens which him did see

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle strong, 12
 In which he found great store of hoorded treasure,
 The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
 And tortious powie, without respect or measure
 Upon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
 And afterwards continu'd there a while
 To rest ~~him~~ selfe, and solace in soft pleasure
 Those wearier Ladies after weary toile,
 To whom he did divide part of his purchast spoile

And, for more joy, that captive Lady faue, 13
 The faire Pæana, he enlarged free,
 And by the rest did set in sumptuous chane
 To feast and frolicke nathemore would she
 Shew gladsome countenaunce nor pleasaunt glee,
 But grieved was for losse both of her sue,
 And eke of Lordship with both land and fee,
 But most she touched was with griefe entire
 For losse of her new love, the hope of her desire

But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace, 14
 To better termes of myldnesse did entreat
 From that fowle rudenesse which did her deface,
 And that same bitter corsive, which did eat
 Her tender heart and made refraime from meat,
 He with good thewes and speaches well applyde
 Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat
 For though she were most faue, and goodly dyde,
 Yet she it all did maie with cruelty and pride

And, for to shut up all in friendly love, 15
 Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,
 That trusty Squire he wisely well did move
 Not to despise that dame which lov'd him liefе,
 Till he had made of her some better prife,
 But to accept her to his wedded wife
 Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
 Of all her land and lordship during life
 He yeilded, and her tooke, so stinted ill their strife

From that day forth in peace and joyous blis 6,
 They liv'd together long without debate,
 Ne private jaile, ne spite of enemies,
 Could shake the safe assurance of their state
 And she, whom Nature did so faire create
 That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
 Yet with lewd loves, and lust intemperate
 Had it defaste, thenceforth reformed her wiles,
 That all men much admyrde her change, and praise
 her praise

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde 17
 These paires of friends in peace and settled rest,
 Him selfe, whose minde did travell, as with childe,
 Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
 Resolved to pursue his former quest,
 And, taking leave of all, with him did beare
 Faire Amoret, whom Fortune by bequest
 Had left in his protection while hee,
 Exchanged out of one into another feere

Feare of her safety did her not constraine, 18
 For well she wist now in a mighty hond
 Her person, late in perill, did remune,
 Who able was all drunges to withstond
 But now in feere of shame she more did stond,
 Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,
 Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond,
 Whose will her weakenesse could no way repies,
 In case his burning lust should breake into excesse

But cause of feare, sure, had she none at all 19
 Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
 The course of loose affection to foistall,
 And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons loie,
 That all the while he by his side her bore,
 She was as safe as in a Sanctuary
 Thus many moles they two together wore,
 To seeke then loves dispersed diversly,
 Yet neither shewed to other then hearts privy

At length they came whereas a troupe of Knights 20
 They saw together skirmishing, as seemed.
 Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
 But foure of them the battell best beseemed,
 That which of them was best mote not be deemed
 These foure were they from whom false Florimel
 By Biaggadocchio lately was redeemed,
 To weet, sterne Diuon, and lewd Claribell,
 Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell

Druons delight was all in single life, 21
 And unto Ladies love would lend no leasure
 The more was Claribell enured
 With fervent flames, and loved out of measure
 So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
 Would change his liking, and new Lemans prove,
 But Paridell of love did make no treasure,
 But lusted after all that him did move
 So diversly these foure disposed were to love

But those two other, which beside them stode, 22
 Were Butomart and gentle Scudamour,
 Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
 And wondred at their impacable stoupe,
 Whose like they never saw till that same houre
 So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
 And laid on load with all their might and powre,
 As if that every dint the ghost would rive
 Out of their wretched coises, and their lives deprive

As when Din Æolus, in great displeasure 23
 For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,
 Sends forth the winds out of his hidden treasure
 Upon the sea to wreake his fell intent,
 They breaking forth with rude unwilliment
 From all foure parts of heaven doe rage full soie,
 And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
 And all the world confound with wide uproie,
 As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore

Cause of then discord and so fell debate 24
 Was for the love of that same snowy maid
 Whome they had lost in Turneyment of late,
 And, seeking long, to weet which way she straid,
 Met here together, where, through lewd upbriude
 Of Ate and Duessa, they fell out,
 And each one taking part in others strife
 This cruell conflict raised thierabout
 Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour 25
 The better had, and bet the others backe,
 Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
 And on their foes did waite full cruell wracke
 Yet neither would then friendlike fury slacke,
 But evermore then malice did augment,
 Till that uneth they forced were, for lacke
 Of breath, then rynging rigour to relent,
 And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent

Then gan they change their sides, and new parts take,
 For Paridell did take to Diuons side,
 For old despight which now forth newly brake
 Gaunst Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide,
 And Blandamour to Clauibell relide
 So all afresh gan former fight renew
 As when two Bikes, this caryed with the tide,
 That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
 If wind and tide doe change then courses change new

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fue, 27
 As if but then the battell had begonne,
 Ne helmets bryght ne hawberks strong did spue,
 That through the clifts they emell bloud out sponne,
 And all adowne their riuen sides did ronne
 Such mortall malice wonder was to see
 In friends profest, and so great outrage donne,
 But sooth is said, and true in each degree,
 Faint friends when they fall out most cruell fomen bee

Thus they long while continued in fight, 28
 Till Scudamour and that same Briton maide
 By fortune in that place did chance to light
 Whom soone as they with wiathfull eie bewiaide,
 They gan remember of the fowle upbriade,
 The which that Britonesse had to them donne
 In that late Turney for the snowy maide,
 Where she had them both shamefully foidonne,
 And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne

Eftsoones all burning with a fiesh desire 29
 Of fell revenge, in then malicious mood
 They from them selves gan turne then furious ire
 And cuell blades, yet steeming with whot bloud,
 Against those two let drive, as they were wood
 Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
 Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood,
 Ne yeelded foote, ne once backe did flit,
 But being doubly smitten likewise doubly smit

The warlike Dame was on her part assault 30
 Of Clambell and Blandamour attone,
 And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
 At Scudamour, both his professed fone
 Foure charged two, and two sucharged one,
 Yet did those two them selves so bravely beare,
 That th' other litle gained by the lone,
 But with their owne repayed duely wene,
 And usury withall such gaine was gotten deare

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay 31
 To speake to them, and some emparlance move,
 But they for nought their cuell hands would stay,
 Ne lend an eare to ought that might behove
 As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
 The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
 No words may rite, nor rigour him remove
 From greedy hold of that his bloudy feast
 So, litle did they hearken to her sweet beheast

Whom when the Briton Prince afarre beheld 32
 With ods of so unequal match oppress,
 His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
 And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest
 Eftsoones him selfe he to then aide addrest,
 And thrusting fience into the thickest peace
 Divided them, how ever loth to rest,
 And would them faine from battell ~~to~~ successe,
 With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace

But they so faine from peace or patience were, 33
 That all at once at him gan fiercely fie,
 And lay on bad, as they him downe would beare
 Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
 Long here and there and round about doth stie,
 At length breaks downe in one, and haile, and sleet,
 First from one coast, till nought thereof be drete,
 And then another, till that likewise fleet,
 And so from side to side till all the world it weete

But now then forces greatly were decayd, 34
 The Prince yet being fresh untoucht afore
 Who them with speeches milde gan first dissuade
 From such foule outrage, and them long forboare
 Till seeing them through suffiance hartned more,
 Him selfe he bent then furies to abate,
 And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,
 That shortly them compelled to retrate,
 And being brought in daunger to relent too late

But now his courage being thoroughly fired, 35
 He ment to make them know then folles prise,
 Had not those two him instantly desied
 To assuage his wrath, and pardon then mesprise
 At whose request he gan him selfe advise
 To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
 In milder teames, as list them to devise,
 Mongst which the cause of then so cruell heat
 He did them aske, who ill that passed gan repeat

And told at large how that same errant Knight, 36
 To weet fane Britomart, them late had foyled
 In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
 Both of then publicke praise had them despoyled,
 And also of then private loves beguyled,
 Of two full hard to read the harder theft
 But she t. at wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
 And shew'd, that she had not that Lady left,
 (As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied 37
 " Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame
 To rip up wrong that battell once hath tied,
 Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shame,
 And eke the love of Ladies foule defame,
 To whom the world this franchise ever yeelded,
 That of then loves choise they might freedom claime,
 And in that right should by all knights be shielded
 Gainst which, me seemes, this war ye wrongfully have
 wielded "

" And yet " (quoth she) " I greater wrong remunes 38
 For I thereby my former love have lost,
 Whom seeking ever since with endlesse paines
 Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost
 Aye me, to see that gentle mude so tost !"
 But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus saide,
 " Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow most,
 Whose right she is, where ever she be straid,
 Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide

" For from the first that her I love profest, 39
 Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
 I never joyed happinesse nor rest,
 But thus turmoild from one to other stowie
 I wast my life, and doe my daies devowie
 In wretched anguise and incessant woe,
 Passing the measure of my feeble powie,
 That living thus a wretch, and loving so,
 I neither can my love ne yet my life forgoe "

Then good Sir Cluibel him thus bespake 40
" Now were it not, sir Scudamou, to you
Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew,
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure which ye did assay,
For that faire Ladies love past perils well apay "

So gan the rest him likewise to requere, 41
But Britomart did him importune hard
To take on him that paine whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them declar'd,
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell



CANTO X.

*Scenda now doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret
Great Venus Temple is describ'd,
And lovers life forth set*

“**T**HU RUE he it said, what ever man it sayd, 1
That love with gall and hony doth abound,
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound
That I too true by triall have approved,
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was lunct, and learned to have loved,
I never joyed howe, but still with care was moved

“And yet such grace is given them from above, 2
That all the cares and evill which they meet
May nought at all then settled mindes remove,
But seeme, gainst common sence, to them most sweet,
As bosting in their martyrdome unmeet
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as nought, and tread downe under feet,
Since of my love at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured

“Long were to tell the travell and long toile 3
Through which this shield of love I late have wonne,
And purchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne
But since ye so desire, you will be donne
Then hearke, ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
My hard mishaps that y^e may learne to shonne,
For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee

"What time the fame of this renowned prize 4
Flew first abroad, and all mens cares possest,
I, having aimes then taken, gan advise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best
I boldly thought, (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this same brave emprise for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot, sith all by lot we hold

"So on that hard adventure forth I went, 5
And to the place of perill shortly came
That was a temple faire and aunient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And faire renowned, through exceeding fame,
Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pavement were with ivory spilt

"And it was seated in an Island strong, 6
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote have accesse, nor inward fare
But by one way that passage did prepare
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wise
With curious Carbes and pendants graven faire,
And arched all with porches did arise
On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke guise

"And for defence thereof on th' other end 7
There reared was a castle faire and strong,
That waded all which in or out did wend,
And flank'd both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong,
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights,
All twenty tride in waies experience long,
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient rights

“Before that Castile was an open plaine, 8
 And in the midst thereof a pillar placed,
 On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
 The shield of Love, whose guerdon me hath graced,
 Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced
 And in the marble stone was written this,
 With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
Blessed the man that well can use his blis
Whose ever be the shield, for Amoret be his

“Which when I read, my heart did only earene, 9
 And pant with hope of that adventures hap,
 Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
 But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
 That all the castle ringed with the clasp
 Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to prooffe,
 And bravely mounted to his most mishap,
 Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
 Ran fierce at me that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe

“Whom boldly I encountred (as I could) 10
 And by good fortune shortly him unseated
 Eftsoones outsprung two more of equall mould,
 But I them both with equall hup defeated
 So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
 And left them gironing there upon the plaine
 Then, piercing to the pillow, I repeated
 The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
 And taking downe the shield with me did it retaine

“So forth without impediment I past, 11
 Till to the Bridges utter gate I came,
 The which I found sure lockt and chained fast
 I knockt, but no man answered me by name,
 I cald, but no man answered to my clame
 Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call,
 Till at the last I spide within the same
 Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
 To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

"That was to weet the Porter of the place, 12
 Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent
 His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
 Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent,
 Therein resembling I nus auncient
 Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare
 And evermore his eyes about him went,
 As if some proved perill he did feare,
 On did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not appeare

"On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay, 13
 Behinde the gate, that none her might espy,
 Whose manner was all passengers to stey
 And entertaine with her occasions sly
 Through which some lost gient hope unheedily,
 Which never they recover might againe,
 And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
 Long languishing there in unpittied prime,
 And seeking often entrance afterwards in vaine

' Me when as he had privily espide 14
 Bearing the shield which I had conquered late,
 He kend it straight, and to me opened wide
 So in I past, and straight he closed the gate
 But being in, Delay in close awrote,
 Cought hold on me, and thought my steps to stey,
 Feigning full many a fond excuse to pite,
 And time to steale, the treasure of mans day,
 Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may

"But by no means my way I would forslow 15
 For ought that ever she could doe or say,
 But from my lotty steede dismounting low
 Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
 The goodly wokes, and stones of rich assay,
 Cast into sundry shipes by wondrous skill,
 That like on earth no where I recken may,
 And underneath, the river rolling still [will
 With murmur soft, that seem'd to scree the workmans

‘ Thence forth I passed to the second gate, 16
The Gate of good desert, whose goodly porch
And costly frame were long here to relate
The same to all stode alwaies open wide,
But in the Porch did evermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entrance with his spacious stride,
And with the terror of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would

“ His name was Daunger, dreaded over all, 17
Who day and night did watch and duely ward
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall
And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes fane adward
For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from fanest hope withouten further triall

“ Yet many doughty warriours, often tyme 18
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the steernesesse of his looke abide,
But, soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feeble their corage cold
Againe, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kyes

“ But I, though meanest man of many moe, 19
Yet much disdainung unto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
Resolv’d him to assault with manhood stout,
And either beat him in, or drive him out
Eftsoones, advauncing that enchaunted shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about
Which when he saw, the glaive which he did wield
He gan forthwith t’avale, and way unto me yield

“ So, as I entred, I did backward looke, 20
For feare of harme that might be hidden there,
And loe! his hind parts, whereof heed I tooke,
Much more deformed, fearefull ugly were,
Then all his former parts did carst appere
For hatred, murther, treason, and despite,
With many more lay in ambushment there,
Awayting to entrap the warelesse knight
Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight

“ Thus having past all perill, I was come 21
Within the compasse of that Islands space,
The which did seeme, unto my simple doome,
The onely pleasant and delightfull place
That ever troden was of footings trace
For all that nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
Was there, and all that nature did omit,
At, playing second natures part, supplied it

“ No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes, 22
From lowest Juniper to Cedar tall,
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please it selfe withall,
Nor hart could wish for any quaint device
But there it present was, and did finle sense entire

“ In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure, 23
It seem'd a second paradise to ghesse,
So lavishly enricht with Natures treasure,
That if the happie soules which doe possesse
Th' Elysian fields and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soone would loath then lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
That in this joyous place they mote have joyance free

" Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray , 24
 Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season'd dew ,
 Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play ,
 Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew ,
 High reared mounts, the lands about to vew ,
 Low looking dales, disloignd from common gaze ,
 Delightfull bowies, to solace lovers trew ,
 False Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze ,
 All which by nature made did nature selfe amaze

' And all without were walkes and alleyes dight 25
 With divers trees enring'd in even rankes ,
 And here and there were pleasant arbors pight ,
 And shadie seates, and sundry flowing bankes ,
 To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes -
 And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt ,
 Praysing then god, and yeelding him great thanks ,
 Ne ever ought but of then true loves talkt ,
 Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt

" All these together by themselves did sport 26
 Then spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves content
 But, true wy from these, another sort
 Of lovers lunked in true huts consent ,
 Which loved not as these for like intent ,
 But on chaste vertue grounded then desire ,
 Faire from all fraud or fained blandishment ,
 Which, in then spirits kindling zealous fire ,
 Brave thoughts and noble deedes did ever more aspire

" Such were great Hercules and Hyllus deare , 27
 Thew Jonathan and David trustie tyde ,
 Stout Theseus and Pirithous his feare ,
 Pylades and Orestes by his syde ,
 Myld Titus and Gesippus without pryde ,
 Damon and Pythias, whom death could not sever
 All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
 In bands of friendship, there did live for ever ,
 Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed never

" Which when as I, that neuer tasted blis 28
Not hippic howie, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heaven then this,
And gan then endlesse happinesse envye,
That being free from teare and gealosye
Might frankely there their loves desir possesse,
Whilst I, through paines and perillous jeopardie,
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare pationnesse
Much deare be the things which come through hard
distresse

" Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw, 29
Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
Unto that purpo'd place I did me draw,
Where as my love was lodged day and night,
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The Queene of beantie, and of love the mother,
• There worshipped of every living wight,
• Whose goodly workmanship faie past all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set together

" Not that same famous Temple of Diane, 30
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversea,
And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds seven wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree
Not that which that wise King of Iunie famed
With endlesse cost to be th' Almightyes see,
Not all, that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed

" I, much admyring that so goodly frame, 31
Unto the porch approcht, which open stood,
But therein safe an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood
Strange was her tyie, for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone, and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that might full low adowne

" On either side of her two young men stood, 32
 Both strongly aim'd, as fearing one another,
 Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
 Begotten by two fathers of onē mother,
 Though of contrarie natures each to other
 The one of them hight Love, the other Hate,
 Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother
 Yet was the younger stronger in his state
 Then th' elder, and him maystaid still in all debate

' Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred both, 33
 That she them forced hand to joyne in hand,
 Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
 And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
 Unwilling to behold that lovely band
 Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
 That her commaundment he could not withstand,
 But bit his lip for felonous despight,
 And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight

" Concord she cleeped was in common need, 34
 Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship tiew,
 They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
 And she her selfe likewise divinely grew,
 The which right well her workes divine did shew
 For strength and wealth and happinesse she lends,
 And strife and waie and anger does subdew,
 Of litle much, of foes she maketh fiends,
 And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends

" By her the heaven is in his course contained, 35
 And all the world in state unmoved stands,
 As then Almighty maker first ordained,
 And bound them with inviolable bands,
 Else would the waters overflow the lands,
 And fire devoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
 But that she holds them with her blessed hands
 She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
 And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right

“ By her I entring half dismayed was , 36
But she in gentle wise me enter tained,
And twixt her selfe and Love did let me pass,
But Hated would my entrance have restrayned,
And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speech
Him from his wicked will unneath refreined ,
And th’ other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach

" Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
 Which fuming all with frankensence I found
 And odours rising from the altars flame
 Upon an hundred marble pillos round
 The roof up high was reared from the ground, [gay,
 All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and guldens
 And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
 The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay,
 And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh
 as May

An hundred Altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the Temple sweet,
Which could in clouds to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers vowes entire
And eke an hundred brasen cauldrons bright,
To bath in joy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damzell hight,
For all the Priests were damzels in soft linnen dight

“ Right in the midst the Goddess selfe did stand 39
Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was uneath to understand
For neither pretious stone, nor dmeffull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor moulding clay it was,
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse,
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
But, being faue and brickle, likest glasse did seeme

"But it in shape and beautie did excell 40
 All other Idoles which the heathen adore,
 Faerie passing that, which by surpassing skill
 Phidias did make in Paphos Isle of yore,
 With which that wretched Greeke, that life foilore,
 Did fall in love yet this much faerie shined,
 But covered with a slender veile afore,
 And both her feete and legs together twyned
 Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast
 combyned

"The cause why she was covered with a veile 41
 Was hard to know, for that her Priests the same
 From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale
 But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
 Nor any blemish which the worke mote blaine,
 But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,
 Both male and female, both under one name
 She sye and mother is her selfe alone,
 Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none

"And all about her necke and shoulders flew 42
 A flocke of litle loves, and sports, and joyes,
 With numble wings of gold and purple hew,
 Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
 But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes,
 The whilest then eldest brother was away,
 Cupid then eldest brother he enjoys
 The wide kingdome of love with Lordly sway,
 And to his law compels all creatures to obey

"And all about her altai scattered lay 43
 Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
 Some of their losse, some of then loves delay,
 Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
 Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fynyng,
 As every one had cause of good or ill [strayning
 Amongst the rest some one, through Loves con-
 Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
 But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill

" 'Great Venus,' Queene of beutie and of giace, 44
 'The joy of Gods and men, that under skie
 'Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,
 'That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
 'The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie
 'Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
 'And, when thou spiedst thy mantle forth on lie,
 'The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
 'And heavens laugh, and al the world shews joyous
 cheare

" 'Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee 45
 'Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowies,
 'And then all living wights, soone as they see
 'The spring brake forth out of his lusty bowies,
 'They all doe learne to ply the Parnouris
 'First doe the merry buds, the pretty pige,
 'Privily picked with thy lustfull powies,
 'Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
 'And thee their mother call to coole them kindly rages

" 'Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play 46
 'Then pleasant fiskes, and loath then wonted food
 'The Lyons rore, the Tygres loudly bay,
 'The raging Bulls rebellow through the wood,
 'And breaking forth doe tempt the deepest flood,
 'To come where thou doest draw them with desire
 'So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
 'Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
 'In generation seeke to quench their inward fire

" 'So all the world by thee at first was made, 47
 'And dayly yet thou doest the same repayie,
 'Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
 'Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre,
 'But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare
 'Thou art the root of all that joyous is
 'Great God of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
 'Mother of laughter, and wel spring of blisse,
 'O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse'

“ So did he say, but I with murmure soft, 48
 That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
 Yet inly groming deepe and sighing oft,
 Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
 And to my wound her gracious help impart
 Whiles thus I spake, behold ' with happy eye
 I spyde where at the Idoles feet apart
 A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
 Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung on hye

“ The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares 49
 And graver countenance then all the rest,
 Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
 Yet unto her obeyed all the best
 Her name was Womanhood, that she expres
 By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse,
 For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
 Ne lov'd it randon, after gazers guyse,
 Whose luring baytes oftymes doe heedlesse harts entyse

“ And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse, 50
 Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare
 Ne ever once did looke up from her desce,
 As if some blame of evill she did feare,
 That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare
 And her against sweet Cherefulness was placed,
 Whose eyes, like twinkling sturs in evening cleare,
 Were deckt with smyles that all sad humours chased,
 And darted forth delights the which her goodly graced

“ And next to her sate sober Modestie, 51
 Holding her hand upon her gentle hart,
 And her against sate comely Curtesie,
 That unto every person knew her part,
 And her before was seated overthwart
 Soft Silence, and submis~~se~~ Obedience,
 Both linckt together never to dispart,
 Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence,
 Both girlonds of his Saints against then foes offence

"Thus sate they all around in seemely rate 52
 And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
 Even in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
 The which was all in lilly white arrayd,
 With silver streames amongst the linnen stay'd,
 Like to the Moine, when first her shyning face
 Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd
 That same was fairest Amoret in place, [glace
 Shyning with beauties light and heavenly vertues

"Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb 53
 And wade in doubt what best were to be donne,
 For sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob,
 And folly seem'd to leave the thing undonne
 Which with so strong attempt I had begonne,
 Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
 Which Ladies love, I heard, had never wound
 Amongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
 And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare

"Threat that for most matrone me did blame, 54
 And shapen rebuke for being over bold,
 Saying, it was to Knight unseemely shame
 Upon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
 That unto Venus services was sold
 To whom I thus 'Nay, but it fitteth best
 For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold,
 For all your goddesse services are diest
 By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest'

"With that my shield I forth to her did show, 55
 Which all that while I closely had conceald,
 On which when Cupid, with his killing bow
 And cruell shafts, emblazond she beheld,
 At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
 And said no more but I, which all that while
 The pledge of faith, her hand, engaged held,
 Like waile hynd within the weedie soyle,
 For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle

“And evermore upon the Goddesses face 56
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence,
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh at me, and favour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence,
And nought for nicenesse nor for envy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonisht staving,
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them dailing

“She often prayd, and often me besought, 57
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles, but yet, for nought
That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freeome from me wooe
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe,
But that same Ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retreat

“No lesse did Daunger threaten me with deail, 58
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powie,
That glorious spoyle of beutie with me lead,
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His Leman from the Stygian Princes bower
But evermore my shield did me defend
Against the storme of every deathfull stone
Thus safely with my Love I thence did wend”
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

CANTO XI

*Marinell's former wound is heald,
he comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
and feasts the Sea-gods all*

BUT ah for pittie! that I have thus long
Left a fayre Ladie languishing in payne
Now well away! that I have doen such
wiong,

To let faue Floimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes chayne,
From which, unlesse some heavenly powie her free
By miracle, not yet appearing plyne,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee,
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee

Here neede you to remember, how awhile
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That Virgins love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chrynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw
For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke,
Did neede to gaid from force, or secret theft
Of all her lovers which would her have left
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and rold
As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft,
Besides, ten thousand monsters foule, abhor'd,
Did waite about it, gaping, guesly, all begor'd

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell, 4
 And darkenesse diedd that never viewed day,
 Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
 In which old Styx her aged bones alway,
 Old Styx the Grandame of the Gods, doth lay
 There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abyle,
 Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray,
 Ne ever from the day the night descide,
 But thought it all one night that did no houres divide

And all this was for love of Marinell, 5
 Who her despysd (ah' who would her despyse?)
 And wemens love did from his hart expell,
 And all those joyes that weake mankind entyse
 Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse,
 For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
 That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
 Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
 Which Britomart him gave, when he did her provoke

Yet faime and neare the Nymph his mother sought, 6
 And many salves did to his sore applic,
 And many herbes did use But when as nought,
 She saw, could ease his rankling maladie,
 At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
 (This Tryphon is the seagods surgeon hight,)
 Whom she besought to find some remedie,
 And for his paines a whistle him behight,
 That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight

So well that Leach did heake to her request, 7
 And did so well employ his carefull paine,
 That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
 And him restor'd to healthfull state againe
 In which he long time after did remaine
 There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall,
 Who sore against his will did him retaine,
 For feare of perill which to him mote fall
 Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over all

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there 8
 To all the Ser-gods and then fruitfull seede,
 In honour of the spousalls which then were
 Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed
 Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
 Before that day her wooed to his bed,
 But the proud Nymph would for no worldly meed,
 Nor no enteeatie, to his love be led,
 Till now, at last relenting, she to him was wed

So both agreed that this then bridale feast 9
 Should for the Gods in Proteus house be made,
 To which they all repay'd, both most and least,
 Aswell which in the mightie Ocean trade,
 As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade
 All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
 And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
 And endlesse memoire that mote excell,
 In order as they come could I recount them well

Helpe, therefore, O! thou sacred imp of Jove, 10
 The noursling of Dime Memoire his deare,
 To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
 And records of antiquitie appeare,
 To which no wit of man may comen neare,
 Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods
 And all those Nymphes, which then assembled were
 To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
 And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes

First came great Neptune, with his threeforkt mace,
 That rules the Seas and makes them rise or fall,
 His dewy lockes did drop with bime apace
 Under his Diademe imperiall
 And by his side his Queene with coronall,
 Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faue,
 Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
 As with a robe, with her owne silver haire, [pure
 And deckt with perles which th' Indian seas for her pre-

These marched farr before the other crew 12
 And all the way before them, as they went,
 Triton his trumpet shrill before them blew,
 For goodly triumph and giest jollyment,
 That made the rockes to roare as they were rent
 And after them the royall issue came,
 Which of them sprung by lineall descent
 First the Sea-gods, which to themselves doe clame
 The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame

Phorcy, the father of that fatall brood, 13
 By whom those old Heroes wonne such fume,
 And Glaucus, that wise outhsyes understood,
 And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became
 A God of se is through his mad mothers blume,
 Now hight Palemon, and is saylers friend,
 Great Brontes, and Astræus, that did shume
 Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend,
 And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend,

The rich Cteatus, and Eurytus long, 14
 Neleus and Pelrus, lovely brethren both,
 Mightie Chrysior, and Carcas strong,
 Euryulus, that calmes the waters wroth,
 And fine Euphœmus, that upon them goth
 As on the ground, without dismay or dread,
 Fierce Elyx, and Alebius, that know'th
 The waters depth, and doth then bottome tread,
 And sad Asopus, comely with his hoarie head

There also some most famous founders were 15
 Of puissant Nations which the world possist,
 Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here
 Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest,
 And Inachus renownd above the rest,
 Phœnix, and Aon, and Pelusius old,
~~And~~ Belus, Phœax, and Agenor be t
 And mightie Albion, father of the bold
 And warlike people which the Britaine Islands hold

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was, 16.
 Who, for the prooue of his great puissance,
 Out of his Albion, did on dry-foot pas
 Into old Gall, that now is cleeped France,
 To fight with Hercules, that did aduance
 To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might,
 And there his mortall part by great mischance
 Was slaine, but that which is th' immortall spaight
 Lives still, and to this feast with Neptunes seed w is sight

But what doe I then names seeke to reherse, 17
 Which all the world haue with their issue hild?
 How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
 Let them record them that are better skild,
 And know the monuments of passed age
 Onely what needeth shall be here fulfilled,
 If I expresse some part of that great equipage
 Which from great Neptunc do deriue their parentage

Next came the aged Ocean and his Dame 18
 Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest,
 For all the rest of those two parents came,
 Which afterward both sea and land possest,
 Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
 Did first proceed, then which none more upright,
 Ne more sincere in word and deed protest,
 Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despright,
 Dong him selte, and teaching others to doe right

There to he was expert in prophesies, 19
 And could the liddens of the gods unfold, [prise,
 Through which, when Paris brought his famous
 The faine Trind and lasse, he him forth told
 That hee ill hieece with many a champion bold
 Should fetch agone, and finally destroy
 Proud Prius towne So wise is Nereus old,
 And so well skild, notlesse he takes great joy
 Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphs to sport and
 toy

And after him the famous rivers came, 20

Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie .

The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame ,

Long Rhodanus, whose source springs from the skie ,

Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie ,

Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood

Of Greeks and Trojans which therein did die ,

Pactolus glistening with his golden flood , [stood ,
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may bewith-

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates, 21

Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate ,

Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phæides ,

Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate ,

Oriaxes, feared for great Cyrius fate ,

Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame ,

Rich Oranochy, though but knowne late ,

And that huge River, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which doe possesse the same

Joy on those warlike women, which so long 22

Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold !

And shame on you, O men ! which boast your strong

And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,

Yet quale in conquest of that land of gold

But this to you, O Britons ! most pertaines,

To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold,

The which, for sparing litle cost or paines,

Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse games

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound 23

Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue

Before the spouse that was Arion crownd ,

Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew

The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew ,

That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore

Through the Agæan seas from Pirates view,

Stood still by him astonisht at his lore

And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore

So went he playing on the watery plaine 24
 Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome came,
 The noble Thames, with all his goodly traine,
 But him before there went, as best became,
 His aunient parents, namely th' aunient Thame
 But much more aged was his wife then he,
 The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name
 Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee, [see
 And almost blind througheld, that scarce her way could

Therefore on either side she was sustained 25
 Of two small grooms, which by their names were hight
 The Chumeane and Chawell, two small steames, which
 Them selves her footing to direct aright, [pained
 Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight
 But Thame was stronger and of better stay,
 Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
 With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
 Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe alway

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afooe 26
 With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
 And aunient heavy burden which he bore
 Of that faire City, wherein make abode
 So many learned mpes, that shoote abroad,
 And with their braunches spred all But any,
 No lesse than do her elder sisters broode
 Joy to you both, ye double noursey
 Of Aits' but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most glory

But he then sonne full flesh and jolly was, 27
 All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
 On which the waves, glittering like Christall glas,
 So cunningly enwoven were, that few
 Could weenen whether they were false or true
 And on his head like to a Coronet
 He wore, that seemed strange to common view,
 In which were many towres and castels set,
 That it encompass round is with a golden flet

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say, 23
 In her great non charet wents to ride,
 When to Joves pallace she doth take her way,
 Old Cybele, arrayd with pompous pride,
 Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
 With hundred turrets, like a Turbant,
 With such an one was Thymis beautifide,
 That was to meet the famous Troynovant,
 In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant

And round about him many a pretty Page 29
 Attended duely, ready to obry,
 All little Rivers which owe vassallage
 To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay
 The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gay,
 The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
 The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way,
 And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
 Ten thousand fishes ply and decke his pleasant stream

Then came his neighbour floods which nigh him dwell,
 And water all the English soile throughout
 They all on him this day attended well,
 And with meet service waited him about,
 Ne none disdained low to him to lout,
 No, not the stately Severne grudging at all,
 Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout,
 But both him honor'd as their principall,
 And let their swelling waters low before him fall

There was the speedy Tamar, which devides 31
 The Cornish and the Devonish confines,
 Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
 And, meeting Plum, to Plimmouth thence declines
 And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines
 But Avon marched in more stately path,
 Proud of his Adamants with which he shines
 And glisters wide, is als of wondrous Bath,
 And Bristow fane, which on his waves he builded hath

And there came Stoune with terrible aspect, 32
 Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hys,
 That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
 And washeth Winborne meades in season drye
 Next him went Wylbourne with passage slye,
 That of his wylnesse his name doth trie,
 And of him selle doth name the shire therby
 And Mole, that like a nousing Mole doth make
 His way still under ground, till Thames he overtake

Then came the Rother, decked ill with woods, 33
 Like a wood God, and flowing fast to Rhy,
 And Sture, that putteth with his pleasant floods
 The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
 And Clare and Harwich both doth beautify
 Him follow'd Yare, soft wishing Norwiche wall,
 And with him brought a present joyfully
 Of his owne fish unto their festiue all, [call
 Whoselikenone else could hee, the which they Ruffians

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from Lund, 34
 By many a city and by many a towne,
 And many rivers taking under hand
 Into his waters as he presseth downe,
 The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne
 Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge sit,
 My mother Cambridge, whom is with a Crowne
 He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
 With many a gentle Muse and many a leane wit

And after him the Itall Well and went, 35
 That, if old sawes prove true (which God forbid!)
 Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
 And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
 Then shone in learning, more then ever did
 Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beame
 And next to him the Nene doth come softly shad,
 And bounteous Trent, that in him cleane comes
 Both thirtie sorts of fish, and thirtie sundry treemes

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke 36
 That Romaine Monarch built a brasen wall,
 Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flanke
 Against the Picts that swarmed over all,
 Which yet thereof Gualseveri they doe call
 And Twede, the limit betwixt Logis land
 And Albany And Eden, though but small,
 Yet often stande with bloud of many a band
 Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his strand

Then came those sixe sad brethern, like forlorne, 37
 That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
 Sixe valiant Knights of one fane Nymphe yborne,
 Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
 And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell,
 Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
 High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell,
 All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
 Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite

But past not long ere Brutus wulicke sonne, 38
 Locinus, them aveng'd, and the same date,
 Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
 By equall dome repayd on his owne pite
 For in the selfe same river, where he late
 Had drenched them, he drowned him againe,
 And nam'd the river of his wretched fate,
 Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
 Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still remaine.

These after came the stony shallow Lone, 39
 That to old Lancaster his name doth lend,
 And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
 Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend,
 And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
 Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,
 And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,
 Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call
 All these together marched toward Proteus hall

Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were 40

Sith so lesse famous then the rest they be,
And joyne in neighbour hood of Kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And joy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place,
Though I them all according then degree
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,

Nor read the salvage countreisthrough which they pace

There was the Liffy rolling downe the leet, 41

The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awdnuff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blackewater, and the Liffy deep,
Sad Thowis, that once his people overran,
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep

And there the three renowned brethren were, 42

Which that great Gyant Blomus begot
Of the faire Nymph Rheusa wandring there
One day, as she to shunne the season whor
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This Gyant found her and by force deflow'rd,
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
Thesethree faire sons, which being then forthpowrd
In three great rivers ran, and many countreies scowrd

The first the gentle Shure that, making way 43

By sweet Clonmiell, adornes rich Waterford,
The next, the stubborne Newrie whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rossponte boord,
The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord
Great heapes of salmons in his deepe bosome
All which, long sundied, doe it last accord
To joyne in one, ere to the sea they come,
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become

There also was the wide embayed Maye, 44
 The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood,
 The spreading Lee that, like an Island fayre,
 Encloseth Corke with his deuiled flood,
 And bulefull Oure, late stand with English blood,
 With many more whose names no tongue can tell,
 All which that day in order seemly good
 Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
 To doe then dueful service, as to them befell

Then came the Bride, the lovely Medice me, 45
 Clad in a vesture of unknowen gear
 And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
 That seem'd like silver, sprinkled here and there
 With glittering spangs that did like stunnies appeare,
 And way'd upon, like water Chamclot,
 To hide the metall, which yet every where
 Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wot
 It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow 46
 Unto her waste, with flowres besetted,
 The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
 To all about, and all her shoulders spread
 As a new spring, and likewise on her head
 A Chapellet of sundry flowers she wore,
 From under which the dewy humour shed
 Did tricke downe her hime, like to the hore
 Congel'd litle drops which doe the moone adorne

On her two pretty handmaides did attend, 47
 One call'd the Theria, the other call'd the Ciane,
 Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
 And both behind upheld her spreading traine,
 Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
 Her silver feet, fine wisht against this day
 And her before there paced Pages twaine,
 Both clad in colours like, and like array, [way
 The Doune and eke the Faith, both which prepared her

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all, 48
 All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
 Whom of then she Nereides men call,
 All which the Ocean daughter to him bare,
 The gray eyde Doris, all which fifty are,
 All which she there on her attending had
 Swift Proto, milde Eucrate, Thetis faue,
 Soft Spio, sweete Endore, Sao sad,
 Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galene glad,

White hand Eunice, proud Dynamene, 49
 Joyous Thali, goodly Amphitrite,
 Lovely Parthece, kinde Eulimene,
 Lightfoote Cymothoe, and sweete Melite,
 Fairest Pherusa, Phro lilly white,
 Wounded Agave, Pous, and Nesaea,
 With Enito that doth in love delite,
 And Panope, and wise Protomedeia,
 And snowy necked Doris, and milkewhite Galthea,

Speedy Hippothoe, and chaste Actea, 50
 Large Lissanassa, and Proneris sage,
 Eugone, and light Pontoporeia,
 And she that with her least word can assuage
 The surging seas, when they do sorest rage,
 Cymodoce, and stout Autonoe,
 And Neso, and Thone well in age,
 And, seeming still to smile, Glaucomome,
 And she that light of many heistes Polynome,

Fresh Almeca deckt with gulond greene, 51
 Hyponeo with salt bedewed wiest,
 Luomeda like the christall sheene,
 Ligoze much praised for wise behests,
 And Psamthe for her bode snowy iuests,
 Cymo, Eupompe, and Themiste just,
 And, she that vertue loves and vice detests,
 Euanni, and Menippe true in trust,
 And Nemea tea leanned well to rule her lust

All these the daughters of old Nereus were, 52
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,
'To rule his tides, and surges to upriere,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbride,
And sailers save from wreekes of wiathfull winde
And yet, besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but Joves and Phœbus kinde,
The which in floods and fountaines doe appeere,
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters cleere

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight 53
To tell the sands, or count the staires on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right
But well I wote that these, which I descry,
Were present at this great solemnity
And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of lucklesse Marinell, Cymodoce,
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyed has,
Unto an other Canto I will overpas



CANTO XII

*Marin for love of Florimell
In languor wastes his life
The Nymph, his mother, getteth her
And gives to him for wife*

QUANT' WHAT an endlesse worke have I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny, [land,
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in
And also those which wonne in th' azure sky
For much more eath to tell the staries on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the Seas posterity
So fertile be the floods in generall,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation

Therefore the antique wisards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bled,
For that the seas by her are most augmented
Witnesseth th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous shoales which may of none be led
Then, blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of Gods, of Nymphs, of rivers, yet unred,
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there which erst I did recount

All those were there, and many other more, 3
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they fild even to the dore,
Yet were they all in order, as befall,
According then degrees disposed well
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodoce,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the Gods when they at banquet be.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bried.
 Of mortall snre, though of immortall wombe,
 He might not with immortall food be fed,
 Ne with th' eternall Gods to banquet come,
 But walkt abrode, and round about did rome
 To view the building of that uncouth place,
 That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home
 Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
 There unto him betid a disaventurous case

Under the hanging of an hideous chesse
 He heard the lamentable voice of one,
 That piteously complund her cruel grieffe,
 Which never she before disclosed to none,
 But to her selfe her sorrow did bestowe
 So feelingly her case she did complaine,
 That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
 And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
 And oft to gone with billowes beating from the maine

"Though vaine, I see, my sorrowes to unfold,
 And count my cares when none is nigh to heare
 Yet hoping griefe may lessen being told,
 I will them tell though unto no man nere
 For heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
 Is faire from hearing of my heavy plight,
 And lowest hell, to which I be most nere,
 Cares not what evils hip to wretched wight,
 And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight

"Yet loe! the seas, I see, by often beating
 Doe peuce the rocks, and hardest marble weares,
 But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
 Will yeeld, but when my piteous plants he heares,
 Is hardned more with my abundant teares
 Yet though he never list to me relent,
 But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
 Yet will I never of my love repent,
 But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment

"And when my wery ghost, with griefe outwoine, 3
 By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
 Let then this plunget unto his eyes be boine,
 That blame it is to him, that times protest,
 To let her die whom he might have redrest"
 There did she proue, inforced to give place
 Unto the passion that her heart opprest,
 And, after she had wept and wail'd a space,
 She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case

"Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all 9
 Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
 By one or other way me, woefull thinke,
 Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
 In which I daily dying am too long
 And if ye deeme me death for loving one
 That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
 But let me die and end my dyes alone,
 And let him live unlov'd, or love him selfe alone

"But if that life ye unto me decree, 10
 Then let mee live as lover ought to do,
 And of my lifes deare love beloved be
 And if he should through pride your doome undo,
 Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
 And in this prison put him here with me,
 One prison fittest is to hold us two
 So had I rather to be thinke than free
 Such thinke I wouldome or such freedome let it surely be

"But O! waine judgment, and conditions vaine, 11
 The which the prisoner points unto the free
 The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
 He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me
 So ever loose, so ever happy be
 But whereso loose or happy that thou art,
 Know, Maimell, that all this is for thee"
 With that she wept and wail'd, as if her heart
 Would quite have burst through great abundance of
 her smart

All which complaint when Mamuell had heard, 12
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard,
His stubboine heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare,
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grieve,
And inly wish that in his powre it weare
Her to rediesse but since he meynes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth 13
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollified,
Dame Venus sonne, that timesth stubboine youth
With non bit, and maketh him abide
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle thiew,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestide
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to love by learning lovers paines to new

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise, 14
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge,
But then he feul'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine,
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe

Then did he cast to steale her thence away, 15
And with him beare where none of her might know
But all in vaine, for why he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below,
For all about that rocke the sea did flow
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere,
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

At last, when as no meanes he could invent, 16
 Backe to him selfe he gan returne the blame,
 That was the author of her punishment,
 And with vile curses and reprochfull shame
 To damne him selfe by every evil name,
 And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
 That had despise so chaste and faire a dme,
 Which him had sought through trouble and long
 strife,
 Yet had refuse a God that he had sought to wife

In this sad plight he walked here and there, 17
 And roamed round about the rocke in vaine,
 As he had lost him selfe he wist not where,
 Oft listening if he mote her heare againe,
 And still bemoaning her unworthy paine
 Like as an Hynde, whose calfe is false unwaies
 Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
 An hundred times about the pit side fies,
 Right sorrowfully mourning her becev'd cares

And now by this the feast was thoroughly ended, 18
 And every one gan homeward to resort
 Which seeing, Mamull was sore offended
 That his departure thence should be so short,
 And leave his love in that sea-walled fort
 Yet durst he not his mother disobey,
 But he attending in full secretly sort,
 Did march amongst the many all the way,
 And all the way did moly mourne, like one stry

Being returned to his mother's bowie, 19
 In solitary silence, far from wight,
 He gan record the lamentable stowie,
 In which his wretched love lay day and night
 For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight
 The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
 That of no worldly thing he tooke delight,
 Ne dayly food did take, ne mightly sleepe, [weepe
 But pyn'd, and mourn'd, and lingsht, and alone did

That in short spie his wonted cheerefull hew 20
 Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight
 His cheek bones raw, and cie-pits hollow grew,
 And brawney armes had lost their known might,
 That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight
 Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
 He wove, that longer he note stund upright,
 But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
 Like ruefull ghost, unable once to sturie or move

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind 21
 Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene,
 Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
 The secret cause and nature of his teene,
 Whereby she might apply some medicine,
 But weeping day and night did him attend,
 And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
 Which griev'd her more that she it could not mend
 To see an helpelesse evill double grieve doth lend

Nought could she read the roote of his disease, 22
 Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
 Whereby to seek some meanes it to appease
 Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
 That that same former fitill wound of his
 Whyle he by Tryphon was not thoroughly heled,
 But closely unklid under th' oris
 Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
 That love it was, which in his hart lay unveiled

Therefore to Tryphon she agune doth hast, 23
 And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,
 That fayld the trust which she in him had plast,
 To cure her squne, as he his faith had lent,
 Who now was false into new languishment
 Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured
 So backe he came unto her patient,
 Where searching every part, her well assured
 That it was no old sore which his new paine procured,

But that it was some other maladie, 24
On grief unknowne, which he could not disceine
So left he her withouten remedie
Then gan he her heart to fume, and quake, and carne,
And only troubled was the truth to learne
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speeches, now with threatening steine,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reueale whostill he answered, there was nought

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide, 25
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shine heauen in haste she hied,
And thence Apollo, King of Leaches, brought
Apollo came, who, soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his enuieued mind,
Which love he iured to be, that leads each living kind

Which when he had unto his mother told, 26
She gan thereto to fume and greatly grieve,
And, comming to her sonne, gan first to scold
And chide at him that made her misbelieve
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And wooe with full intreatie, to disclose
Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did moue,
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his love he chose

Now lesse she feared that same fittill read, 27
That warned him of womens love beware,
Which being ment of mortall creatures seeld,
For love of Nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promist him, what ever wight she were,
That she her love to him would shortly geue
So he her told, but soone as she did heue
That Florimell it was which wrought his proue,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine

Yet since she saw the straight extremitie, 28
 In which his life unluckily was layd,
 It was no time to scan the prophecie,
 Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
 That his decay should happen by & mayd
 It's late in death of danger to advize,
 Or love forbid him, that it is life denyd,
 But rather gan in troubled mind devise
 How she thit Ladies libertie might entrappe

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it vaine, 29
 Who was the root and worker of her woe,
 Nor unto my meane to complaine;
 But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
 And on her knee before him falling lowe,
 Made humble suit unto his Majestie
 To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,
 A cruell Tyrant, had presumptuouslie
 By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to die

To whom God Neptune, softly smyling, thus 30
 " Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
 Gainst one thit hath both wronged you and us,
 For death t' idwuld I ween'd did appertaine
 To none but to the seas sole Sovereine
 Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought,
 And for what cause the truth discover plaine,
 For never wight so evill did or thought, [nought"
 But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightlie

To whom she answer'd " Then, it is by name 31
 Proteus, that hath ordyn'd my sonne to die,
 For that I wuft, the which by fortune came
 Upon your seas, he claym'd as proprietie
 And yet not his, nor his in equitie,
 But yours the waift by high prerogative
 Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie
 It to replevie, and my sonne reprieve
 So shall you by one gift save all us three alive "

He gaunted it, and streight his wariant made, 32
Under the Sea-god's seale autenticall,
Commaunding Proteus straight t' enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thral
Which she receiuing with meete thankefulnesse,
Deparied straight to Proteus therewithall,
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnesse,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse

Yet durst he not the wariant to withstand, 33
But unto her delivered Florimell
Whom she receiuing by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well,
For she all living creatures did excell,
And was right joyous that she gotten had
So faine a wife for her sonne Marinell
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him, then being sore bestad

Who soone as he beheld that angels face 34
Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad death, reuired with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection
As withered weed through cruell winters time,
That feelles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faine sunshine

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare, 35
When he in place his dearest love did spy,
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength retorne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly
Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected
Which to another place I leaue to be perfected



THE FIFTH BOOKE OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF
JUSTICE

SO oft as I with state of present time 1
The rage of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freshest
prime,
And the first blossome of time vntue bore,
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
As thit, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed course,
And being once amisse growes daily worse and worse
For from the golden age, that first was named, 2
It's now at east become a stonie one,
And men themselves, the which at first were firmed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone,
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degenerated

Let none then blame me, if in discipline 3
Of vertue and of civill uses loze,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted soze,
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was onely for it selfe desired,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more,
When Justice was not for most meed outhyrd,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyrd

For that which all men then did vertue call, 4
Is now cald vice, and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things else in time are chaunged quight
Ne wonder, for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pyght,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution

For who so list into the heavens looke, 5
And search the courses of the rowling speeres,
Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
Then setting forth, in these few thousand yeres
They all are wandred much, thit plume appeares
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phixus and Helle from then steplames feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull which laye Europ about

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horn 6
So hardly butted those two twinned of Jove,
Till they have causht the Crib, and quicke him borne
Into the great Nemaean lions grove
Sorrow all range, and doe at indon rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them misse doe move,
And all his creatures from their course astay,
Till they arrive at their last rumous decay

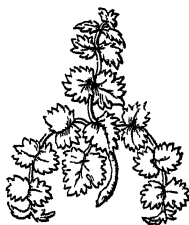
Ne is that same great glorious Lampe of light, 7
That doth enlumine all these lesse fyres,
In better case, he keepes his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other Spheres
For since the terme of foureene hundred yeres,
That lewned Ptolomæ his hight did take,
He is declyned from that make of thens
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake,
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old, 8
Which in Star-read were wont have best insight,
Faith may be given, it is by them tolde
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth West,
And wested twice where he ought rise aight
But most is Mars misse of all the rest,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be bes

For during Saturnes incient raigne it's sayd 9
That all the world with goodnesse did abound,
All loved vertue, no man was ill wyld
Of force, ne fiend in wight was to be found,
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets sounl,
Peice univcrsall reyn'd mongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground
Justice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did divide her diad behests

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest, 10
Resembling God in his imperiall might,
Whose soveraine powre is herein most exprest
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with Justice hath bedight
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like him-selfe in glorious sight
To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend

Dread Sovraigne Goddess, that doest highest sit 11.,
In seate of judgement in th' Almightyes stead,
And with magnifick might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome ahead,
That furthest Nations fill with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read
As thy great justice, prayesd over all,
The instrument whercof loe ' here thy Ateguill



CANTO I

*Art gall trau'd in Justice loie
 His quest pursued,
 He doth avenge on Sangher
 his La lue bloud embued*

THOUGH vertue then were held in highest
 price,

In those old times of which I doe entreat,
 Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
 Began to spring, which shortly grew full great,
 And with then boughes the gentle plants did beat
 But evermore some of the vertuous race
 Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
 That cropt the branches of the sient bise, [defice
 And with strong hand then fruitfull rancknes did
 Such first was Biechus, that with furious might 2
 All th' East, before untim'd, did ouercome,
 And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
 Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne
 There Justice first her princely rule begonne
 Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
 Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
 And monstrous tyrants with his club subdued
 The club of Justice dead with kingly powre endowed

And such was he of whom I have to tell, 3
 The Champion of true Justice, Artegall
 Whom (as ye lately note remember well)
 An hard aduenture, which did then befall,
 Into redoubted perill forth did call,
 That was, to succour a distressed Dame
 Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thral
 And from the heritage, which she did claime,
 Did with strong hand withhold, Grantorto was his
 name

Wherefore the Lady, which Iena hight, 7,
 Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse,
 To whom complaining her afflicted plight,
 She her besought of gracious redresse
 That soveraine Queene, that mightie Emperesse,
 Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants poore,
 And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
 Chose Artegall to right her to restore,
 For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore

For Artegall in justice was upbrought 5
 Even from the cradle of his infancie,
 And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
 By fane Astrea with great industrie,
 Whilest here on earth she lived mortallie
 For till the world from his perfection fell
 Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
 Astrea here mongst earthly men did dwell,
 And in the rules of justice them instructed well

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort, 6
 Upon a day she found this gentle childe
 Amongst his peres playing his childish sport,
 Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
 She did allure with gifts and speeches mild
 To wend with her So thence him faire she brought
 Into a cave from companie exile,
 In which she nourshed him till yeares he taught,
 And all the discipline of justice there him taught

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong,
 In equall ballance with due recompence,
 And equitie to measure out along
 According to the line of conscience,
 When so it needs with rigour to dispence
 Of all the which, for want thereof in world,
 She caused him to make experience
 Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find
 With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught 8
 In all the skill of deeming wrong and right;
 Untill the ripenesse of mans years he raught,
 That even wilde beasts did feue his awfull sight,
 And men admyr'd his overruling might
 Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
 His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
 Or bide the honour of his wreakfull hand,
 When so he list in wrath lift up his steely brand

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more, 9
 She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
 And earnest search, where it was kept in store
 In Joves eternall house, unwist of wight,
 Since he himselte it us'd in that great fight
 Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
 Gainst highest heaven Chrysaor it was hight,
 Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled, [quelle
 Well prov'd in that same day when Jove those Gyants

For of most perfect metall it was made, 10
 Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,
 And garnisht ill with gold upon the blade
 In goodly wise, wherof it took his name,
 And was of no lesse vertue then of fume,
 For there no substance was so fume and hard,
 But it would pierce or cleave, whereso it came,
 Ne any armour could his dint outward,
 But wheresoever it did light, it thoroughly shad

Now, when the world with sinne gan to abound, 11
 Astræa loathing longer here to space
 Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
 Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race,
 Where she hath now an everlasting place
 Mongst those twelve signes, which mightly we do see
 The heavens bright-shining baudricke to enchace,
 And is the Virgin, sate in her degice,
 And next her selfe her righteous ballance hanging bee

But when she parted hence she left her groomer, 12.
An yron man, which did on her attend
Alwayes to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Ategall to wend,
And doe what ever thing he did intend
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end,
Who in his hand an yron flae did hold, [fould
With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth un-

He now went with him in this new inquest, 13
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell Tyrunt, which opprest
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should succeed
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed
Mourning sore his sorrowfull sad tync,
With many bitter teares shed from his blabbered eyne

To whom as they approached, they espyd 14
A soerie sight as ever seene with eye,
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside
In her owne blood all willow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight,
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt who had that Dame so foully dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight

"Ah! woe is me, and well away," (quoth hee, 15
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a banke),
"That ever I this dismall day did see!
Full faine was I from thinking such a pranke,
Yet little losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should graunt that I have doen the same
That I mote drinke the cup whereof she drinke,
But that I should die guiltie of the blame
The which another did, who now is fled with shame"

Who was it then, ' (sayd Artegall) "that wrought"
 And why ' doe it decline unto me tiew"
 "A knight," (said he) "if knight he may be thought
 That did his hand in Ladies blood embrew,
 And for no cause, but as I shall you shew
 This day as I in solace sate hereby
 With a fayre love, whose losse I now do row,
 Ther e came this knight, having in companie
 This lucklesse Ladie which now here doth headlesse lie

"He, whether mine seem'd fyerer in his eye, 17
 Or that he wced weury of his owne,
 Would change with me, but I did it denye,
 So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne
 But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,
 Would not so rest contented with his right,
 But, having from his councel her downe throwne,
 Fro me left mine away by lawlesse might,
 And on his steed her set to beare her out of sight

"Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast, 18
 And on him catching hold g in loud to crie
 Not so to leave her, nor way to cast,
 But rather of his hand besought to die
 With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
 And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
 In that same place where is it now doth lie
 So he my love away with him hath borne,
 And left me here both his and mine own love to moine"

"Ayeid" (sayd he) "which way then did he make? 19
 And by what markes may he be knowne againe?"
 "To hope" (quoth he) "him soone to overtake,
 That hence so long departed, is but vaine,
 But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
 And as I maked bore upon his shield,
 By which it's easie him to know againe,
 A broken sword within a bloodie field,
 Expressing well his nature which the same did wield"

No sooner sayd, but straight he after sent 20
His yon page, who him pursew'd so light,
As that it seem'd above the ground he went,
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as Lyon in his lordly might.
It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the first he ghessed by his looke,
And by the other markes which of his shield he tooke

He bad him stay, and backe with him retire, 21
Who, full of scoine to be commaunded so,
The Lady to right did eft requie,
Whilest he reformed that uncivill fo,
And straight at him with ill his force did go,
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rock
Is lightly stricken with some stones throw,
It to him leaping lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a sencelesse blocke

But, ere he could him selfe recure againe, 22
Him in his non paw he seized had,
That when he wak't out of his warelesse pame,
He found him selfe unwist so ill bestad,
That him he could not wag Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall
The sight whereof the Lady sore wad,
And fann'd to fly for feare of being thil,
But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend with ill

When to the place they came, where Artegall 23
By that same carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gaue him to demaund of ill
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide
Who with steine countenance and indignant pride
Did unsweare, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereupon deside,
For neither he did shed that Ladies blood,
Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper good

Well did the Squire perceive him selfe too weake 24
 To answer his defiance in the field,
 And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
 Then to approve his right with speare and shield,
 And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield
 But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine
 That he it was not which that Lady kild,
 But that strange Knight, the faine love to game,
 Did cast about by sleight the truth therout to straine,

And sayd, "Now sure this doubtfull causes right 25
 Can hardly but by Sacrament be tri'd,
 Or else by ordeale, or by bloody fight,
 That ill perhaps mote fall to either side,
 But if ye please that I your cause decide,
 Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
 So ye will sweare my judgement to abide"
 Thereto they both did frankly condescend,
 And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend

"Sith then," (sayd he) "ye both the dead deny, 26
 And both the living Lady chume your right,
 Let both the dead and living equally
 Devided be betwixt you here in sight,
 And each of either take his share right
 But looke, who does dissent from this my read,
 He for a twelv moneths day shall in despight
 Beare for his penaunce that same Ladies head,
 To witnesse to the world that she by him is dead"

Well pleased with that doome was Singhere, 27
 And offred straight the Lady to be slaine,
 But that same Squire, to whom she was more deare,
 When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,
 Did yield she rather should with him remaine
 Alive, then to him selfe be shared dead,
 And rather then his Love should suffer paine,
 He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head
 True love despiseth shame, when life is cald in dread

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved, 28
"Not so, thou Squire," (he sayd) "but thine I deeme
The living Lady, which from thee he reaved,
For worthy thou of her doest rightlly seeme
And you, Sir Knight, that love so lightlly esteeme,
As that ye would for little leave the same,
Take here your owne, that doth you best besceme,
And with it beare the burden of defame,
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your shame"

But Sanghere disdained much his doome, 29
And steinly gan repine at his beheast,
Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breast
Until that Talus had his pride represt,
And forced him, maugre, it up to reare
Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden up for feare

Much did that Squire Sir Artegall adore 30
For his great justice, held in high regard,
And as his Squire him offred evermore
To serve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard,
But he thereto would by no meanes consent,
But leaving him forth on his journey fard
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went,
They two enough to encounter an whole Regiment

CANTO II.

*Artegall hears of Florimell,
Does with the Pagan fight
Him slayes, drownes Lady Mumer,
Does race her castle ghaught*

THOUGHT is more honourable to a knight, 1
Ne better doth besecme brave chevally,
Then to defend the feeble in then right,
And wrong redresse in such is wend away
Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
Then greatest glory for their rightfull deede
And place deserved with the Gods on hy
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceeds,
Who now to perils great for justice sake proceeds

To which as he now was upon the way, 2
He chaunst to meet a Dwarfie in hasty course,
Whom he requir'd his forwarde hyst to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse
Loth was the Dwarfie, yet did he stay perforce
And giv of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse,
But chiesly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spoused to Maimell

For this was Don, Florimels owne Dwarfie, 3
Whom having lost, (as ye have heard whyleane)
And finding in the way the scattered scufe,
The fortune of her life long time did teue
But of her health when Artegall did heue,
And safe returne, he was fullmly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridale cheere
Should be solemniz'd, for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad

"Within three daies," (quoth he) "as I do here, 4"

It will be at the Castle of the strongd,

What time, if naught me let, I will be there

To do her service so as I am bound

But in my way, a little here beyond,

A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,

That keepes a Bridges passage by strong hond,

And many enant Knights hath there fordonne,

That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne "

"What mister wight," (quoth he) "and how far hence

Is he, that doth to travellers such haimes?"

"He is" (said he) "a man of great defence,

Expert in battell and in deedes of armes,

And more emboldned by the wicked chaimes,

With which his daughter doth him still support,

Having great Lordships got and goodly farmes,

Though strong oppression of his powie extort,

By which he stil them holds, and keepes with strong
effort

"And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more, 6

For never wight he lets to passe that way

Over his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,

But he himf makes his passage-penny pay

Else he doth hold him backe on beat way

Thereto he hath a groom of evill guise,

Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,

Which pils and pils the poore in piteous wise,

But he him selfe upon the rich doth tyrannize

"His name is hight Pollente, rightly so, 7

For that he is so puissant and strong,

That with his powie he all doth overgo,

And makes them subject to his mighty wrong

And some by sleight he eke doth underfong

For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,

Which is but narrow, but exceeding long,

And in the same are many trap fals pight, [sight

Through which the riders downe doth fall throughe over-

And underneath the same a river flowes 8
 That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall,
 Into the which whom so he over throwes,
 All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall,
 But he him selie through practise usuall
 Leapes forth into the flood, and there assures
 His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
 That horse and man he equally dismaies,
 And either both them drownes, or tyrterously slaies

"Then doth he take the spoile of them at will, 9
 And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby,
 Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
 The coffers of her wicked treasury,
 Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy,
 That many Princes she in wealth exceeds,
 And purchast all the countrey lying ny
 With the revenue of her plenteous meedes
 Her name is Munera, agreeing with her decdes

"Thereto she is full faine, and rich attired, 10
 With golden hunds and silver fecte beside,
 That many Lords have her to wife desired,
 But she them all despiseth for great pride"
 "Now by my life," (sayd he) "and God to guide,
 None other way will I this day betake,
 But by that Bridge whereis he doth abide
 Therefore me thither lead" No more he spake,
 But thitherward for thought his ready way did make

Unto the place he came within a while, 11
 Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw
 The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile
 Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
 A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
 That passage money did of them requene,
 According to the custome of their law
 To whom he aunswerd wroth, "Loe' ther ethyhire,"
 And with that word him strooke, that straight he did
 expue

Which when the Pagan saw he waxed wroth, 12
 And straight him selfe unto the fight addrest
 Ne was Sir Artegall behinde, so both
 Together ran with ready speeres in rest
 Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
 Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
 Into the floud straight leapt the Caile unblest,
 Well weening that his foe was false withall,
 But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall

There being both together in the floud, 13
 They each at other tyrannously flew,
 Ne ought the water cooled them whot bloud,
 But rather in them kindled choler new
 But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
 To fight in water, great advantage had,
 That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew
 And eke the courser whereupon he ran
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe best ran

Which oddes when as Sir Artegall espide, 14
 He saw no way but close with him in hast,
 And to him diving strongly downe the tide
 Upon his non collar griped fast,
 That with the straint his weand nigh he burst
 There they together strove and struggled long
 Either the other from his steed to cast,
 Ne ever Artegall his grapple strong
 For any thing wold slacke, but still upon him hong

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met 15
 In the wide champion of the Ocean plume,
 With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
 The maysterdome of each by force to game,
 And dreadfull battaile twixt them do duraine
 They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they
 10re,
 That all the sea, disturbed with their traine,
 Doth rise with foame above the surges hoar
 Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprour

- So Artegall at length him forst forsake 16
 His horses backe for dredd of being drownd,
 And to his handy swimming him betoke
 Eftsoones him selfe he from his hold unbownd,
 And then no ods it all in him he fownd,
 For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
 And durst the depth of any water sownd
 So ought each Knight, that use of perill has,
 In swimming be expert, through waters force to pas
 Then very doubtfull was the warres event, 17
 Uncertune whether had the better side,
 For both were skild in that experiment,
 And both in armes well to und, and throughly tride
 But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
 And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
 That his faint foe no longer could abide
 His puissance, ne beare him selfe upright,
 But from the water to the land betooke his flight
 But Artegall pursewd him still so neere 18
 With bright Chrysior in his cruell hand,
 That as his head he gan a litle rear
 Above the brincke to tread upon the land,
 He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
 It bit the earth for very fell despright,
 And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
 High God, whose goodnesse he despised quight,
 Or durst the hand which did that vengeance on him
 dight
 His corps was carried downe along the Lee, 19
 Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned,
 But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
 He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned,
 Where many years it afterwards remayned,
 To be a murther to all mighty men,
 In whose right hands gicat power is containd,
 That none of them the feeble overren,
 But alwaies doe their powre within just compasse pen

That done, unto the Cistle he did wend, 20
In which the Prynce's daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denied,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Berten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside,
And bad his servant Tylus to invent
Which way he enter might without endangerment

Eftsoones his Page drew to the Cistle gate, 21
And with his non flate at it let flie,
That all the wardens it did sore irrite,
The which erewhile spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe that looked eust so hie
Yet still he bet and bounst uppon the doore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece he shaked from the floore,
And filled all the house with fume and greit uprore

With noise whereof the Lady forth appeared 22
Uppon the Castle wall, and, when she saw
The dangerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neare overthrow,
And gan entreat that non man below
To cease his outrage, and him faine besought,
With neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor power of charms, which she requinst him wrought,
Might otherwise prevale, or make him cease for ought

But, when as yet she saw him to proceede 23
Unmov'd with prayers or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede,
And cause great sackes with endlesse riches fraught
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the Cistle wall,
That she might win sometime, though dearly bought,
Whilist he to gathering of the gold did fall
But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted therewithall

But still continu'd his assault the more, 24
 And layd on loud with his huge yron flule,
 That at the length he has yrent the dore,
 And made way for his muste to issue,
 Who being entred, nought did then availe
 For wight aginst his powie them selves to reue
 Each one did flie, then hearts began to fule,
 And hid them selves in corneris here and there,
 And eke then darce halfedeid did hide her self for feare

Long they her sought, yet nowhere could they finde her,
 That sure they weend she was escapt away,
 But Talus, that could like a limehound winde her,
 And ill things seciete wisely could bewry,
 At length found out where as she hidden lay
 Under an heape of gold Thence he her drew
 By the sure lockes, and towly did away
 Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,
 That Artegall him selfe her seemelesse plight did reue

Yet for no pittie would he chnge the course 26
 Of Justice, which in Talus hand did lye,
 Who rudely haryld her forth without remorse,
 Still holding up her suppliant hands on hye,
 And kneeling at his feete submissively
 But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
 And eke her feete, those feete of silver tyde,
 Which sought unrighteousnesse, and justice sold,
 Chopt off, and nayld on high thit all might them behold

Her selfe then tooke he by the slender wast,
 In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
 Over the Cistle wall adowne her cast,
 And there her drowned in the duty mud,
 But the streame washt away her guilty blood
 Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
 The spoile of peoples evil gotten good,
 The which her she had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
 And burning all to ashes powr'd it down the brooke

And lastly all that Castle quite he rased, 28
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation
All which when Talus thoroughly had perfourmed,
Sin Artegall undid the evill fashion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge reformmed
Which done, unto his former journey he returned

In which they measur'd mickle weary way, 29
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew,
By which as they did travell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew
Whose gient assembly they did much admire,
For never there the like resort they knew
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met did there desire

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand 30
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on his
An huge great pane of bull unce in his hand,
With which he boasted, in his surquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equalle,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys
For want whereof he weighed vinity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys

He said that he would all the earth uptake 31
And all the sea, divided each from either
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether
Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell together,
And all that did withyn them all containe,
Of all whose weight he would not misse a feather
And looke what surplus did of each remune,
He would to his owne put restore the same agune

For why, he sayd, they all unequal were, 32
 And had encroached upon others share,
 Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
 Had worne the eath, so did the fire the aere,
 So all the rest did others parts empane,
 And so were realms and nations run away
 All which he undertooke for to repare,
 In sort as they were formed uncially,
 And all things would reduce unto equality

Therefore the vulgare did about him flooke, 33
 And cluster thicke unto his leasings rooke,
 Like foolish flies about in hony crooke,
 In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
 And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine
 All which when Artegall did see and heare,
 How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,
 In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
 And thus unto him spake, without regard or feare

"Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew, 34
 And all things to an equall to restore,
 In steed of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
 And far above thy forces pitch to see,
 For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
 In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
 What was the poyse of every part of yore
 And looke then how much it doth overflow
 Of faule thereof, so much is more then just to know

"For at the first they all created were 35
 In goodly measure by then Makers might,
 And weighed out in ballunces so true,
 That not a dram was missing of their right
 The earth was in the middle centre plight,
 In which it doth immovable abide,
 Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
 And they with aere, that not a drop can slide
 All which the heavens containe, and in their courses
 guide

'Such heavenly iustice doth among them rime, 36
 That every one doe know their certaine bound,
 In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
 And amongst them al no change hath yet beene found,
 But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
 We are not sure they would so long remaine
 All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound
 Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
 Till we may be assu'd they shall then course retaine"

"Thou foolish Elf," (said then the Gyant wioth) 37
 "Seest not how badly all things present bee,
 And each esteeme quite out of order goth?
 The sea it selfe doest, thou not plainly see
 Encroch upon the land there under thee?
 And th' earth it selfe how daily its increast
 By all that dying to it turned be
 Were it not good that wrong were then sucerst,
 And from the most that some were given to the leyst?

"Therefore I will throw downe these mountaines hie,
 And make them leuell with the lowly plaine,
 These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
 I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
 And, as they weie, them equalize againe
 Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,
 I will suppress, that they no more may rule,
 And Lordings can be that commons over-aw,
 And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw"

"Of things unseene how canst thou deeme right," 39
 Then answered the righteous Artc Gill,
 "Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
 What though the sea with waves continuall
 Doe-eate the earth, it is no more at all,
 Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought,
 For whatsoever from one place doth fall
 Is with the tide unto an other brought
 For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought

"Likewise the earth is not augmented more 40
 By all that dying into it doe fide,
 For of the earth they formed were of yore
 How ever gay then blossome or then blade
 Doe flourish now, they into dust shall slide
 What wrong then is it, if that when they die
 They turne to that whereof they first were made?
 All in the powre of their great Maker he
 All creatures must obey the voice of the most he

"They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine, 41
 Ne ever any asketh reason why
 The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine,
 The dales doe not the lofty hils envy
 He maketh Kings to sit in soverainty,
 He maketh subjects to their powre obey,
 He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy,
 He gives to this, from that he takes away,
 For all we have is his what he list doe, he may

"What ever thing is done by him is donne, 42
 Ne any may his mighty will withstand,
 Ne any may his soveraine power shonne,
 Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast bond
 In vaine therefore dost thou now take in hand
 To cull to count, or weigh his workes anew,
 Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand,
 Sith of things subject to thy daily view
 Thou dost not know the causes, nor their courses dew

"For take thy ballance, if thou be so wise, 43
 And weigh the winde that under heaven doth blow,
 Or weigh the light that in the East doth rise,
 Or weigh the thought that from mans mind doth flow
 But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
 Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall
 For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
 That dost not know the least thing of them all?
 Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small"

Therewith the Gyant much abashed sayd, 44
That he of little things in reckoning light,
Yet the least word that ever could be layd
Within his ballunce he could way aight
"Which is" (sayd he) "more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?"
He answered that he would try it streight,
So he the words into his ballaunce thiew,
But streight the winged words out of his ballunce flew

Wroth wext he then, and sayd that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide
But he could justly weigh the wrong or right
"Well then," sayd Artegall, "let it be tride
Fist in one ballance set the true aside"
He did so fist, and then the false he layd
In th' other scale, but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be stayd,
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be wayd

"Now take the right likewise," sayd Artegale, 46
"And counterpoise the same with so much wrong"
So fist the right he put into one scale,
And then the Gyant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong,
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it peise, yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way
Yet all the wrongs could not a hile right downe way

Which when he saw he greatly grew in rage, 47
And almost would his balances have broken,
But Artegall him sanclly gan asswage,
And said, "Be not upon thy balance wroken,
For they do nought but right or wrong betoken,
But in the mind the doome of right must bee
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The ear must be the ballunce, to decree
And judge, whether with truth or falshood they agree

Which lawleſſe multitude him coming too 52
In wylke wiſe when Artegill did ſee,
He much was troubled, ne wiſt what to doo
For loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
In the baſe blood of ſuch a rascall crew,
And otherwiſe, if that he ſhould rectifie,
He fe u'd leaſt they with ſhame would him purſue
Therefore he Talus to them ſent t' inquire
The cauſe of their annoy, and truce for to deſire

But ſoone as they him nigh approaching ſpide, 53
They gan with all their weapons him aſſay,
And rudely ſtroke at him on every ſide,
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought diſmay
But when at them he with his ſtyle gan lay,
He like a ſwarme of flies them overthrow,
Ne any of them durſt come in his way,
But here and there before his preſence flew,
And hid themſelves in holes and buſhes from his view

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight 54
Flowne at a ſluſh of Ducks fore by the brooke,
The trembling foule diſmayd with deadfull ſight
Of death, the which them almoſt overthrow,
Doe hide themſelves from her aſtonyng looke
Amongſt the flags and covert round about
When Talus ſaw they all the field forſooke,
And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,
To Artegill he turn'd and went with him throughout

CANTO III

*The spousals of faire Florimell,
when turned many knights
There Braggadocchio is uncas'd
in all the Ladies sights*

AFTER long stormes and tempests overblowne
The sunne at length his joyous face doth
 cleare

So when as fortune all her spight hith showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare,
Else should afflicted wights oftymes despaire
So comes it now to Florimell by toune,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleane,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
To tast of joy, and to wont pleasures to reforme

Who being freed from Proteus cruell hand
By Mummell was unto him ashide
And by him brought againe to Ferie land,
Where he her spous'd, and made his joyous bride
The time and place was blizd faire and wide,
And solemne feasts and gusts ordun'd therefore
To which there did resort from every side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store,
Ne any Knight was absent that had courage bore
To tell the glorie of the feast thit day,

3

The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich array,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an Heaule, not for me
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee

When all men had with full satietie 4
Of meates and drinkes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and prooe of cheualie
They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguz'd
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd
And first of all issu'd Sir Mammell,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of Floimell,
And to maintaine that she all others did excell

The first of them was light Sir Orimont, 5
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes
The second had to name Sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in prowesse prayse
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might
The fift Aimeddin, child in lovely layes
The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted Knight
All sixe well seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight

And them against came all that list to giust, 6
From every coast and countrie under sunne
None was debard, but all had leave that lust
The trumpets sound, then all together ronne
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,
And many knights unhors'd, and many wounded,
As fortune fell, yet little lost or wonne
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To Marinell, whose name the Heralds loud resounded

The second day, so soone as morrow light 7
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continu'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame,
Yet whether side was victor note be ghest
But at the last the trumpets did proclaim
That Mammell that day deserved best
So they departed weie, and all men went to rest

The third day came, that should due tryall lend 8
 Of all the rest, and then this warlike crew
 Together met, of all to make an end
 There Mummell great deeds of armes did shew,
 And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
 Rashing off helmes, and ryving plates asunder,
 That every one his daunger did eschew
 So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
 That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder

But what on earth can alwayes happie stand? 9
 The greater prowess greater perils find
 So faine he pist amongst his enemies band,
 That they have him enclosed so behind,
 As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind
 And now perforce they have him prisoner taken,
 And now they doe with captive bands him bind,
 And now they lead him thence, of all forsaker
 Unlesse some succour had in time him overtaken

It fortun'd, whylest they were thus ill beset, 10
 Sir Artegall into the Tilt-yard came,
 With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
 Upon the way with that his snowy Dame
 Where when he understood by common fame
 What evil hap to Mummell betid,
 He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
 And straight that boister pryd, with whom he rid,
 To change his shield with him, to be the better hid

So forth he went, and soonest them over hent, 11
 Where they were leading Mummell away,
 Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
 And forst the burden of their prize to stay
 They were an hundred knights of that array,
 Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
 The other stayd behind to gude the pray
 But he ere long the former fittie bet,
 And from the other fittie soone the prisoner fet.

So backe he brought Sir Maimell againe, 12
Whom having quickly m'd againe anew,
They both together joyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew
Whom with sore havocke soone they overthrew
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Agunst them durst his head to perill shew
So were they left Lords of the field alone,
So Maimell by him was rescu'd from his fone

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe 13
To Briaggadochio did his shield restore,
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore
Then did the trumpets sound, and Judges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adjudg'd by those

And thither also came in open sight 14
Fyfe Floimell, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall
Then for that sturges knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the gulond yield,
Who came not forth, but for Sir Artegall
Came Briaggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blaz'd in a golden field

The sight whereof did fill with gladnesse fill 15
So unto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that Triumph Then the trumpets shrill
Don Briaggadochios name resounded thrise
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise
And then to him came fayrest Floimell,
And goodly gan to greet his brave emprise,
And thousand thanks him yeeld, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot, 16
 With proud disdaine did scornfull answere make,
 That what he did that day, he did it not
 For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
 Whom on his perill he did undertake
 Both her and eke all others to excell
 And further did uncomely speeches crake
 Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
 And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimelle, 17
 Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
 Covered from peoples gazement with a vele
 Whom when discovered they had throughly eide,
 With great amazement they were stupefide,
 And said, that surely Florimell it was,
 Or if it were not Florimell so true,
 That Florimell her selfe she then did pas
 So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which when as Marinell beheld likewise, 18
 He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,
 Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise,
 But, like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
 He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
 Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
 He gazed still upon that snowy mayd,
 Whom ever as he did the more avize,
 The more to be true Florimell he did surmise

As when two sunnes appear'd in the azure skye, 19
 Mounted in Phœbus chariet fierie bright,
 Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
 And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
 All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
 Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
 Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright
 So stood Sir Marinell, when he had seene
 The semblant of this false by his faire beauties Queene

All which when Artegall, who all this while 20
Stood in the piasse close covered, well aduowed,
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And unto all himselfe the c open shewed,
And to the boaster said, "Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowd plumes thy selfe endewed,
And others worth with leasings doest deface,
When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in disgrace

"That shield, which thou doest beare, was it indeed 21
Which this dayes honour sav'd to Maimell
But not that ayme, nor thou the man, I reed,
Which didst that service unto Florimell
For prooffe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
What strokes, what dreadfull stoune, it stur'd this day,
Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell,
Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest sway
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay

"But this the sword which wrought those cruell stounds,
And this the ayme the which that shield did beare,
And these the signs," (so shewed forth his wounds)
"By which that glorie gotten doth appeare
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wage) Florimell at all,
But some fayre Flouion, fit for such a feire,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall"
For prooffe whereof he bad them Florimell forth call

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought, 23
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace
Whereto her bashful shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face,
As roses did with lillies interlace;
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She only yet conceived great disgrace
Whom when as all the people such did vew,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
 Like the true sunt beside the image set,
 Of both then beauties to make p^rigone
 And triall, whether should the honor get
 Streightway, so soone as both together met,
 Th' enchanted Danzell vⁿisht into nought
 Her snowy substance melted wth he it,
 Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
 But th' emptie gⁿdle which about her wast was wrought

As when the daughter of Thrumantes fine 25
 Hath in a watry cloud displayed wile
 Her goodly bow, which punts the liquid avie,
 That all men wonder at her colours pride
 All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
 The glorious picture vanisheth awy,
 Ne any token doth thereof abide
 So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
 And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewy

Which when as all that present were beheld, 26
 They stricken were with great astonishment,
 And then fainted with senselesse horrou queld,
 To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
 So stolen from their fancies wonderment,
 That what of it became none understood,
 And Braggadochio set with disment
 So daunted was in his despeying mood,
 That like a lifelesse corse immovable he stood

But Artegall that golden best uptooke, 27
 The which of all her spoyle was onely left,
 Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
 But Florimells owne gⁿdle, from her r^eft
 While she was flying, like a weary weft,
 From that foule monster which did her compell
 To perils great, which he unbuckling eft
 Presented to the fyrest Florimell,
 Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

Full many Ladies often had assayd 28
About then middles that fane belt to knit,
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd
Yet it to none of all then loynes would sit.
Till Florimell about her fastned it
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Unlessc that she were continent and chast,
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgrast

Whilste thus they busied were bout Florimell 29
And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest piasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to claime
And, th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword, for with the same
He meant the thieft there deadly to have smit
And, had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it

Thereof great hurly burly moved was 30
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse,
For Braggadochio would not let him pas,
And Guyon would him algates have perfoise,
Or it approve upon his curion coise
Which troublous sturc when Artegall perceived,
He nigh them drew to stay th' avengers foise,
And gan inquire how was that steed becaued,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceaved?

Who all that piteous storie, which befell 31
About that wofull couple which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell,
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtilt tiane,
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight
But he for nought could him thereto constraine,
• For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose then tinge in times his right

Which Artegall well hearing, though no more 32
 By law of armes there neede ones right to tye,
 As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
 Then that his foe should him the field deme,
 Yet further right by tokens to descrie,
 He askt what priue tokens he did beue
 "If that" (said Guyon) "may you satsifie,
 Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeere,
 Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take 33
 The horse in hand within his mouth to looke,
 But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
 That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
 That never word from that day forth he spoke
 Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
 Him by the bight embrodered hedst all tooke
 But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
 That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight, 34
 Untill that Guyon selte unto him spake,
 And called Brigadore, (so was he hight),
 Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
 Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
 And suffred all his secret marke to see
 And, when as he him nam'd, for joy he brake
 His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
 And friskt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee

Thereby Sir Artegall did plaime areed 35
 That unto him the horse belong'd, and sayd,
 "Lo there! Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
 As he with golden saddle is arrayd,
 And let that losell, plainely now displayd,
 Hence fare on foot, till he a horse have gayned"
 But the proud boaster gan his doome upbraid,
 And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
 That judgement so unjust against him had ordayned

Much was the knight incenst with his lewd word 36
 To have revenged that his villeny,
 And thence did lay his hand upon his sword,
 To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby
 But Guyon did his choler pacify,
 Saying, "Sir knight, it would dishonour bee
 To you that are our judge of equity,
 To weake your wrath on such a carle as hee
 It's punishment enough that all his shame doe see"

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall, 37
 But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
 And drawing him out of the open hall
 Upon him did inflict this punishment
 First he his beard did shrove, and fowly shent,
 Then from him left his shield, and it renveist,
 And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
 And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unheist,
 And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour speist

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away, 38
 But vaine it was to thinke from him to fle,
 Who overtaking him did disaray,
 And all his face deform'd with infamie,
 And out of court him scourged openly
 So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
 And armes dishonour with base villanie,
 From all brave knights be banisht with defame,
 For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame

Now when these counterfeiters were thus uncased 39
 Out of the foreside of then forgerie,
 And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
 At ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~galleys~~ ^{galleys} jest and gibe full merie
 At the remembrance of then knaueerie
 Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
 To thinke with how great vnrunt of braveirie
 He them abused through his subtilt slights,
 And what a glorious shew he made in all then sights

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their joyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking usurie of time forepast,
With all deue delices and rare delights,
Fit for such Ladies and such lovely knights,
And tyme we here to this fine fennowes end
Our wenne jokes, to gather-fresher sprights,
That when as time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forwurd send

CANTO IV

*As tegall dealeth right betwixt
two brethren that doe strive
Saves Ierpinc from the gallow tree,
and deli from death repriue*

WHOSO upon him selfe will take the skill
True Justice unto people to divide,
Had neede haue mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride
For vaine it is to deeme of things aught,
And makes wrong doers justice to deide,
Unlesse it be perform'd with cadlesse might,
For powie is the right hand of Justice truely light

Therefore whylome to knights of gient empire
The charge of Justice given was in trust,
That they might execute her judgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence just
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yon rust
Of rude oblivion and long tunces decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we have to say

Who having lately left that lovely pryie,
Enlinked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Muinell with Flournell the fyre,
With whom gient feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Castle of the strand
To follow his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hand
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great yron gouerne, his aid and government

With whom, as he did passe by the sea shone, 4
 He chaunst to come where is two comely Squeres,
 Both brethien, whom one wombe together bore,
 But sturied up with different desires,
 Together strove, and kindled withfull fires
 And them beside two seemely damzels stood,
 By all meanes seeking to assuage their ires,
 Now with faine words, but words did little good,
 Now with shapèd threats, but threats the more increast
 their mood

And there before them stood a Coffer strong
 Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
 But seeming to have suffered nickle wrong,
 Either by being wickett uppon the sands,
 Or being carried farrè from farrè the lunds
 Seem'd that for it these Squeres it odds did full,
 And bent agunst them selves their cruell hands
 But evermore those Damzells did forest all
 Their furious encounter, and their fiercesse pall

But fainely first they were with dint of sword 6
 And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to try,
 No other end their fury would afford,
 But what to them Fortune would justify
 So stood they both in readinesse, thereby
 To joyne the combate with cruell intent,
 When Artegall, arriving happily,
 Did stay a while their greedy bickerment,
 Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent

To whom the elder did this answer frame 7
 "Then weete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
 To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
 Did equally bequeath his lunds in fee,
 Two Islands, which ye there before you see
 Not farrè in sea, of which the one appeares
 But like a little Mount of small degree,
 Yet was as greit and wide, ere many yeers,
 As that same other Isle, th it greater breadth now beares

"But tract of time, that all things doth decay, 8
 And this devouring Sea, that naught doth spare,
 The most part of my land hith washt away,
 And trowne it up unto my brother's share
 So his encreased, but mine did empane,
 Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
 That further mayd, hight Philtea the faire,
 With whom a goodly dowie I should have got,
 And should have joyned bene to her in wedlocks knot

"Then did my younger brother, Amidas, 9
 Love that same other Damzell, Lucy bright,
 To whom but little dowre allotted was
 Her vertue was the dowrie that did delight
 What better dowrie can to a dame be hight?
 But now, when Philtea saw my lands decay-
 And former livelod fayle, she left me quight,
 And to my brother did ellope streight way,
 Who, taking her from me, his owne love left astray

"She, seeing then her selfe forsaken so, 10
 Through dolorous despayne which she conceyved,
 Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,
 Thinking to have her grieve by death bereaved
 But see how much her purpose was deceived!
 Whilest thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,
 Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,
 She chaunst unwaies to light uppon this coffer,
 Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer

"The wretched mayd, that easte desu'd to die, 11
 When as the paine of death she tasted had,
 And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,
~~She~~ Repent that she had beene so mad
 For any death to chaunge life, though most bad
 And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
 The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,
 After long tossing in the seas distrest,
 Her weary buke it list uppon mine Isle did rest

"Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore 12
 Did her espy, and through my good endeavour
 From the uttermost mouth of death, which time it did see
 Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save her
 She then, in recompence of that great favour
 Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
 The portion of that good which Fortune gave her,
 Together with her selfe in dowry too,
 Both goodly portions, but of both the better he

"Yet in this coffer which she with her brought 13
 Great treasure sithence we did finde continued,
 Which as our owne we took, and so it thought,
 But this same other Damzell since hath found
 That to her selfe that treasure appertained,
~~And~~ that she did transport the same by sea,
 To bring it to her husband new ordain'd,
 But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way
 But, whether it be so or no, I can not say

"But whether it indeed be so or no, 14
 This doe I say, that, but so good or ill
 Of God or Fortune unto me did throw,
 Not wronging any other by my will,
 I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still
 And though my land he first did winne away,
 And then my love, (though now it little I all)
 Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray,
 But I will it defend whilst ever that I may"

So having sayd, the younger ded encore 15

"Full true it is what so about our land
 My brother here declared hith to you
 But not for it this olds twist us doth stand,
 But for this treasure throwne upon his stand,
 Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,
 To be this maides with whom I fastned hand,
 Known by good markes and perfect good espyall
 Therefore it ought be rendred her without demall"

When they thus ended had, the Knight began 16
 " Certes, your suite were easie to accord,
 Would ye remit it to some righteous man "
 " Unto yourselfe, said they, " we give our word,
 To bide that judgement ye shall us afford "
 " Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
 Under my foote let each lay downe his sword,
 And then you shall my sentence understand "
 So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd 17
 " Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
 Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
 Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
 By what good right doe you withhold this day ? "
 " What other right," (quoth he) " should you esteeme
 But that the sea it to my share did lay ? "
 " Your right is good," (sayd he) " and so I deeme,
 That what the sea unto you sent your own should seeme "

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd 18
 " Now, Biacidas, let this likewise be shewne,
 Your brothers treasure, which from him is stayd,
 Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
 By what right doe you claime to be your owne ? "
 " What other right," (quoth he) " should you esteeme,
 But that the sea hath it unto me throwne ? "
 " Your right is good," (sayd he) " and so I deeme,
 That what the sea unto you sent your own should seeme "

" For equall right in equall things doth stand, 19
 For what the mighty Sea hath once possesseth,
 And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
~~Whither~~ by rage of waves that never rest,
 Or else by wracke that wretches hath distressed,
 He may dispose by his imperiall might,
 As thing at randon left, to whom he list
 So, Amidas, the land was yours first right,
 And so the treasure yours is, Biacidas, by right "

When he his sentence thus pronounced had, 20
 Both Amidas and Philida were displeased,
 But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
 And on the thicasure by that judgement seased
 So was then discord by this doome appeased,
 And each one had his right Then Artegall,
 When as then sharpe contention he had ceased,
 Departed on his way, as did befall,
 To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call

So as he travelled upon the way, 21
 He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
 A rout of many people faire away
 To whom his course he hastily applide,
 To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide
~~to~~ whom when he approached neare in sight,
 (An uncouth sight) he planely then descride
 To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
 With weapons in their hands as ready for to fight

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight, 22
 With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hand,
 And round about his necke an halter tight,
 And ready for the gallow tree prepar'd
 His face was covered, and his head was band,
 That who he was underneath was to descry,
 And with full heavy heart with them he fair'd,
 Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
 That he of womens hands so base a death should dy

But they, like tyrants merclesse, the more 23
 Rejoyced at his miserable case,
 And him reviled, and reproched sore
 With bitter taunts and termes of vile ~~dis~~
 Now when as Artegall, arriv'd in place,
 Did aske what cause brought that man to decay,
 They round about him gan to swarme ipace,
 Meaning on him then cruell hands to lay,
 And to have wrought unwaies some villanous assay

But he was soone aware of their ill minde, 24
 And drawing backe deceived their intent
 Yct, though him selfe did shame on womankind
 His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
 To wrecke on them their follies hardiment
 Who with few sowces of his yron file
 Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
 And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
 Of their vaine prowesse turned to then proper bale

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die, 25
 They left behind them, glad to be so quyt
 Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
 And horror of fowle death for Knight unfit,
 Who more than losse of life ydreaded it,
 And him restoring unto living light,
 So brought unto his Lord, where he did sit
 Beholding all that womanish weake fight,
 Whom soone as he beheld he knew, and thus belight

"Sir Turpine! haplesse man, what make you here?
 Or have you lost your selfe and your discretion,
 That ever in this wretched case ye were?
 Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppression
 Of womens powre, that boast of mens subjection?
 Or else what other deadly dismall day
 Is false on you by heavens hard direction,
 That ye were runne so fondly in astray
 As for to lead your selfe unto your owne decay?"

Much was the man confounded in his mind, 27
 Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
 That all astonisht he him selfe did find,
 And little had for his excuse to say,
 But onely thus "Most haplesse well ye may
 Me justly terme, that to this shame am brought,
 And made the scorne of Knighthod this same day
 But who can scape what his owne fate hath wrought?
 The work of heavens will surpasseth humane thought"